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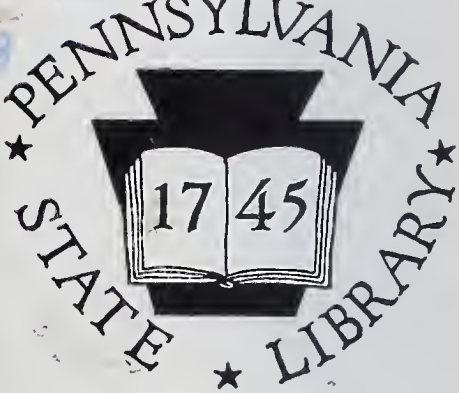

SMITH.

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
Tremble France, we come we come!

H. Singleton Del. C. Tiebout Sct.

THE

# WORKS

OF THE

# BRITISH POETS.

WITH

## LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. XIII.

PARNELL, &c.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
William Brown, Printer.

1819.

*Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:*

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the sixteenth day of March, in the forty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America. A. D. 1819, Ezekiel Sanford, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Works of the British Poets. With Lives of the Authors, by Ezekiel Sanford."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."—And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# *THOMAS PARNELL,*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF PARNELL.

THOMAS PARNELL, was born at Dublin, in 1679; became master of arts in 1700; a deacon in the same year; a priest, three years afterwards; and archdeacon of Clogher, in 1705. Originally a Whig, he became a Tory, in the end of Queen Anne's reign; and was rewarded for his apostacy by the especial notice of the earl of Oxford. By *notice* we must not be understood *preferment;* for, though Parnell thundered, in succession, from all the pulpits of London, the only recompense of his eloquence was the applause of his auditors. After the queen's death, he became silent; and either that event, or the death of his son, or the death of his wife, or perhaps all together, seduced him, it is said, into the intemperate use of wine. But, as Archbishop King gave him a prebend, in 1713, and the vicarage of Finglass, near Dublin, in 1716, we are inclined to believe, with Dr. Johnson, that his love of the bottle 'was not gross, or not notorious;' and it could hardly have been the one without the other. He died at Chester, on his way to Ireland, in July, 1717.

He delighted to scribble; and it was because he could scribble with ease. He wrote a good deal for the newspapers; but, as his deeds, in this way,

were always done in the dark, the later compilers of his works have, it is likely, made him the perpetrator of many poems, of which he was altogether innocent. His verses are distinguished for their ease and sweetness. They seem to be the spontaneous effusions of nature; and, if they were, in reality, the result of art, the author must have been artful indeed.

# HESIOD:

OR,

THE RISE OF WOMAN.

# HESIOD:

OR,

## THE RISE OF WOMAN.

---

WHAT ancient times (those times we fancy wise)
Have left on long record of woman's rise,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author died,
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale;
(In Greece 'twas thought, a woman might be frail)
Ye modern beauties! where the Poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dream'd of you;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton pens, beware
How heaven's concern'd to vindicate the Fair.
The ease was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.
In days of yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,
(Our author's song can witness) liv'd on earth.
He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame.

The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began:
'Oh, vers'd in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
As suits the counsel of a god to find;
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
Which, felt, they curse, yet covet still to feel.'
He said, and Vulcan straight the Sire commands,
To temper mortar with ethereal hands;
In such a shape to mould a rising Fair,
As virgin-goddesses are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the Power obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.
As Vulcan ends, the cheerful Queen of charms
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms;
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.
Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but still a changing mind;
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd;
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
The gentle-swimming walk, the courteous sink;
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown;
For decent yielding, looks declining down;

The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay smiles to comfort; April showers to move;
And all the nature, all the art of love.
Gold scepter'd Juno next exalts the Fair:
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide:
For which, an eloquence that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.
Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread,
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,
Cross the long weft, and close the web with art.
An useful gift; but what profuse expense,
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!
Young Hermes next, a close contriving god,
Her brows encircled with his serpent-rod:
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain;
The price of favours; the designing arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little, pilfering temper, of a wife.
Full on the Fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond persuasion tip'd her easy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays
The pleasing colours of the art of praise;
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.
Those sacred Virgins whom the Bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,

To make her sense with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.
  To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd loves on every cover play'd;
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the close-indented comb
To call the locks that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.
  Fair Flora lent her stores; the purpled Hours
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flow'rs;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.
  The new-sprung creature finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms;
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:
Then conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.
  A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Through time's deep cave, the sister Fates explore;
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive:

'Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread: the spindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.
'Men, born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time to sacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show;
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.
'Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports,
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.
'Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance?
The curse is general, but the blessing chance.'
Thus sung the Sisters, while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end:
Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the spring
Return to bear her on a gentle wing:

With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
The present treacherous, but the bearer more,
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love.
  Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wondering he run to catch the falling star;
But so surpris'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.
O'er all his veins the wandering passion burns,
He calls her Nymph, and every Nymph, by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or swears that Venus' must be such as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to tease,
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,
In brisk disorder trips it up and down,
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.
  'Now take what Jove design'd, (she softly cried)
This box thy portion, and myself thy bride:'
Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.
  Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone,
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep;
But whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,
And thinks the water wears a stable form,
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies!

At first the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.
For him the Nymphs in green, forsook the woods,
For him the Nymphs in blue, forsook the floods,
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the secret cave.
No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And Poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.
When woman came, those ills the box confin'd
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew:
The Nymphs regretting, left the mortal race,
And altering Nature wore a sickly face:
New terms of folly rose, new states of care;
New plagues, to suffer, and to please, the Fair!
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues;
The mean designs of well-dissembled love;
The sordid matches never join'd above;
Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,
(Man's double sufferings for domestic joys)
The curse of jealousy; expense and strife;
Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;
The rival's sword; the qualm that takes the Fair;
Disdain for passion, passion in despair———
These, and a thousand yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah, fear the thousand yet unnam'd, behind!—
Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung,
The mountain echo'd, and the valley rung,

The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,
The crystal Helicon forbore to flow,
The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true)
The Muses came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If Love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye Fair, offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
Though when it happen'd, no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.
  Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair for amorous play
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he;
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:
But swelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bow'r;
The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her steps, to make its author known.
  It chanc'd one evening, 'twas the lover's day,
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
When Hesiod wandering, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene:
A strong suspicion straight possess'd their mind,
(For poets ever were a gentle kind)
But when Evanthe near the passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,
'Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward,'—
And urg'd with erring rage, assault the Bard.
His corps the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
('Twas all the gods would do) the corps to shore

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise;
I see the Muses round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand;
'Here Hesiod lies; ye future Bards, beware
How far your moral tales incense the Fair.
Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed;
Without his quiver Cupid caus'd the deed:
He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,
And Hesiod died for joys he never knew.'

# THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
  A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives impress'd
Calm nature's image on its watry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
  To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right.

(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried:
And, 'Hail! my Son,' the reverend Sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose: [pass,
There by the moon through ranks of trees they
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chance'd the noble master of the dome,
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait:
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.

The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall:
Rich luscious wine a goldon goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanish'd: for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
So seem'd the Sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd. [heart,
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then, his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recals:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
'And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?'—
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous Landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky:

A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and, not for praise but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
'Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.'
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;

Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the Landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the Youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The Youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless Guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage, inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
'Detested wretch!'—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair:
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display,
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke:)
'Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel———Thy fellow servant I.
'Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
'The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
'What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes.
Yet, taught by these, confess the' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!
'The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,

Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

'Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run;
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

'But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

'Thus Heaven instructs thy mind; this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The Sage stood wondering as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;

The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
'Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!'
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

A

# NIGHT-PIECE.

## ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:

The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee they life possess'd,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.'
Those, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chissel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades:
All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,

And all with sober accent cry,
'Think, mortal, what it is to die!'
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:—
'When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of Fears am I?
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they dread my stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.
'Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?
'Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:

Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.'

A

## *HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.*

'Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?
'Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales;

Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
'Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bless'd,
And man contains it in his breast.'—
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd, as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the Grace;
When thus she spoke—'Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.'
Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat;
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:

Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song;
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of Nature! sing.
  The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
  Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy, or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

## FAIRY TALE.

In Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight faries dane'd the maze,
    Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
    Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
    And lift itself above;
Yet spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
    This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
    Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And if a shape could win a heart,
    He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
    All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort,
    To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
    That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
    And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
    And, trembling, rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
    On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
    And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
    Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masking half so neat,
    Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
    The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant, dress'd
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cried,
'What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?'

At this the swain, whose ventrous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open sight;
'Nor have I cause of dreed, (he said,)
Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

''Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew.'
''Tis well, (the gallant cries again,)
We fairies never injure men,
Who dare to tell us true.

'Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make the grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine.'

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tripp'd the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing pass'd, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire,
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has hent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, 'Reverse my charm, (he cries,)
And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown:'
But Oberon answers with a smile,
Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own.'

Here ended all the phantom play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in sike a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Han rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome,
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But, certes, sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon cries, 'A man is near,
A mortal passion, cleped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky.'

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faltering, ay, for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;
'For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt.'

'Ah losell vile, at once they roar:
And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come, we know:
Now has thy kestrell courage fell:
And fairies, since a lie you tell,
Are free to work thee woe.'

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitive upward flung;
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilom Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
    And down ydrops the knight:
For never spell, by fairie laid,
With strong enchantment bound a glade,
    Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
    Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
    Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a sybil nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
    And when the tale was done,
'Thus some are born, my son, (she cries)
With base impediments to rise,
    And some are born with none.

'But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
    By fortune seem design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
    Upon the' unworthy mind.'

# *EPISTLE*

TO MR. POPE.

To praise, yet still with due respect to praise,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays;
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the friend;
What life, what vigour, must the lines require?
What music tune them? what affection fire?
  O might thy genius in my bosom shine!
Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine,
The brightest ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.
Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well:
Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor-forest sees a gliding stream;
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.
  How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy muse the envy of the Fair;
Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
Here courtly tresses set the world at odds,
Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods,

The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool
But know, ye Fair! a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart:
The Graces stand in sight; a Satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.
  In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
Enshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits,
And sits in measures, such as Virgil's muse
To place thee near him might be fond to choose.
How might he tune the' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wise,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize.
Rapt with the thought my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of every tender gale,
Parent of flowerets, old Arcadia hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head,
Still slide thy waters soft among the trees;
Thy aspins quiver in a breathing breeze.
Smile all thy vallies in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil sing.
  In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat,
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with every sense of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd,

His language failing, wrap'd him round with night,
Thine rais'd by thee, recals the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When chok'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, 'The mines were here!'
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.
  How vast, how copious are thy new designs!
How every music varies in thy lines!
Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle bless'd,
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O softly tread!
While a whole season warbles round my head.
  This to my friend—and when a friend inspires
My silent harp its master's hand requires,
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning,—far, oh far from thee!
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
A friend delight me, and an author please;
Ev'n here I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,
Show my own love, though not increase his fame.

# HEALTH.

## AN ECLOGUE.

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass;
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand:
When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view; [throng
There rests the youth, and while the feather'd
Raise their vile music, thus contrives a song.
'Here wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
Thou country goddess, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breast through quivering trees inhale
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
'Joy to my soul! I feel the goddess nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun,
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:

High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flowery winding vales,
With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.
'Come, country goddess, come nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chase?
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train;
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.
'Let sloth lie softening till high noon in down.
Or, lolling, fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease;
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds:
I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,
And shake the sapplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate:
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from every change.
Here, beauteous health! for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.
Oh come! thou goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along;

Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bow'rs,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flow'rs;
To welcome her, this summer seat I dress'd,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;
When she from exercise to learned ease
Shall change again, and teach the change to please
'Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great:
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:'
The native Bard that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains:
Or Maro's muse that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
These soft amusements bring Content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.
Here, beauteous Health! for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

## *THE FLIES.*

### AN ECLOGUE.

When in the river cows for coolness stand,
And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,
A youth, whom Æsop taught that every tree,
Each bird, and insect, spoke as well as he;
Walk'd calmly musing in a shady way,
Where flowering hawthorns broke the sunny ray,
And thus instructs his moral pen to draw
A scene, that obvious in the field he saw.
  Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,
Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet,
Whose naiads never prattle as they play,
But, screen'd with hedges, slumber out the day,
There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,
Whose answering branches regularly laid,
Put forth their answering boughs, and proudly rise
Three stories upward, in the nether skies.
  For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the flies retreat;
Some in soft airs their silken pinions ply,
And some from bough to bough delighted fly,
Some rise, and circling light to perch again;
A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.
So, when a stage invites to pageant shows,
(If great and small are like) appear the beaux;

In boxes some with spruce pretension sit,
Some change from seat to seat within the pit,
Some roam the scenes, or, turning, cease to roam;
Preluding music fills the lofty dome:
When thus a Fly (if what a fly can say
Deserves attention) rais'd the rural lay:
'Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,
Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip
The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip.
I saw the wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,
And half resolv'd to drown me in the cup;
Till brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above:
Cease, Beauty! cease to vex a tender love.'
Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his music sung:
'When suns by thousands shone in orbs of dew,
I, wafted soft, with Zephyretta flew;
Saw the clean pail, and sought the milky cheer,
While little Daphne seiz'd my roving dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,
Yet sat indulging as the danger came;
But the kind huntress left her free to soar:
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more.'
Thus from the fern, whose high projecting arms
The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms,
The swains their love in easy music breathe,
When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath:
Black Ants in teams come darkening all the road,
Some call to march, and some to lift the load;
They strain, they labour, with incessant pains,
Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single grains.

The Flies struck silent, gaze with wonder down:
The busy burghers reach their earthy town;
Where lay the burdens of a wintry store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more.
Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,
And the small city's loftiest point ascends,
Wipes the salt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the gravest grace:
'Ye foolish nurslings of the summer air,
These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear;
Your trees and whispering breeze, your grove and love,
Your Cupid's quiver, and his Mother's dove;
Let bards to business bend their vigorous wing,
And sing but seldom, if they love to sing:
Else, when the flowerets of the season fail,
And this your ferny shade forsakes the vale,
Though one would save ye, not one grain of wheat
Should pay such songsters idling at my gate.'
He ceas'd: the Flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the Mayor's speech, and fell to sing again.

THE

## *BOOK-WORM.*

(FROM THE LATIN OF BEZA.)

---

Come hither, boy! we'll hunt to-day
The Book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent earth, at odds,
As fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors' lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time;
Or down the vale of fancy go,
To tear some modern wretch below:
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
– See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along,

He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he seuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, eaught at last.
  Insatiate brute! whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the muse.
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the faet to fly.)
His roses nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage.
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies:
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love, in Biddy Floyd;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every single deed,
Relentless justiee bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
  Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,
You reaeh'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reaeh'd me Phillip's rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.
  Come, bind the vietim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuseripts just swept away.
  The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)

A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.
  Now bring the weapon, yonder blade
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.
  How like the son of Jove I stand,
This hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench?
What lean translations out of French?
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints, before the months go round.
  But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh, had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or Tate, thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the Nine)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.
  Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;

I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down:—
'This trophy from the Python won,
This robe, in which the deed was done,
These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
Hung on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
Here ignorance and hunger found
Large realms of wit to ravage round;
Here ignorance and hunger fell,
Two foes in one, I sent to hell.
Ye poets, who my labours see,
Come share the triumph all with me!
Ye critics! born to vex the Muse,
Go mourn the grand ally you lose.'

AN

## ALLEGORY ON MAN.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care:
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
  This being by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.
  The man rose staring, like a stake;
Wondering to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do;
That pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.
  But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a Poet's God:
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake:)

He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone she dress'd!
And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd, her weighty head.
  Her honours made, 'Great Jove! (she cried)
This thing was fashion'd from my side;
His hands, his heart, his head are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?'
  'Nay rather ask, (the Monarch said)
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.'
  'Halves, more than halves! (cried honest Care)
Your pleas would make your titles fair;
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.'
  Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause as Man.
And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.
  As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paint him such as I,
For what the fabling ancients sung,
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head;

He just had got his pinions free,
From his old sire Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carried, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was pied;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And Spring's new months his train adorn!
The other Seasons were unborn.
  Known by the Gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate:—
  'Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove received a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the Man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care who join'd them, Man is due.'
  He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.
  ''Tis well, (said Jove) and for consent
Thundering he shook the firmament.

Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let business vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill.
Till arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted Man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.'

## PIETY;*

### OR, THE VISION.

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;
'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore;
Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions, sons of light.
  Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the shining crowd
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,

* This, and the following poem, are not in the octavo edition of Dr. Parnell's Poems published by Mr. Pope: but were first communicated to the public by the late ingenious Mr. James Arbuckle, and published in his Hibernicus's Letters, No. 62.

Fan'd the soft air, and downward seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal applied.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began:
'Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
The seats of music, and the seats of love,
Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
To teach thee praises mix'd with humble pray'rs,
And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs:
Be thou my Bard.' A vial here she caught,
(An angel's hand the crystal vial brought)
And as with awful sound the word was said,
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded:—'Be thy muse thy zeal;
Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.
While other pencils flattering forms create,
And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
While other pens exalt the vain delight,
Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;
Or others softly sing in idle lines
How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
More wisely thou select a theme divine,
Fame is their recompense, 'tis Heaven is thine!
'Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire
Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth;
Like working seas, that when loud winters blow,
Not made for rising, only rage below.
Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
More lasting still, as more intensely great,

Produc'd where prayer, and praise, and pleasure breathe,
And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
Unpaint the love, that hovering over beds,
From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds;
Restore the colour to the golden mines
With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
To flowering greens give back their native care,
The rose and lily, never his to wear;
To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;
Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom, Death;
His bow be sabled o'er, his shafts the same,
And fork and point them with eternal flame.
'But urge thy powers, thine utmost voice advance,
Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance;
'Tis love that angels praise and men adore,
'Tis love divine that asks it all, and more.
Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
And, all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod
Pursue the great unseen descent of God:
Hail the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,
The child is God! and call him Jesus here.
He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,
Make the great Being in a manger lie;
Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing,
Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing;
Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
And still afflict him till he reach the grave;
Make him, resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,
And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;

I'll bathe my tresses there, my pray'rs rehearse,
And glide in flames of love along thy verse.
'Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
My raptures smother what I long to tell.
'Tis God! a present God! Through cleaving air
I see the throne, and see the Jesus there
Plac'd on the right. He shows the wounds he bore,
(My fervours oft have won him thus before)
How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his ear;
He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near.'
She ceas'd. The cloud on which she seem'd to tread,
Its curls unfolded, and around her spread;
Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly;
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
And faint their softness, till they fail below.
My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke:
'Thou beauteous Vision! on my soul impress'd,
When most my reason would appear to rest,
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious Angel limn'd thy sacred sights;
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
White moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving winds' expanded wing,
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;
('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.

'But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;
And barely wish the wondrous gift I boast,
And faintly practise what deserves it most.

'Indulgent LORD! whose gracious love displays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease!
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss;
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.'

## AN ELEGY.

### TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

In vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight,
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair:
If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,
Why, really, fifty-five is something old.
  Once you were young: or one whose life's so long
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong:
And once, since envy's dead before you die,
The women own you play'd a sparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip.—
  To some new charmer are the roses fled,
Which blew to damask all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,
And airs by thousands fill their easy train.
So parting Summer bids her flowery prime
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,
While withering Seasons in succession, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.
  But thou, since Nature bids, the world resign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine;

With more address, or such as pleases more,
She runs her female exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
And smiles, or blushes, at the creature—man.
With quieker life, as gilded coaches pass,
In sideling courtesy she drops the glass.
With better strength, on visit-days she bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
Her mien, her shape, her temper, eyes, and tongue,
Are sure to conquer—for the rogue is young:
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let time that makes you homely, make you sage,
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of soft desire,
If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
The soul with pleasing avocation strays:
But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;
As harpers better, by the loss of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt less the plays, and more the public pray'rs,
Reject the Mechlin head and gold brocade,
Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendent diamonds let thy Fanny take,
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake)
Or bid her wear thy necklace, row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,
You walk through life, unmingled with the young;
And view the shade and substance as you pass,
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,

Or Folly dress'd, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise:
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.
'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,
The wise Athenian cross'd a glittering fair,
Unmov'd by tongues and sights, he walk'd the place,
Through tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
And 'What a world I never want!' he cries;
But cries unheard: for folly will be free,
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he:
As careless he for them, as they for him;
He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

AN

## *IMITATION*

OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

RELENTLESS Time! destroying pow'r,
  Whom stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to every flying hour
  To work some new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
  Thy secret saps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
  By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet,
  Before I thought it nigh:
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
  And all their beauties die.

In age I search, and only find
  A poor unfruitful gain;
Grave wisdom stalking slow behind,
  Oppress'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
  And fancied joys inspire;
My errors cherish'd Hope to smile
  On newly-born desire.

But now experience shows the bliss,
  For which I fondly sought,
Not worth the long impatient wish,
  And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
  In all her pomp she shone,
And might, perhaps, have well essay'd,
  To make her gifts my own:

But when I saw the blessings show'r
  On some unworthy mind,
I left the chase, and own'd the Pow'r
  Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn
  The splendid courts of kings,
And while the persons mov'd my scorn,
  I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vigorous fire,
  By love increas'd the more;
But years with coming years conspire,
  To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see
  With idle lustre shine;
For what are all their joys to me,
  Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
  My troubles laid to rest,
And truths which would disturb my peace
  Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll
  In sad reflection flies;
Ye fondling passions of my soul!
  Ye sweet deceits! arise.

I wisely change the scene within,
  To things that us'd to please;
In pain, philosophy is spleen,
  In health, 'tis only ease.

## *BACCHUS.*

As Bacchus, ranging at his leisure,
(Jolly Bacchus, king of pleasure!)
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thousand airy fancies,
Alas! he quite forgot the while
His favourite vines in Lesbos' isle.
The god, returning ere they died,
'Ah! see, my jolly Fauns, (he cried)
The leaves but hardly born are red,
And the bare arms for pity spread:
The beasts afford a rich manure;
Fly, my boys, to bring the cure;
Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
Through the woods, and down the dales;
For this, if full the cluster grow,
Your bowls shall doubly overflow.'
So cheer'd, with more officious haste
They bring the dung of every beast;
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
They lay the rich manure with care;
While oft he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft the red reward.
The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,
The thickening clusters load the year;
The season swiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.

A vineyard ripe, a day serene
Now calls them all to work again;
The Fauns through every furrow shoot
To load their flaskets with the fruit;
And now the vintage early trod,
The wines invite the jovial god.
Strow the roses, raise the song,
See the master comes along;
Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter,
Whim and Frolic follow after:
The Fauns aside the vats remain
To show the work, and reap the gain.
All around, and all around
They sit to riot on the ground:
A vessel stands amidst the ring,
And here they laugh, and there they sing;
Or rise a jolly, jolly band,
And dance about it hand in hand;
Dance about, and shout amain,
Then sit to laugh and sing again.
Thus they drink, and thus they play
The sun, and all their wits away.
But as an ancient author sung,
The vine manur'd with every dung,
From every creature strangely drew
A twang of brutal nature too;
'Twas hence, in drinking on the lawns,
New turns of humour seiz'd the Fauns.
Here one was crying out, 'By Jove!'
Another, 'Fight me in the grove.'
This wounds a friend, and that the trees;
The lion's temper reign'd in these.

Another grins, and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free,
And twenty talk the same as he:
Chattering, idle, airy, kind:
These take the monkey's turn of mind.
Here one, that saw the Nymphs which stood
To peep upon them from the wood,
Steals off to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the shade:
While loose discourse another raises
In naked nature's plainest phrases,
And every glass he drinks enjoys,
With change of nonsense, lust, and noise:
Mad and careless, hot and vain:
Such as these the goat retain.
Another drinks and casts it up,
And drinks, and wants another cup;
Solemn, silent, and sedate,
Ever long, and ever late,
Full of meats, and full of wine:
This takes his temper from the swine.
Here some who hardly seem to breathe,
Drink and hang the jaw beneath.
Gaping, tender, apt to weep:
Their nature's alter'd by the sheep.
'Twas thus one autumn all the crew
(If what the poets say be true)
While Bacchus made the merry feast,
Inclin'd to one or other beast:
And since, 'tis said, for many a mile
He spread the vines of Lesbos' isle.

## *ANACREONTIC.*

When spring came on with fresh delight,
To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,
While easy breezes, softer rain,
And warmer suns salute the plain;
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.
  Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where'er she trod, 'twas green beneath;
Where'er she turn'd, the pulses beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.
  Rais'd on a bank where daisies grew,
And violets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand pleasures wait behind,
Aside a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.
  When they met, the Dame and Boy,
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,
Wanton Smiles, and airy Play,
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them sing to Love,
Sitting, hopping, fluttering, sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing.

To fledge the shafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.
'Tis thus, when Spring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And every dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.
From the towering eagle's plume
The generous hearts accept their doom:
Shot by the peacock's painted eye
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The shafts are speckled by the hen:
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts;
When from the voice the passions spring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together by the sparrow stung,
Down fall the wanton and the young:
And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.
All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving grove,
'And see, (says Love, who call'd me near,)
How much I deal with Nature here,
How both support a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart:
Then cease for souls averse to sigh,
If Nature cross ye, so do I;
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And shakes and shuffles through the skies.

But if the mutual charms I find
By which she links you mind to mind,
They wing my shafts, I poise the darts,
And strike from both, through both your hearts.'

## *ANACREONTIC.*

Gay Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine,
  A noble meal bespoke us;
And for the guests that were to dine,
  Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
  Near Comus, Jocus plac'd;
For wine makes Love forget its care,
  And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly god,
  Each sweet engaging Grace
Put on some clothes to come abroad,
  And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glass
  A lady of the sky;
While Bacchus swore he'd drink the lass,
  And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus toss'd his brimmers o'er,
  And always got the most;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
  Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd, and drank at every touch;
  He fill'd and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
  'Tis said they did so then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,
  By reckoning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his stammering tongue,
  With all his staggering gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
  And tales without a jest;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
  But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds;
  And, had I Homer's pen,
I'd sing ye, how they drank like gods,
  And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
  Who make them soon agree;
Nay, had the Furies selves been nigh,
  They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
  And gave him back his bow;
But kept some darts to stir the cup,
  Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
  And gaily wore the prize,
And thrice in mirth he push'd him down,
  As thrice he strove to rise.

Then Cupid sought the myrtle grove
  Where Venus did recline,
And Venus close embracing Love,
  They join'd to rail at Wine.

And Comus loudly cursing Wit,
  Roll'd off to some retreat,
Where boon companions gravely sit
  In fat unwieldy state.

Bacchus and Jocus still behind,
  For one fresh glass prepare;
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
  And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
  This our instructive song;
For though such friendships may be dear,
  They can't continue long.

## *SONG.*

'When thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

'But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.'

'There's a passion and pride
In our sex, (she replied)
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.'

## *SONG.*

Thyrsis, a young and amorous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart subdue:
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's easy shape and air
With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And seems for each to die;
Till each a little spiteful grown,
Sabina, Cælia's shape ran down,
And she Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find
Those eyes which love could only blind;
So set the lover free:
No more he haunts the grove or stream,
Or with a true-love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

'Ah, Cælia! (sly Sabina cried)
Though neither love, we're both denied;
Now to support the sex's pride,
Let either fix the dart.'
'Poor girl, (says Cælia) say no more;
For should the swain but one adore,
That spite which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.'

## *SONG.*

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease, from tree to tree,
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

THE

# VIGIL OF VENUS.

WRITTEN IN THE

TIME OF JULIUS CÆSAR,

AND BY SOME ASCRIBED TO CATULLUS.

THE

## *VIGIL OF VENUS.*

"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
The Spring, the new, the warbling Spring appears,
The youthful season of reviving years;
In Spring the loves enkindle mutual heats;
The feather'd nation choose their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain,
And, dress'd in differing greens, adorn the plain.
She comes; to-morrow Beauty's empress roves
Through walks that winding run within the groves;
She twines the shooting myrtle into bow'rs,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flow'rs,
Then rais'd sublimely on her easy throne
From nature's powerful dictates draws her own.
"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
'Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood;

Wandering in circles stood the finny crew,
The midst was left a void expanse of blue,
There parent ocean work'd with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione rose.
"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
She paints the purple year with varied show,
Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow.
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves, and shade the naked trees.
When gathering damps the misty nights diffuse,
She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
Bright trembling pearls depend at every spray,
And, kept from falling, seem to fall away.
A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,
And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves;
(The drops descending through the silent night,
While stars serenely roll their golden light,)
Close till the morn, her humid veil she holds;
Then deck'd with virgin pomp the flower unfolds.
Soon will the morning blush: ye maids! prepare;
In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair;
'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus shed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;
From love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light
The richest lustre makes her purple bright;
And she to-morrow weds; the sporting gale
Unties her zone, she bursts the verdant veil;
Through all her sweets the rifling lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.

"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay Nymphs, and sends her tender Love.
And shall they venture? is it safe to go?
While Nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
Yes, safely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
He walks unarm'd and undesigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.
And yet, ye Nymphs, beware; his eyes have charms;
And love that's naked, still is love in arms.
"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
From Venus' bower to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train complete with modest airs:
'Chaste Delia! grant our suit! or shun the wood,
Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.
Venus, O Delia! if she could persuade,
Would ask thy presence; might she ask a maid.'
Here cheerful choirs for three auspicious nights
With songs prolong the pleasurable rites:
Here crowds in measures lightly-decent rove;
Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flowerets strow the scenes of love;
Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves:
Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves:
Here Wit's enchanting god, in laurel crown'd,
Wakes all the ravish'd hours with silver sound.
Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign,
And Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.

"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
And there presides; and there the favourite band
(Her smiling graces) share the great command.
Now, beauteous Hybla! dress they flowery beds
With all the pride the lavish season sheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.
To fill the presence of the gentle court
From every quarter rural nymphs resort. [vales,
From woods, from mountains, from their humble
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
In circles seats them round the bank of green;
And 'lovely girls, (she whispers) guard your hearts;
My boy, though stript of arms, abounds in arts.'
"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
And those who always lov'd, now love the more."
Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,
Let early flowers erect their painted head.
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen,
That day, old Ether wedded Earth in green.
The vernal father bid the Spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the Year,
The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,
And all the various sorts of soul began.
By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins
Distilling life, the fruitful goddess reigns,
Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land, and circling sea;

With fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.
"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
'Twas she the parent, to the Latian shore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.
She won Lavinia for her warlike son,
And winning her, the Latian empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.
Decoy'd by shows the Sabine dames she led,
And taught our vigorous youth the means to wed.
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine
Through which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.
"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns;
The life of beauty fills the rural scenes;
Ev'n Love (if fame the truth of love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow pregnant beauty press'd,
She laid her infant on its flowery breast,
From Nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.
"Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."
Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.
Now stately rams their fleecy consorts lead,
Who bleating follow through the wandering shade.
And now the goddess bids the birds appear,
Raise all their music, and salute the year:

Then deep the swan begins, and deep the song
Runs o'er the water where he sails along;
While Philomela tunes a treble strain,
And from the poplar charms the listening plain.
We fancy love express'd at every note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.
Of barbarous Tereus she complains no more,
But sings for pleasure, as for grief before.
And still her graces rise, her airs extend,
And all is silence till the syren end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring?
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing?
Sweet Philomela cease,——Or here I sit,
And silent lose my rapturous hour of wit:—
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away:
His own Amycle thus, as stories run,
But once was silent, and that once undone.

"Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."

# HOMER'S

# BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

OR, THE

*BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.*

IN THREE BOOKS.

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *one who swells his cheeks.*
Pelus, *a name from mud.*
Hydromeduse, *a ruler in the waters.*
Hypsiboas, *a loud bawler.*
Pelion, *from mud.*
Scutlaus, *called from the Beets.*
Polyphonus, *a great babbler.*
Lymnocharis, *one who loves the lake.*
Crambophagus, *a cabbage eater.*
Lymnisius, *called from the lake.*
Calaminthius, *from the herb.*
Hydrocharis, *who loves the water.*
Borboreates, *who lies in the mud.*
Prassophagus, *an eater of garlic.*
Pelusius, *from mud.*
Pelobates, *who walks in the dirt.*
Prassæus, *called from garlic.*
Craugasides, *from croaking.*

NAMES OF THE MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *one who plunders granaries.*
Troxartas, *a bread eater.*
Lychomile, *a licker of meal.*
Pternotractas, *a bacon-eater.*
Lychopynax, *a licker of dishes.*
Embasichytros, *a creeper into pots.*
Lychenor, *a name for licking.*
Troglodytes, *one who runs into holes.*
Artophagus, *who feeds on bread.*
Tyroglyphus, *a cheese scooper.*
Pternoglyphus, *a bacon scooper.*
Pternophagus, *a bacon eater.*
Cnissodioctes, *one who follows the steam of kitchens.*
Sitophagus, *an eater of wheat.*
Meridarpax, *one who plunders his share.*

## *HOMER'S*

## BATTLE OF THE FROGS, &c.

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### *BOOK I.*

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial choir!
From Helicon's imbowering height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r;
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
How threatening Mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' tow'rs,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs.
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.
  Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And just escap'd the stretching claws of death,
A gentle Mouse, whom cats pursued in vain,
Fled swift-of-foot across the neighbouring plain,

Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
And dip'd his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head;
And from the waters, hoarse-resounding, said;—
'What art thou, stranger? what the line you boast?
What chance has cast thee panting on our coast?
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.
If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
And entering view the pleasurable lake:
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare.
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey.
Great Physignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim
A scepter'd King; a son of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.'—
Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouse replies:
'Known to the Gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me.
Of brave Troxartas' line, whose slecky down
In love compress'd Lychomilè the brown:
My mother she, and princess of the plains
Where'er her father Pternotractas reigns.

Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, with varied dainties fed.
But since our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendship grow?
These curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food supports my princely soul.
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye.
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view.
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which Gods themselves regale.
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight;
Though large to mine the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear.
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dextrous skill,
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
Where Death his ambush plants around the bait;
All-dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent warriors of the tabby vest;
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race;
But me, nor stalks nor watrish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
The lake-resounding Frogs' selected fare,
Which not a Mouse of any taste can bear.'

As thus the downy prince his mind express'd,
His answer thus the croaking king address'd:
'Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove;
We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And, born amphibious, food from both command.
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas I'll bear thee through:
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.'
He said, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his arms around,
Then wondering floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;
He sighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for shore;
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar;
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake:
'So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the ventrous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah, safe at last! may thus the Frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.'
As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a water-Hydra rose;

He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd, the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives, to shun the sable fates, below.
Forgetful Frog! the friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore:
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief:
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.
The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
And thus the prince his dying rage express'd:
'Nor thou, that fling'st me floundering from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing:
At land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heaven has Gods, and Gods have searching eyes:
Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers rise!'
This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping died,
His death the young Lychopinax espied,
As on the flowery brink he pass'd the day,
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.
Loud shrieks the Mouse, his shricks the shores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:
Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs sound,
And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the rising sun;

Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains,
Psycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore;
Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

## BOOK II.

When rosy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds,
Slow rose the sovereign, heav'd his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, address'd:
'For lost Pyscarpax much my soul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public, yours.
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldest perish'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat:
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Physignathus, died.
Rouse all the war, my friends! avenge the deed:
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.'
His words in every breast inspir'd alarms,
And careful Mars supplied their host with arms.
In verdant hulls, despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:
Quills, aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd:

The lamp's round boss affords their ample shield;
Large shells of nuts their covering helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze,
Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear;
The wondering frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forsake the waters, thickening from a ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring.
When near the crowd, disclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew:
The sacred herald's sceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his word express'd his king's command:
'Ye Frogs! the Mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance;
Their hapless prince by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the watry plain:
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth those frogs that have the soul to die.'
The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling, yet perplex'd appear:
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame:
'O friends! I never forc'd the Mouse to death,
Nor saw the gasping of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming tried,
And, venturous, in the lake the wanton died.
To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head:
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.
Your king directs the way; my thoughts, elate
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.

Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight:
Then, where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouse arrest;
Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
Down sink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flash the waters; and the shores resound:
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.'
He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close,
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the varied shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field:
And tapering sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dress'd for war, they take the' appointed height,
Poise the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.
Bnt now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the Gods assume their golden seats:
The sire superior leans, and points to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes stride!
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride!

What eager fire their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the Gods be foes.
  This seen, the power his sacred visage rears,
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs assist?
  Then thus to Pallas.—'If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the Mice, why stays she still behind;
Drawn forth by savoury steams they wind their way,
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where, while the victims gratify their taste,
They sport to please the Goddess of the feast.'
  Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious skies,
But thus, resolv'd, the blue-eyed Maid replies:
'In vain, my father, all their dangers plead,
To such thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil:
(Ills following ills!) but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine:
Relentless wretches! all the work was mine!
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot, and cross'd the silver thread;
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve,
(The Gods, that use no coin, have none to give.
And learning's Goddess never less can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below.)
Nor let the Frogs to win my succour sue,
Those clamorous fools have lost my favour too:

For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight,
When, spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;
Lo! from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
With noisy croakings half the nation rose,
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear,
Lest heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.
Some daring Mouse may meet the wondrous odds,
Though Gods oppose, and brave the wounded Gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.'
So mov'd the blue-eyed Queen; her words persuade;
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

## *BOOK III.*

Now front to front the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line:
The chiefs conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud signal to the rushing war; [sound,
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets
The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground,
Even Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.
First to the fight large Hypsiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin slew:
The luckless warrior fill'd with generous flame,
Stood foremost glittering in the post of fame;
When in his liver struck, the javelin hung,
The Mouse fell thundering, and the target rung;
Prone to the ground, he sinks his closing eye,
And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.
A spear at Pelion, Troglodytes cast,
The missive spear within the bosom pass'd;
Death's sable shades the fainting Frog surround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embasichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
Transfix and quiver in his panting heart;
But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound;
Deep through the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph and a friend expire,
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought;
(A warrior vers'd in arts of sure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate;)
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eyelids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the Frog the shining javelin flies,
And near the vanquish'd Mouse the victor dies.
The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights,
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And, wildly floundering, flashes up the deep;
Lychenor following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
Through the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.
Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flowery vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below:
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.

No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursued.
Till fall'n in death he lies, a shattering stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone,
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.
  Lychopynax with Borboreates fights,
A blameless Frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.
  Incens'd Prasophagus, with sprightly bound,
Bears Cnissodioctes off the rising ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake, depriv'd of breath,
And, downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Psycarpax shines afar,
(Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war)
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver struck Pelusius dead;
His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.
  This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud;
The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly sputtering, from the shore
A stone in nense of size the warrior bore,
A load for labouring earth, whose bulk to raise,
Ask ten degenerate Mice of modern days:
Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound;
The Frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
Till loud Craugasides arrests his course;
Hoarse-croaking threats precede, with fatal speed
Deep through the belly run the pointed reed,
Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desperate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches rising weeds supply
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
There lurks the silent Mouse reliev'd from heat,
And safe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.
But here Troxartas, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear;
But where the foot around its ankle plies
Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind:
The Mouse still urges, still the Frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires.
Then pious ardour young Prassæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank, harmless Frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartas' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.
Now nobly towering o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse;
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.

The warrior, singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate:
And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.
But powerful Jove, who shows no less his grace
To Frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole;
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The sire of Gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and Man:
'What seas of blood I view! what worlds of slain!
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign;
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-fur'd hero Meridarpax shakes!
Unless some favouring Deity descend,
Soon will the Frogs' loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars, refulgent on his rattling ear,
Arrests his raging rival of the war.'
He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious God of combats said:
'Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield,
Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight;
Not these can drive the desperate Mouse afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies.

Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay,
When all the giant-race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.'
'Twas thus the' armipotent advis'd the Gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods;
Deep lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground;
The bolt discharg'd, inwrap'd with lightning, flies,
And rends its flaming passage through the skies:
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet still the Mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threats the croaking line,
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistants fill'd the frighted shore.
Pour'd from the neighbouring strand, deform'd to view,
They march, a sudden unexpected crew!
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below;
Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command;
From out the flesh their bones by nature stand;
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise;
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd;
Their round black eyeballs in their bosom plac'd;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread;
And either end alike supplies a head:

These mortal wits to call the Crabs agree,
The Gods have other names for things than we.
Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes' tails with severing grasps they rend;
Here, short of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie:
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap'd the cumber'd ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion through their host appear:
O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.
But down Olympus to the western seas
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

A

# TRANSLATION

OF

PART OF THE FIRST CANTO

OF THE

*RAPE OF THE LOCK,*

INTO LEONINE VERSE,

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENT MONKS.

A

# TRANSLATION, &c.

Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ:
Tum primum lymphâ, se purgat candida nympha;
Tamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia! lautè,
Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ;
Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Lesbia dente;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;

Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratiâ visûs,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique saluti,
Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# JOHN PHILIPS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF J. PHILIPS.

JOHN PHILIPS, the son of Dr. Stephen Philips, archdeacon of Salop, and minister of Bampton, in Oxfordshire, was born on the 30th of December, 1676. He is said to have distinguished himself by his exercises at Winchester-School; and to have become such a favourite both of the master and of his schoolfellows, that he was indulged by the one, and unenvied by the others. He seldom played with the other boys; but retired to his chamber, and would sit, hour after hour, to have his hair combed. Isaac Vocius is said to have exacted the additional luxury, that the person, who performed the operation, should be skilled in the rules of prosody. After being disciplined and combed at Winchester, the requisite number of years, Philips became a member of Christ-Church, in Oxford, in 1694. He was intended for a physician; and Natural History,—particularly the department of Botany, is said to have been his favourite study. He was always distinguished among his friends in the University; but it was not till the publication of his *Splendid Shilling*, in 1703, that he became known to the public; and this poem gave him such reputation, that, in 1705, he was employed by the tories to celebrate the victory of Blenheim. The poem on *Cider* appeared, in the following year; and, as

each successive publication had extended his fame and increased his confidence, he now began to think of essaying the more arduous subject of the *Last Day*. But he did not live to finish the work. His life expired, by a slow consumption, Feb. 15, 1708; and he was buried in the cathedral of Hereford. His monument, at Westminster, was given by Sir Simon Harcourt; and the inscription by Dr. Atterbury.

*His Epitaph at Hereford.*

JOHANNES PHILIPS

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708. / Ætat. suae 32.

Cujus
Ossa si requiras, hunc Urnam inspice:
Si ingenium nescias, ipsius Opera consule;
Si Tumulum desideras,
Templum adi Westmonasteriense;
Qualis quantusque Vir fuerit,
Dicat illa elegans et praeclara,
Quæ cenotaphium ibi decorat
Inscriptio.
Quam interim erga Cognatos pius et officiosus
Testatur hoc saxum
A Maria Philips Matre ipsius pientissima
Dilecti Filii Memoriæ non sine Lacrymis dicatum

*The Epitaph at Westminster.*

Herefordiæ conduntur Ossa,
Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama
JOHANNES PHILIPS:
Qui vivis bonis doctisque juxta charus,
Immortale suum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi candore,
Eximia morum simplicitate,
Honestavit.
Litterarum Amoeniorum sitim,

Quam Wintoniæ Puer sentire cœperat,
Inter Ædis Christi Alumnos jugiter explevit
In illo Musarum Domicillio
Præclaris Æmulorum studiis excitatus,
Optimis scribendi Magistris semper intentus,
Carminia sermone Patrio composuit
A Græcis Latinisque fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romanisque auribus omnino digna,
Virsum quippe Harmuniam
Rythmo didiceret.
Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi
Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, et attemperato,
Non numeris in eundem fere orbem redeuntibus,
Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono
Metiri:
Uni in hoc laudis genere Miltono secundus
Primoque pæne par.
Res seu Tenues, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres
Ornandus sumpserat,
Nusquam, non quod decuit,
Et videt, et assecutus est,
Egregius, quocunque stylum verteret,
Fandi author, et Modorum artifex.
Fas sit Huic,
Auso licet a tua Metrorum Lega discedere,
O Pœsis Anglicanæ Pater, et Condetor, Chaucere,
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique stipantium
Non dedecebit Churum.
Simon Harcourt, Miles,
Viri bene de se, de Litteris meriti
Quoad viveret Fautor,
Post Obitum pie memor,
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.
J. Philips, Stephani, S. T. P. Archidiaconi
Salop. Filius, natus est Bamptoniæ
In agro Oxon. Dec. 30, 1676.
Obiit Herefordiæ, Feb. 15, 1708.

We do not look for any thing but extravagance upon a tomb-stone: yet, after reading so long and elaborate a panegyric, we sometimes have the malice to think how Æsop makes the bird of Minerva describe her offspring; and how Sir Toby Belch

answers Sir Andrew Aguecheek, when the latter had given an enumeration of his own accomplishments :—' Wherefore were these faculties concealed? Is this a world to hide virtues in?' But, whatever may have been said by his mother, or by Sir Simon Harcourt, it seems to be conceded by all, that Philips was a modest, companionable, and even humorous man; who lived a life of indigence, without discontent; and bore, without impatience, the disease, by which it was terminated. He was not ambitious to be known; and, because the circle of his friends was small, it has been inferred, that he was never made for a larger. He was sufficiently talkative with his own particular acquaintances; but, in strange company, he was silent, and smoked his pipe.

His versification is a sort of half-serious, and half-ludicrous, copy of Milton's; and, though there is so strange an incongruity between the dignity of his language, and the meanness of his subjects, it perplexes one to tell, when he is in earnest, and when in jest. By studiously applying to insignificant topics those solemn and antiquated forms of speech, which so often occur in Milton, he has rendered them truly contemptible; and yet he seems to have been innocent of all design to do so. We are told, that *Paradise Lost* was his favourite, while yet a school-boy; and, we suspect, that the grand and imposing phraseology of that poem may have taken such complete possession of his tender mind, that, though naturally predisposed to the more homely walks of poetry, he could not help unbodying his vulgar thoughts in Miltonian verse.

THE

# SPLENDID SHILLING.

———Sing, heavenly Muse!
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

# DESIGNED DEDICATION.

TO

WILLIAM BROME, ESQ.

OF EWITHINGTON, IN THE COUNTY OF HEREFORD.

SIR,

It would be too tedious an undertaking at this time to examine the rise and progress of Dedications. The use of them is certainly ancient, as appears both from Greek and Latin authors; and we have reason to believe that it was continued, without any interruption, till the beginning of this century, at which time mottos, anagrams, and frontispieces being introduced, Dedications were mightily discouraged, and at last abdicated. But to discover precisely when they were restored, and by whom they were ushered in, is a work that far transcends my knowledge; a work that can justly be expected from no other pen but that of your operose Doctor Bentley.

Let us, therefore, at present acquiesce in the dubiousness of their antiquity, and think the authority of the past and present times a sufficient plea for your patronizing, and my dedicating this poem: especially since, in this age, Dedications are not only fashionable, but almost necessary; and indeed they

are now so much in vogue, that a book without one is as seldom seen as a bawdy-house without a practice of piety, or a poet with money. Upon this account, sir, those who have no friends, dedicate to all good christians; some to their booksellers; some, for want of a sublunary patron, to the manes of a departed one. There are, that have dedicated to their whores: God help those hen-pecked writers that have been forced to dedicate to their own wives! But while I talk so much of other men's patrons, I have forgot my own; and seem rather to make an essay on Dedications, than to write one. However, sir, I presume you will pardon me for that fault; and perhaps like me the better for saying nothing to the purpose.

You, sir, are a person more tender of other men's reputation than your own, and would hear every body commended but yourself. Should I but mention your skill in turning, and the compassion you shewed to my fingers' ends when you gave me a tobacco-stopper, you would blush, and be confounded with your just praises. How much more would you, should I tell you what a progress you have made in that abstruse and useful language the Saxon? Since, therefore, the recital of your excellencies would prove so troublesome, I shall offend your modesty no longer. Give me leave to speak a word or two concerning the poem, and I have done. This poem, sir, if we consider the moral, the newness of the subject, the variety of images, and the exactness of the similitudes that compose it, must be allowed a piece that was never equalled by the moderns or ancients. The subject of the poem is myself, a subject never yet handled by any poet.

How fit to be handled by all, we may learn by those few divine commendatory verses written by the admirable Monsieur le Bog.

Yet since I am the subject and the poet too, I shall say no more of it, lest I should seem vainglorious. As for the moral, I have taken particular care that it should lie incognito, not like the ancients, who let you know at first sight they design something by their verses. But here you may look a good while, and, perhaps, after all, find that the poet has no aim or design, which must needs be a diverting surprise to the reader. What shall I say of the similies, which are so full of geography that you must get a Welshman to understand them? that so raise our ideas of the things they are applied to? that are so extraordinarily quaint and well chosen, that there's nothing like them? So that I think that I may without vanity say, Avia Pieridum peragro loca, &c. Yet, however excellent this poem is, in the reading of it you will find a vast difference between some parts and others; which proceeds not from your humble servant's negligence, but dict. This poem was begun when he had little victuals, and no money; and was finished when he had the misfortune, at a virtuous lady's house, to meet with both. But I hope, in time, sir, when hunger and poverty shall once more be my companions, to make amends for the defaults of this poem, by an Essay on Minced Pies, which shall be devoted to you with all submission, by,

Sir,

Your most obliged

And humble servant,

J. Philips.

THE

# SPLENDID SHILLING.

HAPPY the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling! he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-Hall* repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis; he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love;
Meanwhile, he smokes and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint:
But I, whom griping penury surrounds
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain,
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill fingers, or from tube as black
As winter-chimney or well-polish'd jet
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent!
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,

* Two noted alehouses at Oxford in 1700.

Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at the' Arvonian mart
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
  Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends.
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls. I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do, or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole. Straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear, a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Intrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode. In his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes: (ye Gods! avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,

Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magic charms
Erst have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont,)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of Money, Pallas sets the captive free.
  Beware, ye Debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nick or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So, poets sing,
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin; so her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts or arms, or shapes of lovely hue:
The wasp insidious and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood

Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days; but when nocturnal shades
This world envelope, and the' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friends delights: distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Mean-while I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose;
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale
In vain: awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit, delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain.
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice

Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blasts
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship
Long sail'd secure, or through the' Ægean deep
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis, (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd oak
So fierce a shock unable to withstand
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage
Resistless, overwhelming: horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears; [pray:
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
(Vain efforts!) till the battering waves rush in
Implacable, still delug'd by the foam
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

# BLENHEIM.

# BLENHEIM.

From low and abject themes the groveling Muse
Now mounts aërial, to sing of arms
Triumphant, and emblaze the martial acts
Of Britain's hero: may the verse not sink
Beneath his merits, but detain awhile
Thy ear, O Harley* ! (though thy country's weal
Depends on thee, though mighty Anne requires
Thy hourly counsels) since with every art
Thyself adorn'd, the mean essays of youth
Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,
The willing genius to the Muses' seat:
Therefore thee first and last the Muse shall sing.
  Long had the Gallic monarch uncontroll'd
Enlarg'd his borders, and of human force
Opponent slightly thought, in heart elate,
As erst Sesostris (proud Egyptian king,
That monarchs harness'd to his chariot yok'd,
(Base servitude !) and his dethron'd compeers
Lash'd furious, they in sullen majesty
Drew the uneasy load) nor less he aim'd
At universal sway; for William's arm
Could nought avail, however fam'd in war,

* This Poem was inscribed to the Right Hon. Robert Harley, 1705, then Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons and Secretary of State.

Nor armies leagued, that diversely assay'd
To curb his power enormous like an oak
That stands secure, though all the winds employ
Their ceaseless roar, and only sheds its leaves,
Or mast, which the revolving spring restores;
So stood he, and alone; alone defied
The European thrones combin'd, and still
Had set at nought their machinations vain,
But that great Anne, weighing the' events of war
Momentous, in her prudent heart thee chose,
Thee Churchill! to direct in nice extremes
Her banner'd legions. Now their pristine worth
The Britons recollect, and gladly change
Sweet native home for unaccustom'd air
And other climes, where different food and soil
Portend distempers: over dank and dry
They journey toilsome, unfatigued with length
Of march, unstruck with horror at the sight
Of Alpine ridges bleak, high-stretching hills,
All white with summer snows. They go beyond
The trace of English steps, where scarce the sound
Of Henry's arms arriv'd; such strength of heart
Thy conduct and example gives: nor small
Encouragement. Godolphin, wise and just,
Equal in merit, honour, and success,
To Burleigh, (fortunate alike to serve
The best of queens) he, of the royal store
Splendidly frugal, sits whole nights devoid
Of sweet repose, industrious to procure
The soldier's ease; to regions far remote
His care extends, and to the British host
Makes ravag'd countries plenteous as their own.
And now, O Churchill! at thy wish'd approach
The Germans, hopeless of success, forlorn,

With many an inroad gor'd, their drooping cheer
New animated rouse. Not more rejoice
The miserable race of men, that live
Benighted half the year, benumb'd with frosts
Perpetual, and rough Boreas' keenest breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement sky!
When first the sun with new-born light removes
The long incumbent gloom; gladly to thee
Heroic laurell'd Eugene yields the prime,
Nor thinks it diminution to be rank'd
In military honour next, although
His deadly hand shook the Turchestan throne
Accurs'd, and prov'd in far-divided lands
Victorious. On thy powerful sword alone
Germania and the Belgic coast relies, [Anne
Won from the' encroaching sea: that sword great
Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant side
When thee she'enroll'd her garter'd knights among,
Illustrating the noble list; her hand
Assures good omens, and Saint George's worth
Enkindles like desire of high exploits.
Immediate sieges, and the tire of war
Roll in thy eager mind: thy plumy crest
Nods horrible; with more terrific port
Thou walk'st, and seem'st already in the fight.
What spoils, what conquests then did Albion hope
From thy achievements! yet thou hast surpast
Her boldest vows, exceeded what thy foes
Could fear or fancy. They, in multitude
Superior, fed their thoughts with prospect vain
Of victory and rapine, reckoning what
From ransom'd captives would accrue. Thus one
Jovial his mate bespoke: 'O Friend! observe
How gay with all the' accoutrements of war

The Britons come, with gold well-fraught they come
Thus far, our prey, and tempt us to subdue
Their recreant force; how will their bodies stripp'd
Enrich the victors, while the vultures sate
Their maws with full repast!'—Another, warm'd
With high ambition, and conceit of prowess
Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd:
'What if this sword, full often drench'd in blood
Of base antagonists, with grinding edge
Should now cleave sheer the execrable head
Of Churchill met in arms! or if this hand,
Soon as his army disarray'd 'gins swerve,
Should stay him flying, with retentive gripe
Confounded and appall'd! No trivial price
Should set him free, nor small should be my praise
To lead him shackled, and expos'd to scorn
Of gathering crowds, the Britons' boasted chief.'
Thus they in sportive mood their empty taunts
And menaces express'd; nor could their prince
In arms, vain Tallard, from opprobrious speech
Refrain. 'Why halt ye thus, ye Britons! why
Decline the war? shall a morass forbid
Your easy march? Advance; we'll bridge a way
Safe of access.' Imprudent thus to' invite
A furious lion to his folds! That boast
He ill abides; captiv'd, in other plight
He soon revisits Britany, that once
Resplendent came, with stretch'd retinue girt
And pompous pageantry. O hapless fate,
If any arm but Churchill's had prevail'd!
No need such boasts, or exprobrations false,
Of cowardice. The military mound
The British files transcend, in evil hour
For their proud foes, that fondly brav'd their fate.

And now on either side the trumpets blew,
Signal of onset, resolution firm
Inspiring, and pernicious love of war.
The adverse fronts in rueful conflict meet,
Collecting all their might, for on the' event
Decisive of this bloody day depends
The fate of kingdoms. With less vehemence
The great competitors for Rome engag'd,
Cæsar and Pompey, on Pharsalian plains,
Where stern Bellona, with one final stroke,
Adjudg'd the empire of this globe to one.
Here the Bavarian duke his brigades leads,
Gallant in arms, and gaudy to behold,
Bold Champion! Brandishing his Noric blade,
Best-temper'd steel, successless prov'd in field.
Next Tallard, with his Celtic infantry,
Presumptuous comes. Here Churchill, not so
To vaunt as fight, his hardy cohorts joins [prompt
With Eugene's German force. Now from each van
The brazen instruments of death discharge
Horrible flames, and turbid streaming clouds
Of smoke sulphureous; intermix'd with these
Large globous irons fly, of dreadful hiss,
Singing the air, and from long distance bring
Surprising slaughter; on each side they fly
By chains connex'd, and with destructive sweep
Behead whole troops at once; the hairy scalps
Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous trunks bestrew
The' ensanguin'd field. With latent mischief stor'd
Showers of granadoes rain, by sudden burst
Disploding murderous bowels, fragments of steel,
And stones, and glass, and nitrous grain adust:
A thousand ways at once the shiver'd orbs
Fly diverse, working torment and foul rout,

With deadly bruize and gashes furrow'd deep.
Of pain impatient, the high-prancing steeds
Disdain the curb, and flinging to and fro
Spurn their dismounted riders; they expire
Indignant, by unhostile wounds destroyed.
Thus through each army, death in various shapes
Prevail'd: here mangled limbs, here brains and gore,
Lie clotted; lifeless some; with anguish these
Gnashing, and loud laments invoking aid
Unpitied and unheard; the louder din
Of guns and trumpets' clang, and solemn sound
Of drums, o'ercame their groans. In equal scale
Long hung the fight; few marks of fear were seen,
None of retreat. As when two adverse winds,
Sublim'd from dewy vapours, in mid-sky
Engage with horrid shock, the ruffled brine
Roars stormy, they together dash the clouds,
Levying their equal force with utmost rage;
Long undecided lasts the airy strife,
So they, incens'd, till Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
Came to oppose his slaughtering arm: with speed
Precipitant he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fall'n steeds
Rolling in death: Destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Him, thus enrag'd,
Descrying from afar some engineer,
Dextrous to guide the' unerring charge, design'd
By one nice shot to terminate the war:
With aim direct the levell'd bullet flew,
But miss'd her scope, (for Destiny withstood
The' approaching wound) and guiltless plough'd her [way
Beneath his courser: round his sacred head

The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Amongst the scatter'd Gauls. But O, beware,
Great Warrior! nor too prodigal of life
Expose the British safety: hath not Jove
Already warn'd thee to withdraw? Reserve
Thyself for other palms. Ev'n now thy aid
Eugene, with regiments unequal press'd,
Awaits: this day of all his honours gain'd
Despoils him, if thy succour opportune
Defends not the sad hour: permit not thou
So brave a leader with the vulgar herd
To bite the ground unnoted.—Swift and fierce
As wintry storm, he flies to reinforce
The yielding wing; in Gallic blood again
He dews his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks; (so Ajax interpos'd
His sevenfold shield and screen'd Laertes' son,
For valour much and warlike wiles renown'd,
When the insulting Trojans urg'd him sore
With tilted spears) unmanly dread invades
The French astonied; straight their useless arms
They quit, and in ignoble flight confide,
Unseemly yelling; distant hills return
The hideous noise. What can they do, or how
Withstand his wide destroying sword, or where
Find shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with wrath
Resistless, the' eager English champions press,
Chastising tardy flight; before them rolls
His current swift the Danube, vast and deep,
Supreme of rivers! to the frightful brink,
Urg'd by compulsive arms, soon as they reach'd
New horror chill'd their veins: devote they saw

Themselves to wretched doom; with efforts vain,
Encourag'd by despair, or obstinate
To fall like men in arms, some dare renew
Feeble engagement, meeting glorious fate
On the firm land; the rest discomfited,
And push'd by Marlborough's avengeful hand,
Leap plunging in the wide extended flood;
Bands numerous as the Memphian soldiery
That swell'd the Erythræan wave, when wall'd
The unfroze waters marvellously stood,
Observant of the great command. Upborne
By frothy billows thousands float the stream
In cumbrous mail, with love of farther shore
Confiding in their hands, that sedulous strive
To cut the' outrageous fluent. In this distress,
Ev'n in the sight of death, some tokens show
Of fearless friendship, and their sinking mates
Sustain; vain love, though laudable! absorb'd
By a fierce eddy they together sound
The vast profundity: their horses paw
The swelling surge with fruitless toil: surcharg'd,
And in his course obstructed by large spoil,
The river flows redundant, and attacks
The lingering remnant with unusual tide,
Then rolling back, in his capacious lap
Ingulfs their whole militia, quick immers'd.
So when some sweltering travellers retire
To leafy shades, near the cool sunless verge
Of Paraba, Brazilian stream, her tail
Of vast extension, from her watry den,
A grisly Hydra suddenly shoots forth
Insidious, and with curl'd envenom'd train
Embracing horridly, at once the crew

Into the river whirls; the' unweeting prey
Entwisted roars, the' affrighted flood rebounds.
  Nor did the British squadrons now surcease
To gall their foes, o'erwhelm'd: full many felt
In the moist element a scorching death,
Pierc'd sinking: shrouded in a dusky cloud
The current flows, with livid massive flames
Boiling, as once Pergamean Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when the' swift-footed son
Of Peleus to his baleful banks pursued
The straggling Trojans: nor less eager drove
Victorious Churchill his desponding foes
Into the deep immense, that many a league
Impurpled ran, with gushing gore distain'd.
  Thus the experienc'd valour of one man,
Mighty in conflict, rescued harass'd powers
From ruin impendent, and the' afflicted throne
Imperial, that once lorded o'er the world,
Sustain'd. With prudent stay he long deferr'd
The rough contention, nor would deign to rout
An host disparted; when, in union firm
Embodied, they advanc'd, collecting all
Their strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdued,
He, the proud boasters sent, with stern assault,
Down to the realms of Night. The British souls
(A lamentable race!) that ceas'd to breathe,
On Landen-plains, this heavenly gladsome air,
Exult to see the crowding ghosts descend
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the cares
Of mortal life, and drink the' oblivious lake.
Not so the new inhabitants; they roam
Erroneous and disconsolate, themselves
Accusing and their chiefs, improvident
Of military chance; when lo! they see

Through the dun mist, in blooming beauty fresh,
Two lovely youths that amicably walk'd
O'er verdant meads, and pleas'd perhaps revolv'd
Anna's late conquests; one to empire born,
Egregious Prince,* whose manly childhood show'd
His mingled parents, and portended joy
Unspeakable; thou, his associate dear†
Once in this world, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,
Had thy presiding star propitious shone
Shouldst Churchill be! but Heaven severe, cut short
Their springing years, nor would this isle should [boast
Gifts so important! Them the Gallic shades
Surveying, read in either radiant look
Marks of excessive dignity and grace,
Delighted; till, in one, their curious eye
Discerns their great subduer's awful mein
And corresponding features fair; to them
Confusion: straight the airy phantoms fleet
With headlong haste, and dread a new pursuit:
The image pleas'd with joy paternal smiles.
  Enough, O Muse! the sadly-pleasing theme
Leave, with these dark abodes; and reascend
To breathe the upper air, where triumphs wait
The conqueror, and sav'd nations' joint acclaim.
Hark, how the cannon, inoffensive now,
Gives signs of gratulation! struggling crowds
From every city flow; with ardent gaze
Fix'd, they behold the British Guide, of sight
Insatiate; whilst his great redeeming hand
Each prince affects to touch respectful. See
How Prussia's king transported entertains
His mighty guest! to him the royal pledge,

* Duke of Gloucester. † Marquis of Blandford.

Hope of his realm, commits, (with better fate
Than to the Trojan chief Evander gave
Unhappy Pallas) and entreats to show
The skill and rudiments austere of war.
See, with what joy him Leopold declares
His great deliverer; and courts to' accept
Of titles, with superior modesty
Better refus'd. Meanwhile, the haughty king
Far humbler thoughts now learns: despair and fear
Now first he feels: his laurels all at once
Torn from his aged head in life's extreme,
Distract his soul; nor can great Boileau's harp
Of various-sounding wire, best taught to calm
Whatever passion, and exalt the soul
With highest strains, his languid spirits cheer:
Rage, shame, and grief, alternate in his breast.
But who can tell what pangs, what sharp remorse,
Torment the Boain prince? From native soil
Exil'd by fate, torn from the dear embrace
Of weeping consort, and depriv'd the sight
Of his young guiltless progeny, he seeks
Inglorious shelter in an alien land:
Deplorable! but that his mind averse
To right, and insincere, would violate
His plighted faith. Why did he not accept
Friendly composure offer'd? or well weigh
With whom he must contend? encountering fierce
The Solymean Sultan, he o'erthrew
His moony troops, returning bravely smear'd
With Paynim blood effus'd; nor did the Gaul
Not find him once a baleful foe: but when
Of counsel rash new measures he pursues,
Unhappy Prince! (no more a prince) he sees
Too late his error, forc'd to' implore relief

Of him he once defied. O destitute
Of hope, unpitied; thou shouldst first have thought
Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid
Thy own inconstant ill-aspiring heart.
Lo, how the Noric plains through thy default
Rise hilly, with large piles of slaughter'd knights.
Best men! that war'd still firmly for their prince.
Though faithless; and unshaken duty show'd,
Worthy of better end. Where cities stood,
Well-fenc'd and numerous, desolation reigns
And emptiness: dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,
The widow and the orphan stroll around
The desert wide; with oft-retorted eye
They view the gaping walls and poor remains
Of mansions once their own, (now loathsome haunts
Of birds obscene) bewailing loud the loss
Of spouse, or sire, or son, ere manly prime
Slain in sad conflict, and complain of Fate
As partial and too rigorous, nor find
Where to retire themselves, or where appease
The' afflictive keen desire of food, expos'd
To winds, and storms, and jaws of savage beasts.
  Thrice happy Albion! from the world disjoin'd
By Heav'n propitious, blissful seat of peace!
Learn from thy neighbours' miseries to prize
Thy welfare. Crown'd with Nature's choicest gifts,
Remote thou hear'st the dire effect of war,
Depopulation, void alone of fear
And peril, whilst the dismal symphony
Of drums and clarions other realms annoys.
The' Iberian sceptre undecided, here
Engages mighty hosts in wasteful strife:
From different climes the flower of youth descends
Down to the Lusitanian vales, resolv'd

With utmost hazard to enthrone their prince,
Gallic or Austrian: havoc dire ensues
And wild uproar: the natives, dubious whom
They must obey, in consternation wait,
Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their liege.
Nor is the brazen voice of War unheard
On the mild Latian shore. What sighs and tears
Hath Eugene caus'd! how many widows curse
His cleaving falchion! fertile soil in vain,
What do thy pastures or thy vines avail,
Best boon of Heav'n! or huge Taburnus, cloth'd
With olives, when the cruel battle mows
The planters with their harvest immature?
See with what outrage from the frosty North
The early-valiant Swede draws forth his wings
In battailous array, while Volga's stream
Sends opposite, in shaggy armour clad,
Her borderers! on mutual slaughter bent
They rend their countries. How is Poland vex'd
With civil broils, while two elected kings
Contend for sway? Unhappy nation! left
Thus free of choice. The English undisturb'd
With such sad privilege, submiss obey [due,
Whom Heav'n ordains supreme; with reverence
Not thraldom, in fit liberty secure.
From sceptred kings in long descent deriv'd,
Thou Anna rulest! prudent to promote
Thy people's ease at home, nor studious less
Of Europe's good. To thee, of kingly rights
Sole arbitress, declining thrones and powers
Sue for relief. Thou bidst thy Churchill go,
Succour the injur'd realms, defeat the hopes
Of haughty Louis, unconfin'd: he goes
Obsequious, and the dread command fulfils
In one great day. Again, thou giv'st in charge

To Rooke, that he should let that monarch know
The empire of the ocean wide diffus'd
Is thine; behold! with winged speed he rides
Undaunted o'er the labouring main, to' assert
Thy liquid kingdoms; at his near approach
The Gallic navies, impotent to bear
His vollied thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud;
And bless the friendly interposing night.

Hail, mighty Queen! reserv'd by fate to grace
The new-born age. What hopes may we conceive
Of future years, when to thy early reign
Neptune submits his trident; and thy arms
Already have prevail'd to the' utmost bound
Hesperian, Calpe, by Alcides fix'd,
Mountain sublime! that casts a shade of length
Immeasurable, and rules the inland waves!
Let others, with insatiate thirst of rule,
Invade their neighbours' lands; neglect the ties
Of leagues and oaths; this thy peculiar praise
Be still, to study right and quell the force
Of kings perfidious: let them learn from thee,
That neither strength, nor policy refin'd,
Shall with success be crown'd where justice fails.
Thou, with thy own content, not for thyself
Subduest regions; generous to raise
The suppliant knee, and curb the rebel neck.
The German boasts thy conquests, and enjoys
The great advantage; nought to thee redounds
But satisfaction from thy conscious mind.

Auspicious Queen! since in thy realms secure
Of peace thou reign'st, and victory attends
Thy distant ensigns, with compassion view
Europe embroil'd: still thou (for thou alone
Sufficient art) the jarring kingdoms' ire,
Reciprocally ruinous: say who

Shall wield the' Hesperian, who the Polish sword,
By thy decree? The trembling lands shall hear
Thy voice obedient, lest thy scourge should bruise
Their stubborn necks, and Churchill in his wrath
Make them remember Blenheim with regret.
Thus shall the nations aw'd to peace extol
Thy power and justice: jealousies and fears,
And hate infernal, banish'd, shall retire
To Mauritania, or the Bactrian coasts,
Or Tartary, engendering discords fell
Amongst the enemies of truth, while arts
Pacific and inviolable love
Flourish in Europe. Hail, Saturnian days
Returning! in perpetual tenor run
Delectable, and shed your influence sweet
On virtuous Anna's head: ye happy days
By her restor'd, her just designs complete,
And, mildly on her shining, bless the world!
Thus from the noisy crowd exempt, with ease
And plenty blest, amid the mazy groves,
(Sweet solitude!) where warbling birds provoke
The silent Muse, delicious rural seat
Of Saint John,* English Memmius, I presum'd
To sing Britannic trophies, inexpert
Of war, with mean attempt; while he intent
(So Anna's will ordains) to expedite
His military charge, no leisure finds
To string his charming shell; but when, return'd,
Consummate Peace shall rear her cheerful head,
Then shall his Churchill in sublimer verse
For ever triumph; latest times shall learn
From such a chief to fight, and bard to sing.

* Viscount Bolingbroke; then Secretary of War.

# CIDER.

*IN TWO BOOKS.*

— Honos erit huic quoque Pomo? *Virg.*

# CIDER.

## *BOOK I.*

### ARGUMENT.

SUBJECT proposed.—Address to the natives of Herefordshire.—Dedication to Mr. Mostyn.—Situation for an orchard.—Soil.—Places famous for their Cider.—King Ethelbert murdered by Offa, at Sutton Walls.—Account of Marcley-Hill being moved.—A soil not rich enough for apples will suit pears.—Very poor land will serve to support sheep and geese.—Goats browse on the steepest mountains of Wales.—Dangerous practice of gathering samphire from rocks that hang over the sea.—The most barren land may be improved, so as to be made capable of some produce.—In very hot summers, trenches should be dug round apple-trees, and filled with water; a long continuance of hot weather being unfavourable to the fruit.—The unhealthiness of hot seasons.—Extreme heat of the summer in the year 1705.—Death of Miss Winchcomb.—Heat, a cause of earthquakes.—Destruction of Ariconium.—Some different sorts of trees and plants will flourish well, when planted near together; but others will not.—What sorts of trees may be planted near the apple-tree, without injuring it: and what are noxious to it.—Grafting.—Different stocks proper for different sorts of fruit.—In the plantation of orchards, ornament as well as profit may be attended to; and the different kinds of apple-trees may be intermixed with taste, so as to produce a pleasing effect.—Virgil has finely diversified his Georgics by introducing several beautiful digressions and descriptions.—Grafting, budding, pruning, to be learned by experience.—Many discoveries, the result of experience.—The baro-

meter.—Tobacco first discovered.—Beneficial effects and pleasure of smoking tobacco.—The microscope.—Kernels of apples dissected and viewed in the microscope.—Industry recommended.—Pruning of apple trees.—Trees, when too much loaded with fruit, should have their crops thinned.—Birds should be frightened from fruit-trees, pigs kept out of orchards, and wasps and snails destroyed.—No care is sufficient to secure fruit from grubs.—Ludicrous description of a person tasting a fair-looking, grub-eaten apple.—The garden of Alcinous.—Different sorts of apples.—Pears.—The musk apple.—The red-streak apple, cultivated and improved by the first Lord Scudamore.—Compliment to his great-grandson.—Excellence of red-streak Cider.—The Poet, inspired by it, sings its praises, and those of its native country.—General fertility of Herefordshire.—Its hops, prospects, iron, saffron, wool.—Its natives famous for valour; distinguished at the battles of Cressy and Agincourt;—particularly the ancestor of the noble family of Chandos.—Compliment to Lord Chandos, and his son: to Lord Salisbury: and to Aldrich, Dean of Christchurch.—University of Oxford.—Sir Thomas Hanmer.—Mr. Bromley.—Mew, Bishop of Winchester.—Duke of Beaufort.—Lord Weymouth.—Harley, Secretary of State.—Beauty of Herefordshire females.—Love.—Friendship.—Trevor, Chief Justice.—Panegyric on sincerity;—on virtue in general.—Amiableness of Virgil's character.—Homer, Spenser, Milton;—censured for his politics, but extolled for his poetry, of which the Author professes himself an humble imitator.

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What soil the Apple loves, what care is due
To Orchats, timeliest when to press the fruits,
Thy gift, Pomona? in Miltonian verse
Adventrous I presume to sing, of verse
Nor shrill'd nor studious; but my native soil
Invites me, and the theme, as yet unsung.
  Ye Ariconian Knights and fairest Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n these blessings grants,
Attend my lays! nor hence disdain to learn
How Nature's gifts may be improv'd by art.

And thou, O Mostyn! whose benevolence
And candour, oft experienc'd, me vouchsaf'd
To knit in friendship growing still with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love:
May it a lasting monument remain
Of dear respect, that when this body frail
Is moulder'd into dust, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know—
I once was bless'd in such a matchless friend.
Whoe'er expects his labouring trees should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern, to find a track
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds; but to the west
Let him free entrance grant; let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs:
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds, whose breath
Nurtures the orange and the citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odours sweet
Wide through the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds,
But when the blackening clouds in sprinkling show'rs
Distil from the high summits, down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd
The Orchats smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.
Next let the planter with discretion meet
The force and genius of each soil explore.

To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary care in vain
He hopes an Apple vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,
Rejoicing in rich mould, most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce, pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed; so oft we see
Men passing fair in outward lineaments
Elaborate, less inwardly exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune;
The must of pallid hue declares the soil
Devoid of spirit: wretched he that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors! oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs, distrest he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse the' unwholesome draught.
But, farmer, look, where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth; that soil select
For Apples; thence, thy industry shall gain
Tenfold reward; thy garners thence with store
Surcharg'd shall burst; thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which in revolving years may try
Thy feeble feet and bind thy faltering tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome! and Capel such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marsh,
And Sutton acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to the' unhallow'd feast
Of Mercian Offa he invited came
To treat of spousals: long connubial joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair

Elfrida's beauty, but deluded died
In height of hopes.—Oh hardest fate, to fall
By show of friendship and pretended love!
  I nor advise nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcley-hill; the Apple no where finds
A kinder mould: yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful ground: who knows but that once more
This mount may journey, and his present site
Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The goodly plants, affording matter strange
For law debates?* if therefore thou incline
To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
Fail not by frequent vows to' implore success;
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wandering glebe.
  But if (for Nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld,
If a penurious clay should be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'erabounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit and restive marl.

* February the 7th, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, this hill roused itself with a roaring noise, and by seven the next morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cots, hedgerows and trees, and in its passage overthrew Kinnaston chapel, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed's Account of Herefordshire, and Camden's Britannia.

Thus nought is useless made; nor is there land
But what or of itself or else compell'd
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf
Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,
Close grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What should I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browse
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of rending winds and dashing waves,
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish guest
Of pamper'd luxury. Then let thy ground
Not lie unlabour'd; if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat that may to human use redound,
And penury, the worst of ills, remove?
There are who fondly studious of increase
Rich foreign mould on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Besmear the roots in vain. The nursling grove
Seems fair a-while, cherish'd with foster earth,
But when the alien compost is exhaust,
Its native poverty again prevails.
Though this art fails despond not; little pains
In a due hour employ'd great profit yield.
The' industrious, when the sun in Leo rides
And darts his sultriest beams portending drought,
Forget not at the foot of every plant

To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
A just supply of alimental streams,
Exhausted sap recruiting; else false hopes
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
The' autumnal season, but in summer's pride,
When other Orchats smile, abortive fail.
  Thus the great light of Heav'n, that in his course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; sweltering they run
To grots and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable: but if the spring
Preceding should be destitute of rain,
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings
Sweep up the smoky mists and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim Death in different shapes
Depopulates the nations; thousands fall
His victims; youths and virgins in their flower
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by infectious Heaven destroy'd.
  Such heats prevail'd when fair Eliza, last
Of Winchcomb's name, (next thee in blood and worth,
O fairest St. John!) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues nor repeated vows

Of thousand lovers the relentless hand
Of Death arrest; she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.
  But if it please the sun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind
How our forefathers, (luckless men!) ingulft
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre enclos'd.
  In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious this our other world subdued,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Aërial spires and citadels, the seat
Of kings and heroes resolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium! uncontroll'd and free
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, though to foreign yoke submiss,
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic or Etruscan hands
Arose, had not the heavenly powers averse
Decreed her final doom; for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst, Aquarius had not shed
His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb; hence 'gan relax
The ground's contexture; hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded roar
Of brazen enginery, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable: the infernal winds till now

Closely imprison'd by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells, and their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass
Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat: old Vaga's stream
Forc'd by the sudden shock her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Crankling her banks: and now the lowering sky
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men Where should they turn
Distrest? whence seek for aid, when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation? Vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands, to Heav'n erect:
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their votaries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the streets; their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look: at every gate
The thronging populace with hasty strides
Press furious, and too eager of escape
Obstruct the easy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps; to and fro they reel
Astonish'd, as o'ercharg'd with wine; when lo!
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm, profound! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks and all her tribes,
Heroes and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Meanwhile the loosen'd winds

Infuriate molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds, till all their force
Consum'd her ravenous jaws the' earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race, which as he breaks
The clotted glebe the ploughman haply finds
Appall'd. Upon that treacherous track of land
She whilom stood: now Ceres in her prime
Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd
The Apple-tree by our forefather's blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.
  The prudent will observe what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone
But all the wide creation Nature gave
Love and aversion.) Everlasting hate
The vine to ivy bears, nor less abhors
The colewort's rankness, but with amorous twine
Clasps the tall elm. The Pæstan rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely near the fetid leek,
(Crest of stout Britons) and enhances thence
The price of her celestial scent. The gourd
And thirsty cucumber, when they perceive
The' approaching olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contact, whilst the fig
Contemns not rue nor sage's humble leaf
Close neighbouring. The' Herefordian plant
Caresses freely the contiguous peach,
Hazel and weight-resisting palm, and likes

To' approach the quince, and the' elder's pithy
Uneasy seated by funereal yew [stem,
Or walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits) or near the bitter dews
Of cherries: therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.
Wouldst thou thy vats with generous juice should froth?
Respect thy Orchats: think not that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A scion meetly sever; after, force
A way into the crabstock's closewrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Enclose the foster twig: nor over nice
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
The binding clay: ere long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
To the new pupil: now he shoots his arms
With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,
Down rain the' impurled balls, ambrosial fruit!
Whether the wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw the' earth's purest spirit, and resist
Its feculence, which in more porous stocks
Of Cider-plants finds passage free, or else
The native verjuice of the crab, deriv'd
Through the' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause
This doubtful progeny, by nicest tastes
Expected, best acceptance finds, and pays
Largest revenues to the Orchat lord.

Some think the quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The sloe-stem, bearing silvan plums austere.
Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er, what loss
To try the powers of both, and search how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In close embraces, and strange offspring bear?
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the peach's odoriferous globe,
And pears of sundry forms: at different times
Adopted plums will alien branches grace,
And men have gather'd from the hawthorn's branch
Large medlars, imitating regal crowns.
Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of party-colour'd fruits, that please
The tongue and view at once. So Maro's Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives,
Instructive to the swains not wholly bent
On what is gainful. Sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shows the force of love
In savage beasts, how virgin face divine
Attracts the hapless youth through storms and waves,
Alone in deep of night; then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimic brisk Cider with the brake's product wild,
Sloes pounded, hips, and servis' harshest juice.
Let sage Experience teach thee all the arts
Of grafting and ineyeing, when to lop
The flowing branches, what trees answer best

From root or kernel: she will best the hours
Of harvest and seed-time declare: by her
The different qualities of things were found
And secret motions, how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air. To her we owe
The Indian weed* unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapours bland
It gently mitigates; companion fit
Of pleasantry and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else; of Nature's hand
Least animal, and shows what laws of life
The cheese inhabitants observe, and how
Fabric their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artists! But the hidden ways
Of Nature wouldst thou know, how first she frames
All things in miniature? thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels: lo!
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads
Of first-beginning trees, their roots, their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd, thou'lt wondring say
An inmate Orchat every Apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think

* Tobacco.

To meliorate thy stock; no way nor rule
Be unassay'd; prevent the morning-star
Assiduous, nor with the western sun
Surcease to work. Lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the livelong day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse
From human converse, nor at shut of eve
Enjoy repose, but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right, and oft this care
Disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyself, and rather choose
To lie supinely, hoping Heaven will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?
'Twill profit when the stork, sworn foe of snakes,
Returns to show compassion to thy plants
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well-sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever; for the genial moisture due
To Apples otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and for the' expected crop
Nought but vain shoots and empty leaves abound.
When swelling buds their odorous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow
Redundant, but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion, else the starveling brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn, which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the pondrous boughs.
It much conduces all the cares to know
Of gardening, how to scare nocturnal thieves,

And how the little race of birds, that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
This done the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud through the air; their fancy represents
His mortal talons and his ravenous beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.
  Besides, the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm enclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff: bid him vex
The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence.
  The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracks
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cider drink.
No art averts this pest; on thee it lies
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itself rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbec draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.
  Myriads of wasps now also clustering hang
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; though oft repuls'd, again
They rally undismay'd: but fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisome swarms: let every bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of moyle or mum, or treacle's viscous juice;
They by the' alluring odour drawn, in haste

Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip
Their palatable bane. Joyful thou'lt see
The clammy surface all o'erstrown with tribes
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
Flap filmy pennons oft to extricate
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, till death
Bereave them of their worthless souls. Such doom
Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain!
  Howe'er thou may'st forbid eternal force,
Intestine evils will prevail. Damp airs
And rainy winters to the centre pierce
Of firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
The proper relish vitiate: then the grub,
Oft unobserv'd, invades the vital core;
Pernicious tenant! and her secret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaseless; meanwhile the Apple's outward form
Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
Till with a writhen mouth and spattering noise
He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
Disrelisht; not with less surprise than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners pass
Through flow'ry meads delighted, nor distrust
The smiling surface, whilst the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
Bursts fatal, and involves the hopes of war
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and dismember'd they aloft expire.
  Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phæacian isle, from whence,
Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd,
The pippin, burnish'd o'er with gold; the moyle,
Of sweetest honey'd taste; the fair pearmain,

Temper'd like comeliest nymph with red and white,
Salopian acres flourish with a growth
Peculiar, styled the Ottley. Be thou first
This Apple to transplant: if to the name
Its merit answers, no where shalt thou find
A wine more priz'd or laudable of taste.
Nor does the eliot least deserve thy care,
Nor John-apple, whose wither'd rind entrencht
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepit age, nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-relishing. Why should we sing the thrift,
Codling, or pomeroy, or of pimpled coat
The russet, or the cat's-head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth, for various use
Though these are meet, though after full repast
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich desert?
  What though the pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconian products; yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide branching arms
Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog,
Adverse to life. The wintry hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the strong onset, and controls their rage;
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase
Annual in sumptuous banquets claims applause;
Thrice acceptable beverage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
Be it thy choice when summer heats annoy
To sit beneath her leafy canopy,
Quaffing rich liquids; oh how sweet to' enjoy
At once her fruits and hospitable shade!
  But how with equal numbers shall we match
The musk's surpassing worth, that earliest gives

Sure hopes of racy wine: and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippings and cold syd'ral blasts?
Yet let her to the redstreak yield, that once
Was of the silvan kind, unciviliz'd,
Of no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
Taught her the savage nature to forget,
Hence styl'd The Scudamorian-Plant; whose wine
Whoever tastes, let him with grateful heart
Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
The noble peer, that now transcends our hopes
In early worth, his country's justest pride,
Uninterrupted joy and health entire.

Let every tree in every garden own
The redstreak as supreme, whose pulpous fruit,
With gold irradiate and vermilion, shines
Tempting, not fatal; as the birth of that
Primeval interdicted plant, that won
Fond Eve, in hapless hour, to taste and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier strains; ev'n I perceive
Her sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Easy, whilst cheer'd with her nectareous juice
Her's and my country's praises I exalt.
Hail Herefordian Plant! that dost disdain
All other fields; Heaven's sweetest blessing, hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my song,
And thy choice nectar, on which always waits
Laughter and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendship, chief delight of human life.
What should we wish for more? or why in quest

Of foreign vintage, insincere and mixt,
Traverse the' extremest world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean, when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits
Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic or Latin grapes, or those that see
The setting sun near Calpe's towering height?
Nor let the Rhodian nor the Lesbian vines
Vaunt their rich must, nor let tokay contend
For sovereignty: Phanæus' self must bow
To the' Ariconian vales. And shall we doubt
To' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The soil lie idle, which with fit manure
Will largest usury repay, alone
Empower'd to supply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with battening ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the grass; three cubits high
The jointed herbage shoots; the' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
Of golden wheat, the strength of human life:
Lo! on auxiliary poles the hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array:
Lo! how the arable with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
Transporting prospect. These, as modern use
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose
Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here to the sight
Apples of price and plenteous sheaves of corn
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
So much does fructuous moisture o'erabound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
To Heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet

To human ken; nor at their feet the vales
Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verdurous pasture; nor the yellow fields
Gaily interchang'd, with rich variety
Pleasing; as when an emerald green, enchas'd
In flamy gold, from the bright mass acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next, add the silvan shades and silent groves,
(Haunt of the druids) whence the earth is fed
With copious fuel, whence the sturdy oak,
A prince's refuge once, the' eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,
Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sovereign sway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Calybes or Bilboa boast
Their harden'd iron, when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? Can Tmolus' head
Vie with our saffron odours? or the fleece
Bætic or finest Tarentine compare
With Lemster's silken wool? Where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? In ancient days
The Roman legiónsand great Cæsar found
Our fathers no mean foes, and Cressy plains
And Agincourt, deep-ting'd with blood, confess
What the Silures' vigour unwithstood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd knight,
Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,
High Chandos! that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
To' his noble offspring. O thrice happy peer!
That blest with hoary vigour view'st thyself

Fresh blooming in thy generous son, whose lips
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact
Charm the wise senate, and attention win
In deepest councils. Ariconium pleas'd,
Him as her chosen worthy first salutes;
Him on the' Iberian, on the Gallic shore
Him hardy Britons bless'd; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The general's conduct than his care avails.
Thee also, glorious branch of Cecil's line
This country claims; with pride and joy to thee
Thy Alterennis calls; yet she endures
Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the Muses' fairest seat*
Where Aldrich† reigns, and from his endless store
Of universal knowledge, still supplies
His noble care: he, generous thoughts instils
Of true nobility, their country's love,
(Chief end of life) and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues: by his genius led
Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.
Hail highborn peer! and thou great nurse of arts,
And men from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
Hanmer and Bromley! thou to whom with due
Respect, Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred offspring; be for ever blest
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, such a race of men produce
As in the cause of virtue firm may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods! this vow

* Oxford.
† Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ church.

From one the meanest in her numerous train;
Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.
  Muse! raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame,
To Beaufort! in a long descent deriv'd
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful asserters: in him centering meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee
In her fair list this happy land enrols.
  Who can refuse a tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
In evil days? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests, whose board with plenty crown'd
Revives the feast-rites old; meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord!
To blazon what though hid will beautcous shine,
And with thy name to dignify my song.
  But who is he that on the winding stream
Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
Approv'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good? How large
His mind, that comprehends whate'er was known
To old or present time! yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill. What praise deserves
His liberal hand that gathers but to give,
Preventing suit? O, not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence that first deign'd to hear

Thy pipe, and screen'd thee from opprobrious
tongue;
Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inscribe on every bark; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.
Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or skill in peace and war. Of softer mould
The female sex with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft,
That view their matchless forms with transient
glance,
Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes. Nor hath
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride or artifice, long joys afford
To the' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life rebate the miseries of age.
And is there found a wretch so base of mind,
That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of Heaven? he ill deserves
Or love or pity; friendless let him see
Uneasy tedious days, despis'd, forlorn,
As stain of human race; but may the man,
That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour! O ye gods! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice should be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling, in whose heavenly eye
Sits purest Love enthron'd; but if the stars,
Malignant, these my better hopes oppose,
May I at least the sacred pleasures know

Of strictest amity, nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of speech and offices! may in my mind
Indelible, a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid, most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild impartial reason, what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence,
Freely vouchsaf'd when to the gates of Death
I tended prone? If thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbodied shades
I now had wander'd, and these empty thoughts
Of Apples perish'd; but unprais'd by thee
I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous: but nor night nor day suffice
For that great task; the highly-honoured name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful; but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and false-dissembling look,
And servile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws,
For pageantry and tawdry gewgaws: some
Renounce their sires, oppose paternal right
For rule and power, and others' realms invade
With specious shows of love: this traitorous wretch
Betrays his sovereign. Others, destitute
Of real zeal, to every altar bend,
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
To be stil'd Honourable. The honest man,

Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth: rather from door to door
A jocund pilgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted faith: nor fear nor hope
Will shock his stedfast soul: rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
Unpitied; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with observant eyes
Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous vestments labour'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape,
Yet clad in homely weeds from Envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conscience, nor of spectres' grisly forms,
Demons and injur'd souls, at close of day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers find;
But (as a child whose inexperienc'd age
Nor evil purpose fears nor knows) enjoys
Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
When chanticleer with clarion shrill recalls
The tardy day he to his labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that the embowell'd earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race; or else his thoughts
Are exercis'd with speculations deep,
Of good, and just, and meet, and the' wholesome rules
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame

Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate:
Studious of virtue, he no life observes
Except his own; his own employs his cares,
Large subject; that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little stock denies
Fit alms to lazars, merciful and meek.
  Thus sacred Virgil liv'd, from courtly vice
And baits of pompous Rome secure, at court
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how to' improve his grounds, and how himself:
Best poet! fit exemplar for the tribe
Of Phœbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
Poor eyeless pilgrim! and if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender Spencer liv'd, with mean repast
Content, deprest by penury and pine
In foreign realm, yet not debas'd his verse
By Fortune's frowns. And had that other bard,*
Oh! had but he, that first ennobled song
With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been,
'Mong many faithless strictly faithful found,
Unpitied he should not have wail'd his orbs,
That roll'd in vain, to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd:
But he—However let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his fame from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior strains, groveling beneath
The' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent,
Mean follower! There let her rest a while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks and cool retreat.

* Milton.

# CIDER.

## *BOOK II.*

# CIDER.

## *BOOK II.*

### ARGUMENT.

DEDICATION to Mr. Harcourt.—Subject resumed.—Bad effects of blights, when the fruit is forming.—Autumn, the season of gathering apples.—Cider-mill, and press, described.—Cider-washings.—Possibility of preserving and ripening wind-fall apples.—Caution against endeavouring to improve Cider, by mixing any thing with the pure juice of the apple; and against boiling it.—Tithe of apples to be paid.—Signs of fair weather, and of fertile seasons.—Each season produces its appropriate fruits.—Wine, made of different sorts of fruits.—Mead.—Birch and cowslip wines.—Usquebaugh drank in Ireland; Mum and Geneva in Holland.—A drink made of Juniper Berries, drank by the Northern Nations.—Persons in hot countries obliged to drink frequently.—Cider should be kept two years in cask before it is bottled; may be made of various sorts of apples, ground and pressed together; often resembles different kinds of wine so exactly, as to be mistaken by foreigners for the genuine wine, that is the particular growth of their own country; should not be racked until it is quite fine; should be bottled in the Spring.—Glass; how made, and bottles blown.—Different sorts of Cider require to be kept a different length of time in bottle, before they are fit for drinking.—Potency of Stire-Cider.—The Farmer's feast.—Praise of Bacchus, Christmas gambols, and the rustic ball.—Temperance recommended.—Fatal consequences of intemperance.—Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ.—Civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament.—Panegyric on King Charles and on Queen Anne.

—England happy in a monarchic Government.—The contentions of the Heptarchy, and wars under our first kings, contrasted with the peaceable and happy reign of Edgar.—The achievements of Richard Cœur de Leon in the Crusades.—Victories of Edward III. in France.—Miseries of the civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster.—These houses united in the person of Henry VII.—The crowns of England and Scotland united in James I.—Act of Union between the two kingdoms. The power and importance it gives to Britain.

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O Harcourt! whom the' ingenuous love of arts
Has carried from thy native soil beyond
The' eternal alpine snows, and now detains
In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the relics of old Rome, or what
Unrivall'd authors by their presence made
For ever venerable, rural seats,
Tibur and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers,
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth! return,
Of wit and judgment ripe in blooming years,
And Britain's isle with Latin knowledge grace;
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thirst of pre-eminence. See how the cause
Of widows and of orphans he asserts
With winning rhetoric and well-argu'd law!
Mark well his footsteps, and like him deserve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.

Meanwhile, although the Massic grape delights,
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formian hills
Temper thy cups, yet wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous Cider. Far remote
Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse
That, passing lands and seas, on thee attends.
Thus far of trees; the pleasing task remains
To sing of Wines and autumn's blest increase.
The' effects of art are shown, yet what avails
'Gainst Heav'n? oft notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruitery seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime! the deadly plague annoys
The wide enclosure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed: if thy former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.
A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert or check: uncertain all his toil,
Till lusty Autumn's lukewarm days, allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours. Autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain,
Berries, and sky-dyed plums, and what in coat
Rough, or soft rind, or bearded husk or shell,
Fat olives, and pistachio's fragrant nut,
And the pine's tasteful apple: autumn paints

Ausonian hills with grapes, whilst English plains
Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks the' embosom'd odours, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full-ag'd stores
Diffuse ambrosial steams, than myrrh or nard
More grateful, or perfuming flowery bean!
Soft whispering airs and the lark's matin song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind,
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy
Best portion of the various year, in which [time,
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! But, ah!
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours! inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith frosty blasts deface
The blithsome year: trees of their shrivell'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail!
Now, now the time ere hasty suns forbid
To work, disburden thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny: the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor; now exhort
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the' expected grinder; now prepare
Materials for thy mill, a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive, and a flexile fallow entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hoard.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press,
Long ere the vintage, but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain shouldst seek a strainer, to dispart
The husky terrene dregs from purer must.

Be cautious next a proper steed to find
Whose prime is past; the vigorous horse disdains
Such servile labours; or, if forc'd, forgets
His past achievements and victorious palms:
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work and years,
Shall roll the' unwieldy stone; with sober pace
He'll tread the circling path, till dewy eve
From early dayspring, pleas'd to find his age,
Declining, not unuseful to his lord.

Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,
Has drain'd the pulpous mass, regale their swine
With the dry refuse; thou, more wise, shalt steep
Thy husks in water, and again employ
The pondrous engine. Water will imbibe
The small remains of spirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peasants blithe
Will quaff, and whistle as thy tinkling team
They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes, [now
Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor shalt thou
Reject the Apple-cheese, though quite exhaust;
Ev'n now 'twill cherish and improve the roots
Of sickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd,
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth:
Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd!

The tender Apples from their parents rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie,
The prey of worms. A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which, subdued
By endless culture, with sufficient must
His casks replenish'd yearly: he no more
Desir'd nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests; successful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempests arm'd

Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cider grove: o'erturn'd by furious blasts
The sightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stripp'd immature: yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his stars! but prudent, his fall'n heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded grass, and the suns mellowing beams,
Rivall'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A costly liquor, by improving time
Equall'd with what the happiest vintage bears.
  But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
With watery turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated brass, steaming with fire intense,
Although Devonia much commends the use
Of strengthening Vulcan: with their native strength
Thy wines sufficient other aid refuse,
And when the' allotted orb of time's complete,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.
  Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The priest's appointed share; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodness; that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty. This neglected, fear
Signal vengeance; such as overtook
A miser, that unjustly once withheld
The clergy's due: relying on himself,
His fields he tended with successless care
Early and late, when or unwish'd-for rain
Descended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes, or when around
The clouds dropp'd fatness, in the middle sky

The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable glebe. Recording this,
Be just and wise; and tremble to transgress.
  Learn now the promise of the coming year
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd
Thou wisely may'st provide. The various moon
Prophetic and attendant stars explain
Each rising dawn; ere icy crusts surmount
The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unsullied: now, the fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and glades
Offensive to the birds: sulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they strain
Their tuneful throats the towering heavy lead
O'ertakes their speed: they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.
  The woodcock's early visit and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretel a liberal harvest. He, of times
Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters: when our suns
Cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent snows: O may'st thou often see
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutricious! secret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.
  Sometimes thou shalt with fervent vows implore
A moderate wind: the Orchat loves to wave
With winter wind, before the gems exert

Their feeble heads: the loosen'd roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.
  Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their powerful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent, to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man might slake
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the corinths, now the rasps, supply
Delicious draughts; the quinces now, or plums
Or cherries, or the fair Thisbein fruit,
Are press'd to wines: the Britons squeeze the works
Of sedulous bees; and, mixing odorous herbs,
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd ancient sires.
  But if thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarious drinks wouldst brew,
Besides the Orchat every hedge and bush
Affords assistance; ev'n afflictive birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,
Unforc'd, display ten thousand painted flowers
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
Will mow the cowslip posies faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste; that, in mid fervours, best
Slake craving thirst, and mitigate the day.
  Happy Ierne!* whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids

* Ireland.

The baleful toad and viper from her shore:
More happy in her balmy draughts, (enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd) which wide
Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress, and lively health convey.
  See how the Belgæ, sedulous and stout,
With bowls of fattening mum, or blissful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent rising fumes! by use
Instructed thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.
  What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petsora and islandic coasts,
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic track spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry, big with wine
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines? and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest brandy, yet scarce with these aids
Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick-decaying feet.
  Nor less the sable borderers of Nile,
Nor who Taprobane manure, nor they
Whom sunny Barneo bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, rum and rice's spirit extract:
For here expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades and Thrascia's gales,
Pining with equinoctial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep

Quick circuiting: nor dare they close their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which in often interrupted sleep
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death! the' effect of drought.
More happy they born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they whom the cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays: their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts that give at once
Celestial food and nectar; then at hand
The lemon uncorrupt with voyage long,
To vinous spirits added, (heavenly drink!)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter: a continual tide
Flows from the' exhilarating fount. As when
Against a secret cliff with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and, leaking, drinks the sea;
The' astonish'd mariners aye ply the pump,
Nor stay nor rest till the wide breach is clos'd;
So they (but cheerful) unfatigued still move
The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.
But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, shouldst thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store
And the harsh draught must twice endure the sun's
Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging cold.
There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, woodcock, pippin, moyle,
Rough eliot, sweet pearmain: the blended streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable medley, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the showery arch

With listed colours gay, or, azure, gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watry braid with thousand shows
Of painture varied, yet is unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises or one faints.
  Some Ciders have by art or age unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry wines
Assum'd the flavour: one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product; this, to Gauls, has seem'd
The sparkling nectar of Champaign; with that
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his Cider cask.
  Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close-prest husks is freed, thou most refrain
Thy thirsty soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick unwholesome undigested cates;
The hoary frosts and northern blasts take care
Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive,
Precipitant, the baser ropy lees.
  And now thy wine's transpicuous, purg'd from all
Its earthy gross; yet, let it feed a while
On the fat refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd
From sprightly, it to sharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflext; self-taught and voluntary flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent
Ascending, then by downward track convey'd
Spouts into subject vessels lovely clear;
As when a noontide sun with summer beams
Darts through a cloud, her watry skirts are edg'd

With lucid amber, or undrossy gold;
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.
  Now also when the colds abate nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain
From due confinement spirit and flavour new.
  For this intent the subtle chemist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force
O'er sand and ashes and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red;
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
To human life subservient: by his means
Ciders in metal frail improve; the moyle
And tasteful pippin in a moon's short year
Acquire complete perfection: now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harsher fluids different lengths of time
Expect: thy flask will slowly mitigate
The eliot roughness: stirom, firmest fruit,
Embottled long as Priameian Troy
Withstood the Greeks, endures, ere justly mild:
Soften'd by age it youthful vigour gains,
Fallacious drink! Ye honest men! beware,
Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue: but may hypocrites,
(That slily speak one thing another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak
Drink on unwarn'd, till by enchanting cups

Infatuate they their wily thoughts disclose,
And through intemperance grow a while sincere!
The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
Now call for vent; his lands exhaust permit
To' indulge a while. Now solemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends at thirsty hour of dusk
Come uninvited; he, with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jest resounds.
Ease and content, and undissembled love,
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour past
Increase their joy: as from retentive cage
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor encroach on night,
Season of rest; but well-bedew'd repair
Each to his home with unsupplanted feet:
Ere Heav'n's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn
Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine;
His joys are short and few; yet when he drinks
His dread retires; the flowing glasses add
Courage and mirth; magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,

And in the jail expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,
Debar'd his grape. The Muses still require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus with unmoisten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirst allur'd. With vehement suns
When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleasant is't beneath the twisted arch
Of a retreating bower in mid-day's reign,
To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
Secur'd of feverish heats! When the' aged year
Inclines and Boreas' spirit blusters frore
Beware the' inclement heavens; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy lingering blood
Now instigate with the' Apple's powerful streams.
Perpetual showers and stormy gusts confine
The willing ploughman, and December warns
To annual jollities; now sportive youth
Carol incondite rhythms with suiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy swains
In clean array for rustic dance prepare,
Mix'd with the buxom damsels; hand in hand
They frisk and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien
Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
Steal from unwary lasses; they with scorn
And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss:
Meanwhile blind British bards with volant touch
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
Provoke to harmless revels; these among
A subtle artist stands; in wondrous bag
That bears imprison'd winds (of gentler sort

Than those which erst Laertes' son enclos'd)
Peaceful they sleep; but let the tuneful squeeze
Of labouring elbow rouse them, out they fly
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
Midst these disports forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying goblets; nor when spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
Of jovial draughts; now, when the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest. When the Gnossian Crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies
Their vaults, and with her former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd; beyond there's nought
Of health or pleasure: therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
'Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire compotation, forthwith reason quits
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conspire in senseless jargon; nought is heard
But din, and various clamour, and mad rant:
Distrust and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence; the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles clash
In rude encounter; round their temples fly
The sharp-edg'd fragments, down their batter'd cheeks

Mixt gore and Cider flow. What shall we say
Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dried an immeasurable bowl, and thought
To' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
Imprudent? him death's iron sleep opprest,
Descending careless from his couch; the fall
Luxt his neck-joint, and spinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine, nor all the kinds
Of maladies that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill, even when the sun with July-heat
Fries the scorch'd soil, and dropsy, all afloat,
Yet craving liquids; nor the Centaurs' tale
Be here repeated, how with lust and wine
Inflam'd they fought, and spilt their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heavenly Powers that guard
The British Isles! such dire events remove
Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups. May we, remote
From the hoarse brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth and hospitable love!
Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood; too oft has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of others' rights, our quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot how fell destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes signaliz'd
For loyalty and prowess, met their fate
Untimely, undeserv'd! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,

Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!
Can we forget how the mad headstrong rout
Defied their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn?
Apostate, atheist rebels! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd by him who first presum'd to' oppose
Omnipotence: alike their crime; the' event
Was not alike: these triumph'd; and in height
Of barbarous malice and insulting pride
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles! O best of kings!
What stars their black disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou shouldst fall
Thus by inglorious hands, in this thy realm
Supreme and innocent; adjudg'd to death,
By those thy mercy only would have sav'd!
Yet was the Cider land unstain'd with guilt;
The Cider land, obsequious still to thrones,
Abhor'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted to assert the trampled rights
Of Monarchy; but ah! successless she
However faithful: then was no regard
Of right or wrong; and this once happy land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic sway, till fair revolving years
Our exil'd Kings and Liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of kings. Here nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd; here, her victorious arms

Quell the ambitious: from her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world
By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without, in one supreme
Entirely blest, and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy: but the fond desire
Of rule and grandeur multiplied a race
Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal: for now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ampler territory seeks
With ruinous assault: on every plain
Host cop'd with host; dire was the din of war
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd
By havoc and dismay, till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds and conflict stern,
Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-year-night the orient beam
Of Phœbus' lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending powers;
Pacific monarch! then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The spirit of love. At ease the bards new strung
Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales
In uncouth rhythms to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness smil'd in every eye, the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise heroic kings, that by just laws
Establish'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in farthest climes.
See lion-hearted Richard, with his force

Drawn from the north to Jewry's hallow'd plains,
Piously valiant (like a torrent swell'd
With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
No stay of slaughter found his vigorous arm,
But the' unbelieving squadrons, turn'd to flight,
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan as he fled
Oft call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.
Behold Third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! One important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight
Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desperate king;
Twice he arose and join'd the horrid shock:
The third time with his wide-extended wings
He fugitive declin'd superior strength,
Discomfited: pursued, in the sad chase
Ten thousands ignominious fall; with blood
The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd
With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.
Thrice glorious Prince! whom Fame with all her tongues
For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins

New authors of dissention spring: from him
Two branches that in hosting long contend
For sovereign sway: (and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds?) But little now avail'd
The ties of friendship: every man, as led
By inclination or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate
And dire revenge. Now horrid slaughter reigns;
Sons against fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty; and their native grounds
Distain with kindred blood: the twanging bows
Send showers of shafts that on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons and peasants on the' embattled field
Slain or half-dead, in one huge ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock lie gasping and expire,
Trampled by fiery coursers. Horror thus
And wild uproar and desolation reign'd,
Unrespited. Ah! who at length will end
This long pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reserv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy Prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! thou, thou art he,
Great Richmond Henry! that by nuptial rites
Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
Destructive discord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill
Affrights the wives or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted! With presaging skill

Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line
By wise alliance. From thee James descends,
Heaven's chosen favourite, first Britannic king:
To him alone hereditary right
Gave power supreme: yet still some seeds remain'd
Of discontent; two nations under one,
In laws and interest diverse, still pursued
Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
To fly conjunction: neither fear nor hope,
Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail, till prudent Anna said—
'Let there be Union;' straight with reverence due
To her command they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws, and government,
Indissolubly firm; from Dubris south
To northern Orcades her long domain.
And now thus leagued by an eternal bond
What shall retard the Britons' bold designs,
Or who sustain their force, in union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the powers combin'd
Of all this globe? At this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and the' unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmost Thule. Uncontroll'd
The British navy through the ocean vast
Shall wave her double Cross, to' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
Of Araby well-fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl and barbaric gold: meanwhile the swains
Shall unmolested reap what Plenty strows
From well-stor'd horn, rich grain and timely fruits.
The elder year Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store

Abundant flowing in well-blended streams
The natives shall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caus'd by Bellona's wrath
In other realms. Where'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, Silurian Cider borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine

# ODE

AD HENRICUM ST. JOHN, ARMIG. 1706.

O qui recisæ finibus Indicis
Benignus herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire succum, et sauveolentes
Sæpe tubis iterare fumos;

Qui solus acri respicis asperum
Siti palatum, proluis et mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui saporem
Hesperii pretiumque, soles:

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, carmen, desidésque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

Ferri secundo mens avet impetu,
Quà cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, diva, vim præbente, vates
Explicuit venusinus alas:

Solers modorum, seu puerum trucem,
Cum matre flavâ, seu caneret rosas
Et vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruscum
Rite beans equitem sub antris.

At non Lyæi vis generosior
Affluxit illi; sæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, sæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiamque testæ.

Patronus illi non fuit artium
Celebriorum; sed nec amantior
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma subit, tacitosque sensus!

Pertentat, ut téque et tua munera
Gratus recordor, mercurialium
Princeps virorum! et ipse Musæ
Cultor, et usque colende Musis!

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægrè spiritus, ilia
Dum pulsat ima, ac inquietum
Tussis agens sine more pectus.

Altè petito quassat anhelitu;
Funesta planè, ni mihi balsamum
Distillet in venas, tuæque
Lenis opem ferat haustus uvæ.

Hanc sumo, parcis et tibi poculis
Libo salutem; quin precor, optima
Ut usque conjux sospitetur,
Perpetuo recreans amore.

Te consulentem militiæ super
Rebus togatum. Macte! tori decus,
Formosa cui Francisca cessit,
Crine placens, niveoque collo!

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus insidet* !
Tu sorte felix: me Maria
Macerat (ah miserum!) videndo:

Maria, quæ me sidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excussit omnes
Protinus ex animo puellas.

Hanc, ulla mentis spe mihi mutuæ
Utcunque desit, nocte, die vigil
Suspiro; nec jam vina somnos
Nec revocant, tua dona, fumi.

* There seems to be an error in all the printed copies. The author probably wrote

Quam Gratiarum cura decentum
Ornat; labellis cui Venus insidet!

# ODE

## TO HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQ. 1706*.

O THOU, from India's fruitful soil,
  That dost that sovereign herb† prepare,
In whose rich fumes I lose the toil
  Of life and every anxious care,
While from the fragrant lighted bole
  I suck new life into my soul;

Thou, only thou! art kind to view
  The parching flames that I sustain,
Which with cool draughts thy casks subdue,
  And wash away the thirsty pain
With wines, whose strength and taste we prize,
  From Latian suns and nearer skies:

O! say, to bless thy pious love
  What vows what offerings shall I bring?
Since I can spare, and thou approve,
  No other gift, O hear me sing!
In numbers Phœbus does inspire,
  Who strings for thee the charming lyre.

* This piece was translated by the Rev. Thomas Newcome, M. A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxon.

† Tobacco.

Aloft above the liquid sky
  I stretch my wing, and fain would go
Where Rome's sweet swan did whilom fly,
  And soaring left the clouds below,
The Muse invoking to endue
  With strength his pinions as he flew.

Whether he sings great Beauty's praise,
  Love's gentle pain, or tender woes,
Or choose the subject of his lays,
  The blushing grape, or blooming rose;
Or near cool Cyrrha's rocky springs
  Mæcenas listens while he sings:

Yet he, no nobler draught could boast
  His Muse, or music to inspire,
Though all Falernum's purple coast
  Flow'd in each glass to lend him fire;
And on his tables us'd to smile
  The vintage of rich Chio's isle.

Mæcenas deign'd to hear his songs,
  His Muse extoll'd, his voice approv'd;
To thee a fairer fame belongs,
  At once more pleasing, more belov'd:
Oh! teach my heart to bound its flame
  As I record thy love and fame.

Teach me the passion to restrain,
  As I my grateful homage bring;
And, last in Phœbus' humble train,
  The first and brightest genius sing;
The Muses' favourite pleas'd to live,
  Paying them back the fame they give.

But oh! as greatly I aspire
  To tell my love, to speak thy praise;
Boasting no more its sprightly fire,
  My bosom heaves, my voice decays;
With pain I touch the mournful string,
  And pant and languish as I sing.

Faint nature now demands that breath,
  That feebly strives thy worth to sing;
And would be hush'd and lost in death,
  Did not thy care kind succours bring.
Thy pitying casks my soul sustain,
  And call new life in every vein.

The sober glass I now behold,
  Thy health with fair Francisca's join,
Wishing her cheeks may long unfold
  Such beauties, and be ever thine;
No chance the tender joy remove,
  While she can please, and thou canst love.

Thus while by you the British arms
  Triumphs, and distant fame pursue,
The yielding fair resigns her charms,
  And gives you leave to conquer too:
Her snowy neck, her breast, her eyes,
  And all the nymph, becomes your prize.

What comely grace, what beauty smiles,
  Upon her lips what sweetness dwells!
Not Love himself so oft beguiles,
  Nor Venus' self so much excels;
What different fates our passions share
  While you enjoy and I despair!

Maria's* form as I survey,
  Her smiles a thousand wounds impart;
Each feature steals my soul away,
  Each glance deprives me of my heart;
And, chasing thence each other fair,
  Leaves her own image only there.

Although my anxious breast despair,
  And, sighing, hopes no kind return,
Yet for the lov'd relentless fair
  By night I wake, by day I burn;
Nor can thy gifts soft sleep supply,
  Or sooth my pains or close my eye.

* Miss Meers, daughter of the Principal of Brazennose College, Oxon.

# CEREALIA*.

## *AN IMITATION OF MILTON.* 1706.

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Per ambages. Deorumque ministeria
Præcipitandus est liber spiritus.
PETRONIUS.

---

Of English tipple, and the potent grain
Which in the conclave of celestial powers
Bred fell debate, sing, Nymph of Heavenly stem!
Who on the hoary top of Penmanmaur
Merlin the seer didst visit, while he sate
With astrolabe prophetic to foresee
Young actions issuing from the Fates' divan
Full of thy power, infus'd by nappy Ale.
Darkling he watch'd the planetary orbs
In their obscure sojourn o'er heaven's high cope,
Nor ceas'd till the grey dawn with orient dew
Impearl'd his large mustach'es, deep enscone'd
Beneath his overshadowing orb of hat
And ample fence of elephantine nose;

* This poem was taken from a folio copy printed in 1706, and communicated from the Lambeth Library by Dr. Ducarel, in which the name of Phillips was inserted in the hand writing of Archbishop Tennison. It was published by T. Bennet, the bookseller for whom Blenheim was printed; a strong presumptive proof of this being by the same author.

Scornful of keenest polar winds, or sleet,
Or hail, sent rattling down from wintry Jove,
(Vain efforts on his sevenfold mantle made
Of Caledonian rug, immortal woof!)
Such energy of soul to raise the song,
Deign, Goddess! now to me; nor then withdraw
Thy sure presiding power, but guide my wing;
Which nobly meditates no vulgar flight.
  Now from the' ensanguin'd Ister's reeking flood,
Tardy with many a corse of Boian knight
And Gallic deep ingulft, with barbed steeds
Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
Shearing the' expanse of heaven with active plume;
Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top
The staunch gerfalcon through the buxom air
Stoops on the steerage of his wings, to truss
The quarry, hern, or mallard, newly sprung
From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth,
Runs fast a Naïs through the flowery meads,
To spread round Uriconium's towers her streams.
Her golden trump the goddess sounded thrice,
Whose shrilling clang reach'd heaven's extremest sphere.
Rous'd at the blast, the gods with winged speed
To learn the tidings came: on radiant thrones
With fair memorials and impresses quaint
Emblazon'd o'er they sat, devis'd of old
By Mulciber, nor small his skill I ween.
There she relates what Churchill's arm had wrought
On Blenheim's bloody plain. Up Bacchus rose,
By his plump cheek and barrel-belly known:
The pliant tendrils of a juicy vine
Around his rosy brow in ringlets curl'd;
And in his hand a bunch of grapes he held,

The ensigns of the god. With ardent tone
He mov'd, that straight the nectar'd bowl should flow
Devote to Churchill's health, and o'er all heaven
Uncommon orgies should be kept till eve,
Till all were sated with immortal must,
Delicious tipple! that in heavenly veins
Assimilated, vigorous ichor bred;
Superior to Frontiniac, or Bordeaux,
Or old Falern, Compania's best increase;
Or the more dulcet juice the happy isles
From Palma or Forteventura send.

Joy flush'd on every face, and pleasing glee
Inward assent discover'd, till uprose
Ceres, not blithe; for marks of latent woe
Dim on her visage lower'd: such her deport
When Arethusa from her reedy bed
Told her how Dis young Proserpine had rap'd,
To sway his iron sceptre, and command
In gloom tartareous half his wide domain:
Then, sighing, thus she said—'Have I so long
Employ'd my various art to' enrich the lap
Of earth, all-bearing mother, and my lore
Communicated to the' unweeting hind,
And shall not this pre-eminence obtain?'
Then from beneath her Tyrian vest she took
The bearded ears of grain she most admir'd,
Which gods call Crithe, in terrestrial speech
Ycleped Barley. ''Tis to this, (she cried)
The British cohorts owe their martial fame
And far redoubted prowess, matchless youth!
This, when returning from the foughten field
Or Noric, or Iberian, seam'd with scars,
(Sad signatures of many a dreadful gash!)
The veteran, carousing, soon restores

Puissance to his arm, and strings his nerves.
And as a snake, when first the rosy Hours
Shed vernal sweets o'er every vale and mead,
Rolls tardy from his cell obscure and dank;
But when by genial rays of summer sun
Purg'd of his slough, he nimbler thrids the brake,
Whetting his sting, his crested head he rears
Terrific, from each eye retort he shoots
Ensanguin'd rays, the distant swains admire
His various neck and spires bedropt with gold;
So at each glass the harass'd warrior feels
Vigour renate; his horrent arms he takes
And rusting falchion, on whose ample hilt
Long Victory sat dormant: soon she shakes
Her drowsy wings, and follows to the war,
With speed succinct; where soon his martial port
She recognises, whilst he haughty stands
On the rough edge of battle, and bestows
Wide torment on the serried files, so us'd
Frequent in bold emprise, to work sad rout
And havoc dire; these the bold Briton mows,
Dauntless as deities exempt from fate,
Ardent to deck his brow with mural gold,
Or civic wreath of oak, the victor's meed.
Such is the power of Ale with vines embower'd,
While dangling bunches court his thirsting lip;
Sullen he sits, and sighing oft extols
The beverage they quaff, whose happy soil
Prolific Dovus laves, or Trenta's urn
Adorns with waving crithe (joyous scenes
Of vegetable gold!) Secure they dwell,
Nor feel the' eternal snows that clothe their cliffs;
Nor curse the' inclement air, whose horrid face
Scowls like that Arctic heaven, that drizzling sheds

Perpetual winter on the frozen skirts
Of Scandinavia and the Baltic main,
Where the young tempests first are taught to roar.
Snug in their straw-built huts or darkling earth'd
In cavern'd rock they live (small need of art
To form spruce architrave or cornice quaint
On Parian marble, with Corinthian grace
Prepar'd.)—There on well-fuel'd hearth they chat,
Whilst black pots walk the round with laughing Ale
Surcharg'd, or brew'd in planetary hour,
When March weigh'd night and day in equal scale;
Or in October tunn'd, and mellow grown
With seven revolving suns, the racy juice,
Strong with delicious flavour, strikes the sense;
Nor wants on vast circumference of board,
Of Arthur's imitative, large sirloin
Of ox, or virgin-heifer, wont to browse
The meads of Longovicum (fattening soil
Replete with clover grass and foodful shrub:)
Planted with sprigs of rosemary it stands,
Meet paragon (as far as great with small
May correspond) from some Panchæan hill
Imbrown'd with sultry skies, thin set with palm
And olive rarely interspers'd, whose shade
Skreens hospitably from the Tropic Crab
The quiver'd Arab's vagrant clan that waits
Insidious some rich caravan, which fares
To Mecca, with barbaric gold full fraught.

'Thus Britain's hardy sons, of rustic mould,
Patient of arms, still quash the' aspiring Gaul,
Blest by my boon; which when they slightly prize,
Should they, with high defence of triple brass
Wide-circling, live immur'd, (as erst was tried
By Bacon's charms, on which the sickening moon

Look'd wan, and cheerless mew'd her crescent horns,
Whilst Demogorgon heard his stern behest)
Thrice the prevailing power of Gallia's arms
Should there resistless ravage, as of old
Great Pharamond, the founder of her fame,
Was wont when first his marshall'd peerage pass'd
The subject Rhine. What though Britannia boasts
Herself a world, with ocean circumfus'd?
'Tis Ale that warms her sons to' assert her claim,
And with full volley makes her naval tubes
Thunder disastrous doom to' opponent powers.
'Nor potent only to enkindle Mars,
And fire with knightly prowess recreant souls;
It science can encourage, and excite
The mind to ditties blithe and charming song.
Thou Pallas! to my speech just witness bear;
How oft hast thou thy votaries beheld
At crambo merry met, and hymning shrill
With voice harmonic each, whilst others frisk
In mazy dance, or Cestrian gambols show,
Elate with mighty joy, when to the brim
Chritheian nectar crown'd the lordly bowl.
(Equal to Nestor's ponderous cup, which ask'd
A hero's arm to mount it on the board,
Ere he the' embattled Pylians led, to quell
The pride of Dardan youth in hosting dire?)
Or if, with front unblest, came towering in
Proctor armipotent, in stern deport
Resembling turban'd Turk, when high he wields
His scimitar with huge two-handed sway,
Alarm'd with threatening accent, harsher far
Than that ill-omen'd sound, the bird of night,
With beak uncomely bent, from dodder'd oak
Screams out, the sick man's trump of doleful doom;

Thy jocund sons confront the horrid van
That crowds his gonfalcon of seven-foot size,
And with their rubied faces stand the foe;
Whilst they of sober guise contrive retreat,
And run with ears erect; as the tall stag
Unharbour'd by the woodman quits his lair,
And flies the yearning pack which close pursue;
So they, not bowsy, dread the' approaching foe;
They run, they fly, till flying on obscure,
Night-founder'd in town-ditches, stagnant gurge,
Soph rowls on soph promiscuous—Caps aloof
Quadrate and circular confus'dly fly,
The sport of fierce Norwegian tempests, tost
By Thracia's coajutant and the roar
Of loud Euroclydon's tumultuous gusts.'

She said:—the sire of gods and men supreme,
With aspect bland, attentive audience gave,
Then nodded awful; from his shaken locks
Ambrosial fragrance flew: the signal giv'n
By Ganymede, the skinker soon was ken'd;
With Ale he heaven's capacious goblet crown'd,
To Phrygian mood Apollo tun'd his lyre,
The Muses sang alternate, all carous'd,
But Bacchus murm'ring left the' assembled powers.

THE

# FALL OF CHLOE'S JORDAN.*

Of wasteful havoc and destructive fate
I sing the tragic scene, a mournful tale!
Yet call no slaughtering hero to my aid,
To strew my bloodless verse with mangled foes,
A torrent spilt, but not of human gore,
Ruin deform'd, but not of man erect.
O heaven-born Muse! (for Muse I must invoke
Or mistress fair, for fashion or for need)
Deign to describe the memorable Fall
Of Chloe's Jordan; so by mortals nam'd
The vessel was, howe'er uncouth the sound,
But veil'd by modest maids in gentler terms:
Like Rome, the mistress of the world, it fell,
From its own greatness only not secure.
Say first, what colours stain'd its vaulted sides,
Lest harmless bards mistake the' important truth,
And speak as fancy leads or rhyme directs;
And he that terms it white as silver swans
And spotless innocence, and new-fall'n snow,
That spreads its plumes on Atlas' bleaky head,
Shall suffer blemish in the wrong compare.
Another humorous sports and jeers its hue

* This poem was printed as Mr. Philips's in The Poetical Calendar, vol. iv.

Earthly and coarse, of substance indigest.
How oft are men by devious error led
To wander various, wide alike from truth!
A sickly pale languish'd on the' inner round,
Such as betrays the want of love-sick maids;
Foe to the rosy cheek and coral lip,
But flies the lusty touch of warmer man,
And beauty reassumes its native seat.
Smooth were its sides, but from the bottom rose
A manly head emboss'd, for hero meant
No question, fam'd for arms and antique stem:
Such honours the well-meaning vulgar pay
To fame of gallant men, and waste their skill
On high-hung signs, and earth of homely hue.
What blushes did the virile image cost
The harmless maid! fearful lest so employ'd
The amorous stone should soften into life,
As erst Pygmalion's marble mistress chang'd
Her Parian substance, by less motive sway'd.
  Without, the cerulous dye bestrew'd the urn,
And on the swelling surface, Flora's pride,
The lily and the gaudy tulip smil'd,
Fed with the briny nectar it contain'd.
One handle held the vessel, arch'd and smooth,
But for its weighty office far unfit:
Here weakness lurk'd in comely form disguis'd,
Hence the sad source and root of all our woe:
Imprudent man too often trusts his fate
To one smooth friend, who shrinks when nearly tried.
The unsuspecting fair-one never fail'd
At morn and eve to dew its spacious womb,
At morn her first, at eve her latest act.
How often has it flow'd with maiden streams

Fam'd for rare virtues, and but seldom found?
'Twas with this magic stream Diana spread
The branchy horns on bold Acteon's brow;
The well e'er since a secret power retains
On human foreheads antlers to convey.
'Twas now the heavy period fix'd by Fate
Hasten'd apace, with evil mischief fraught.
'Tis true no comet stream'd terrific blaze,
Nor thunder-crack sinistrous roar'd aloud;
Not but a crazy sound gave certain proof
Of hidden crack, foreboding wider wounds,
Yet 'scap'd suspicion. Foresight ever fails
When unavoided ruin is decreed.
The feeble Sun, array'd with lifeless flames,
Inn'd at the bearded Goat, and drove his car
Extinguish'd heavy half the tour of heav'n,
And winter, keen of breath, blew shivering cold
Around the globe and hid the voluble streams:
Some to the chimney's warm protection fly,
And fright the sooty earth with sooty tale
Of spright nocturnal or adventrous knight;
Some bid defiance to the' inclement air,
Fir'd with the juicy flame of old Falern.
Amidst a jovial crew fair Chloe quaff'd
With loud carouse, till sated nature crav'd
Timely relax, distent with liquid pain.
Alone she lifts the Jordan to her aid,
And straight a hideous din 'gan roar aloud;
Wave dash'd on wave, deluge on deluge roll'd,
And curl'd the circling eddy to the brim.
Whole cataracts at once discharg'd fell down
With violent gush, and drove the deep cascade,
Till weary of its load the labouring urn
Flew from its hold: a horrid burst ensues,

And mangled limbs bestrew the bruised floor:
Not louder roars the three-edg'd bolt of heav'n
When form'd by Vulcan, or when thrown by Jove.
Forth from the hideous shreds a tepid sea
Rolls angry foam, and smokes along the plain:
Part of the stream with slow and silent pace
Sunk unobserv'd, in narrow crannies lost,
Part murmurs crowding at the portal wide
Which opes the mazy way that winding leads
To the' ancient race of earth: protected mice,
The race exiguous, uninur'd to wet,
Their mansions quit, and other countries seek.
Thus fell the Jordan, that had long withstood,
Firm and resolv'd, the shock of mighty waves,
Which lost their strength and dash'd her shores in vain;
Till, at the' approach of one impetuous tide,
Fate took the' occasion and confirm'd its doom.
So the fam'd Edistone near Plymouth Fort
(Sure mark to wandering ships and lost at night)
Contemn'd the billows tumbling round its sides
And mock'd their sports, till on a fatal night
The wind blew loud, the' enraged ocean roar'd,
And plung'd the Pharos in the vast abyss.

## BACCHANALIAN SONG.*

Come fill me a glass, fill it high;
  A bumper a bumper I'll have:
He's a fool that will flinch; I'll not bate an inch,
  Though I drink myself into my grave.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls
  Who like me will never give o'er;
Whom no danger controls, but will take off their bowls,
  And merrily stickle for more.

Drown Reason, and all such weak foes,
  I scorn to obey her command;
Could she ever suppose, I'd be led by the nose,
  And let my glass idly stand?

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
  A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
  And bring us to politic thinking.

* This Song is printed in the fourth volume of Nichol's Select Collection; and is supposed to have been written by Mr. Philips in a subjoined note.

Fill them all, I'll have six in a hand,
  For I've trifled an age away;
'Tis in vain to command; the fleeting sand
  Rolls on and cannot stay.

Come, my Lads! move the glass; drink about;
  We'll drink the universe dry;
We'll set foot to foot, and drink it all out;
  If once we grow sober we die.

# SELECT POEMS

OF

*CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF DORSET.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, born on the 24th of January, 1637, was educated under a private tutor; and afterwards travelled into Italy. He returned a little before the restoration; was a member of the first parliament; and soon became a favourite of Charles the second. He was among the foremost in the riot and licentiousness of the times; and one of his frolics has been handed down by the industry of Wood. He, now Lord Buckhurst, along with Sir Charles Sedley, and Sir Thomas Ogle, having got drunk at the Cock, in Bow street, exposed themselves at the balcony, in no very decent postures; and, at last, Sedley grew so ardent, that he stripped himself, and harangued the populace in the most profane language. The crowd attempted to force the door; and, when repulsed, tried what virtue there was in stones, and soon put an end to the performance. Sedley was indicted; and fined 500 pounds.

In the Dutch war of 1665, Lord Buckhurst accompanied the Duke of York as a volunteer; and, the day before the battle of June 3d, he is said to have finished the verses, 'To all you Ladies now at hand.' He was afterwards made a gentleman of the bed chamber, and despatched on frequent errands to France. In 1674, he received the estate and

title of his uncle, the earl of Middlesex: three years after, he inherited the estate and title of his father, the earl of Dorset; and, in 1684, he married, for his second wife, the daughter of the earl of Northumberland. King James seemed disposed to favour him; but *he* was not inclined to favour King James; and not only appeared in Westminster Hall, with some other lords, to keep the bishops in countenance at their trial,—but, after the king's abdication, sat every day in the council, to secure the public peace; and assisted in conducting the Princess Anne to Nottingham with such a guard as might keep the populace in order. At the accession of King William, he was made lord chamberlain, and, soon afterwards, a knight of the garter. He died at Bath, January 19, 1705-6.

It was a remark of Lord Rochester, that, 'I know not how it is, but Lord Buckhurst may do what he will, yet is never in the wrong.' He was a polished and witty man; and every act of such a man appears to become him. Dryden,—who, though an acute critic, was not always a sober one,—is said to have placed him on a level with the ancient satirists. But he was praised more by his cotemporaries than he will ever be by posterity; and, though the lines to *Howard* are vigorous and sprightly, and his *Dorinda* has been imitated by Pope, neither the one nor the other is beyond the reach of any gentleman, who chooses to become a poet.

# CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET.

TO

*MR. EDWARD HOWARD,*

ON HIS

INCOMPARABLE, INCOMPREHENSIBLE POEM,

*Called 'The British Princes.'*

Come on, ye Critics, find one fault who dares;
For read it backward, like a witch's prayers,
'Twill do as well; throw not away your jests
On solid nonsense that abides all tests.
Wit, like tierce-claret, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no use at all,
But, in its full perfection of decay,
Turns vinegar, and comes again in play.
Thou hast a brain, such as it is, indeed:
On what else should thy worm of fancy feed?
Yet in a filbert I have often known
Maggots survive, when all the kernel's gone.
This simile shall stand in thy defence, [sense.
'Gainst those dull rogues who now and then write
The style's the same, whatever by thy theme,
As some digestions turn all meet to phlegm:
They lie, dear Ned, who say thy brain is barren,
Where deep conceits, like maggots, breed in carrion.

Thy stumbling founder'd jade can trot as high
As any other Pegasus can fly:
So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud,
Than all the swift-finn'd racers of the flood.
As skilful divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those that cannot swim at all;
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou hast a strange 'alacrity in sinking.'
Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own natural parts,
And with acquired dulness and new arts
Of studied nonsense, tak'st kind readers' hearts.
Therefore, dear Ned, at my advice forbear
Such loud complaints 'gainst Critics to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant libeller;
Thou sett'st thy name to what thyself dost write:
Did ever libel yet so sharply bite?

---

## *EPILOGUE,*

### ON THE REVIVAL OF BEN JONSON'S PLAY,

*Called 'Every Man in his Humour.'*

ENTREATY shall not serve, nor violence,
To make me speak in such a play's defence:
A play, where wit and humour do agree
To break all practis'd laws of Comedy.
The scene (what more absurd!) in England lies;
No gods descend, nor dancing devils rise;
No captive prince from unknown country brought;
No battle, nay, there's scarce a duel fought:
And something yet more sharply might be said,
But I consider the poor author's dead:

Let that be his excuse—now for our own,
Why,—faith, in my opinion, we need none.
The parts were fitted well; but some will say,
'Pox on them rogues, what made them choose this 'play?'
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not choice, but mere necessity:
To all our writing friends, in town, we sent;
But not a wit durst venture out in Lent:
Have patience but till Easter term, and then
You shall have jig and hobby-horse again.
Here's Mr. Matthew, our domestic wit,*
Does promise one o' th' ten plays he has writ:
But since great bribes weigh nothing with the just,
Know, we have merits, and to them we trust.
When any fasts or holidays defer
The public labours of the theatre,
We ride not forth, although the day be fair,
On ambling tit, to take the suburb air;
But with our author's meet, and spend that time
To make up quarrels between sense and rhyme.
Wednesdays and Fridays constantly we sate,
Till, after many a long and free debate,
For divers weighty reasons 'twas thought fit
Unruly sense should still to rhyme submit:
This, the most wholesome law we ever made,
So strictly in his epilogue obey'd,
Sure no man here will ever dare to break—

[*Enter* JONSON'S *Ghost.*]

Hold, and give way, for I myself will speak:
Can you encourage so much insolence,
And add new faults still to the great offence

* Matthew Medbourn, an eminent actor.

Your ancestors so rashly did commit
Against the mighty powers of art and wit,
When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,
Sejanus, and my best-lov'd Catiline?
Repent, or on your guilty heads shall fall
The curse of many a rhyming pastoral.
The three bold Beauchamps shall revive again,
And with the London 'Prentice conquer Spain.
All the dull follies of the former age
Shall find applause on this corrupted stage;
But if you pay the great arrears of praise,
So long since due to my much-injur'd plays,
From all past crimes I first will set you free,
And then inspire some one to write like me.

---

## *SONG,*

WRITTEN AT SEA, IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR, 1665, THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ENGAGEMENT.

To all you ladies now at land,
  We men, at sea, indite;
But first would have you understand,
  How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you;
  With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
  And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
  To wave the azure main;
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
  With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
  Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude your ships are lost,
  By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
  With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
  Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
  Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
  With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
  Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
  And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
  With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
  Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
  No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe;
  With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
  We throw a merry main:
Or else at serious ombre play;
  But, why should we in vain

Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
  With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
  And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
  Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
  With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
  That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
  For being so remote;
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
  With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
  To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
  Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
  With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
  And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
  Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

## *SONG.*

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
  United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
  Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer gentler joy,
  Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
  That runs his link full in your face.

---

## *SONG.*

Phyllis, for shame, let us improve
  A thousand different ways,
Those few short moments snatch'd by love
  From many tedious days.

If you want courage to despise
  The censure of the grave,
Though Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
  Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
  Nor can it e'er submit
To let that fop, Discretion, ride
  In triumph over it.

False friends I have, as well as you,
  Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
  And leave off loving thee.

But when the least regard I show
  To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
  Most miserably wise!

---

## *SONG.*

Corydon, beneath a willow,
  By a murmuring current laid,
His arm reclin'd, the lover's pillow,
  Thus address'd the charming maid.

'O! my Sacharissa, tell,
  How could nature take delight
That a heart so hard should dwell
  In a frame so soft and white?

'Could you feel but half the anguish,
  Half the tortures that I bear,
How for you I daily languish,
  You'd be kind, as you are fair.

'See the fire that in me reigns,
  O! behold a burning man;
Think I feel my dying pains,
And be cruel if you can.'

With her conquest pleas'd, the dame
  Cried, with an insulting look,
'Yes, I fain would quench your flame;'—
  She spoke, and pointed to the brook.

# SELECT POEMS

OF

*GEORGE STEPNEY.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF STEPNEY.

GEORGE STEPNEY, the descendant of an ancient family of Pendigrast, in Pembrokeshire, was born at Westminster, in 1663. After receiving the preparatory education in his native place, he was removed, at nineteen, to Trinity College, in Cambridge; where he took his master's degree, in 1689. His life was spent in diplomatic business. In 1692, he was envoy to the Elector of Brandenburgh; the next year, to the Imperial Court; in 1694, to the Elector of Saxony; two years afterwards, to the Electors of Mentz and Cologne, and the Congress at Frankfort; in 1698, for the second time, to Brandenburgh; the year after, to the King of Poland; again to the Emperor, in 1701; and to the States General, in 1706. He died the next year; and was buried in Westminster-Abbey.

H. S. E.

GEORGIUS STEPNEIUS, Armiger

Vir

Ob ingenii acumen
Literarum Scientiam
Morum Suavitatem
Rerum Usum,
Virorum Amplissimorum Consuetudinem
Linguæ, Styli ac Vitæ Elegantiam
Præclara Officia cum Britannicæ tum Europæ præstita,
Sua ætate multum celebratus,
Apud posteros semper celebrandus;

Plurimus Legationes obiit
Ea Fide, Diligentia, ac Felicitate,
Ut Augustissimorum Principium
Gulielmi et Annæ
Spem in illo repositem
Nunquam fefellerit,
Haud raro superaverit.
Post longum honorum Cursum
Brevi Temporis Spatio confectum,
Cum Naturæ parum, Famæ satis vixerat,
Animam ad altiora aspicantem placide efflavit.

*On the left hand,—*

G. S.

Ex Equestri Familia Stepneioruim,
De Pendigrast, in Cornitatu
Pembrochiensi oriundus,
Westmonasterii natus est, A. D. 1663.
Electus in Collegium
Sancti Petri Westmonast A. 1676.
Sancti Trinitatis Cautab. 1682.
Chelseiæ mortuus, et cometante
Magna Procerum
Frequentia huc elatus, 1707.

# GEORGE STEPNEY.

AN EPISTLE TO

## *CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.*

AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX.

*On his Majesty's Voyage to Holland.*

SIR,

SINCE you oft invite me to renew
An art I've either lost, or never knew,
Pleas'd my past follies kindly to commend,
And fondly lose the critic in the friend:
Though my warm youth untimely be decay'd,
From grave to dull insensibly betray'd,
I'll contradict the humour of the times,
Inclin'd to business, and averse to rhymes,
And to obey the man I love, in spite
Of the world's genius and my own, I'll write.
  But think not that I vainly do aspire
To rival what I only would admire,
The heat and beauty of your manly thought,
And force like that with which your hero fought;
Like Samson's riddle is that powerful song,
Sweet as the honey, as the lion strong;
The colours there so artfully are laid,
They fear no lustre, and they want no shade,
But shall of writing a just model give,
While Boyne shall flow, and William's glory live.

Yet since his very act may well infuse
Some happy rapture in the humblest Muse,
Though mine despairs to reach the wondrous height,
She prunes her pinions, eager of the flight;
The King's the theme, and I've a subject's right.
When William's deeds, and rescued Europe's joy,
Do every tongue and every pen employ,
'Tis to think treason sure, to show no zeal,
And not to write is almost to rebel.

Let Albion then forgive her meanest son,
Who would continue what her best begun;
Who, leaving conquests and the pomp of war,
Would sing the pious King's divided care;
How eagerly he flew, when Europe's fate
Did for the seed of future actions wait;
And how two nations did with transport boast,
Which was belov'd, and lov'd the victor, most:
How joyful Belgia gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and vows for her returning lord;
How the fair isle with rival passions strove;
How by her sorrow she express'd her love,
When he withdrew from what his arm had freed;
And how she bless'd his way, yet sigh'd, and said:

'Is it decreed my hero ne'er shall rest,
Ne'er be of me, and I of him possess'd?
Scarce had I met his virtue with my throne,
By right, by merit, and by arms his own,
But Ireland's freedom, and the war's alarms,
Call'd him from me and his Maria's charms.
O generous prince, too prodigally kind!
Can the diffusive goodness of your mind
Be in no bounds, but of the world, confin'd?

Should sinking nations summon you away,
Maria's love might justify your stay.
Imperfectly the many vows are paid,
Which for your safety to the gods were made,
While on the Boyne they labour'd to outdo,
Your zeal for Albion by their care for you;
When, too impatient of a glorious ease,
You tempt new dangers on the winter seas.
The Belgic state has rested long secure
Within the circle of thy guardian pow'r;
Rear'd by thy care, that noble lion, grown
Mature in strength, can range the woods alone;
When to my arms they did the Prince resign,
I bless'd the change, and thought him wholly mine;
Conceiv'd long hopes I jointly should obey
His stronger, and Maria's gentle sway:
He fierce as thunder, she as lightning bright;
One my defence, and t' other my delight:
Yet go—where honour calls the hero, go:
Nor let your eyes behold how mine do flow;
Go meet your country's joy, your virtue's due;
Receive their triumphs, and prepare for new;
Enlarge my empire, and let France afford
The next large harvest to thy prosperous sword:
Again in Crescy let my arms be rear'd,
And o'er the continent Britannia fear'd:
While under Mary's tutelary care,
Far from the danger, or the noise of war,
In honourable pleasure I possess
The spoils of conquest, and the charms of peace.
As the great lamp by which the globe is bless'd,
Constant in toil, and ignorant of rest,
Through different regions does his course pursue,
And leaves one world but to revive a new;

While, by a pleasing change, the Queen of Night
Relieves his lustre with a milder light:
So when your beams do distant nations cheer,
The partner of your crown shall mount the sphere,
Able alone my empire to sustain,
And carry on the glories of thy reign—
But why has fate maliciously decreed,
That greatest blessings must by turns succeed?'
  Here she relented, and would urge his stay
By all that fondness and that grief could say;
But soon did her presaging thoughts employ
On scenes of triumphs and returning joy.
Thus, like the tide, while her unconstant breast
Was swell'd with rapture, by despair depress'd,
Fate call'd; the hero must his way pursue,
And her cries lessen'd as the shore withdrew.
  The winds were silent, and the gentle main
Bore an auspicious omen of his reign;
When Neptune, owning whom those seas obey,
Nodded, and bade the cheerful Tritons play.
Each chose a different subject for their lays,
But Orange was the burden of their praise:
Some in their strains up to the fountain ran,
From whence this stream of virtue first began:
Others chose heroes of a later date,
And sung the founder* of the neighbouring state;
How daringly he tyranny withstood,
And seal'd his country's freedom with his blood;
Then to the two illustrious brethren† came,
The glorious rivals of their father's fame;
And to the youth,‡ whose pregnant hopes out-ran
The steps of time, and early show'd the man;

* William. † Maurice and Henry. ‡ William.

For whose alliance monarchs did contend,
And gave a daughter to secure a friend.
But as by Nature's law the phœnix dies,
That from its urn a nobler bird may rise;
So fate ordain'd the parent* soon should set,
To make the glories of his heir complete.
At William's name each fill'd his vocal shell,
And on the happy sound rejoic'd to dwell:
Some sung his birth, and how discerning Fate
Sav'd infant Virtue against powerful Hate;
Of poisonous snakes by young Alcides quell'd,
And palms that spread the more, the more withheld.
Some sung Senesse, and early wonders done
By the bold youth, himself a war alone;
And how his firmer courage did oppose
His country's foreign and intestine foes;
The lion he, who held their arrows close.
Others sung Perseus, and the injur'd maid,
Redeem'd by the wing'd warrior's timely aid;
Or in mysterious numbers did unfold
Sad modern truths wrapt up in tales of old:
How Saturn, flush'd with arbitrary power,
Design'd his lawful issue to devour;
But Jove, reserv'd for better fate, withstood
The black contrivance of the doating god;
With arms he came, his guilty father fled,
'Twas Italy secur'd his frighted head,
And, by his flight, resign'd his empty throne
And triple empire to his worthier son.
Then in one note their artful force they join,
Eager to reach the victor and the Boyne:

* James II.

How on the wondering bank the hero stood,
Lavishly bold, and desperately good:
Till Fate, designing to convince the brave
That they can dare no more than Heaven can save,
Let death approach, and yet withheld the sting,
Wounding the man, distinguishing the King.
They had enlarg'd, but found the strain too strong,
And in soft notes allay'd the bolder song:
'Flow, gentle Boyne, (they cried) and round thy bed
For ever may victorious wreaths be spread;
No more may travellers desire to know
Where Simois and Granicus did flow;
Nor Rubicon, a poor forgotten stream,
Be, or the soldier's rant, or poet's theme:
All waters shall unite their fame in thee,
Lost in thy waves, as those are in the sea.'
They breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er,
And begg'd thick mists long to conceal the shore:
Smooth was the liquid plain; the sleeping wind
More to the sea, than to its master kind,
Detain'd a treasure, which we value more
Than all the deep e'er hid, or waters bore.
But he, with a superior genius born,
Treats chance with insolence, and death with scorn:
Darkness and ice in vain obstruct his way;
Holland is near, and nature must obey;
Charg'd with our hopes the boat securely rode,
For Cæsar and his fortune were the load.
With eager transport Belgia met her son,
Yet trembling for the danger he had run;
Till, certain of her joy, she bow'd her head,
Confess'd her Lord, bless'd his return, and said:
'If passion by long absence does improve,
And makes that rapture which before was love,

Think on my old, my intermitted bliss,
And by my former pleasure measure this;
Nor by these feeble pillars which I raise,
Unequal to sustain the hero's praise:
Too faint the colours, and too mean the art,
To represent your glories, or my heart:
These humble emblems are design'd to show
Not how we would reward, but what we owe.
Here from your childhood take a short review,
How Holland's happiness advanc'd with you;
How her stout vessel did in triumph ride,
And mock'd her storms, while Orange was her guide.
What since has been our fate—I need not say,
Ill suiting with the blessings of the day,
Our better fortune with our Prince was gone,
Conquest was only there where he led on.
Like the Palladium, wheresoe'er you go,
You turn all death and danger on the foe.
In you we but too sadly understood,
How angels have their spheres of doing good;
Else the same soul which did our troops possess,
And crown'd their daring courage with success,
Had taught our fleet to triumph o'er the main,
And Fleurus had been still a guiltless plain.
What pity 'tis, ye gods! an arm and mind
Like yours should be to time and place confin'd!
But thy return shall fix our kinder fate:
For thee our councils, thee our armies wait;
Discording princes shall with thee combine,
And centre all their interests in thine;
Proud of thy friendship, shall forego their sway,
As Rome her great Dictator did obey;
And all united make a Gordian knot,
Which neither craft shall loose, nor force shall cut.'

## *A POEM,*

### DEDICATED TO THE BLESSED MEMORY OF HER LATE GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.

Once more, my Muse, we must an altar raise;—
May it prove lasting as Maria's praise!
And, the song ended, be the swan's thy doom,
Rest ever silent, as Maria's tomb.
  But whence shall we begin? or whither steer?
Her virtues like a perfect round appear,
Where judgment lies in admiration lost,
Not knowing which it should distinguish most.
  Some angel, from your own, describe her frame,
For sure your godlike beings are the same:
All that was charming in the fairer kind,
With manly sense and resolution join'd;
A mien compos'd of mildness and of state,
Not by constraint or affectation great;
But form'd by nature for supreme command,
Like Eve just moulded by the Maker's hand;
Yet such her meekness, as half-veil'd the throne,
Lest, being in too great a lustre shown,
It might debar the subject of access,
And make her mercies and our comforts less.
So gods of old, descending from their sphere
To visit men, like mortals did appear;
Lest their too awful presence should affright
Those whom they meant to bless and to delight.
  Thus to the noon of her high glory run,
From her bright orb, diffusive like the sun,
She did her healing influence display,
And cherish'd all our nether world, that lay
Within the circle of her radiant day:

Relief'd not only those who bounty sought,
But gave unask'd, and as she gave forgot;
Found modest Want in her obscure retreat,
And courted timorous Virtue to be great.
The Church, which William sav'd, was Mary's care,
Taught by her life, and guarded by her pray'r;
What her devotions were, ye cherubs, tell,
Who ever round the seat of mercy dwell;
For here she would not have her goodness known,
But you beheld how she address'd the throne,
And wonder'd at a zeal so like your own.
Since she was form'd, and lov'd, and pray'd like you,
She should, alas! have been immortal too.
A mind so good, in beauteous strength array'd,
Assur'd our hopes she might be long obey'd;
And we, with heighten'd reverence, might have seen
The hoary grandeur of an aged Queen,
Who might, with William, jointly govern here,
As that bright pair which rules the heavenly sphere.
Grace and mild mercy best in her were shown;
In him the rougher virtues of the throne:
Of Justice she at home the balance held;
Abroad, Oppression by his sword was quell'd:
The generous lion, and the peaceful dove,
The God of battle, and the Queen of love.
Did in their happy nuptials well agree:
Like Mars, he led our armies out; and she
With smiles presided o'er her native sea.
Such too their meetings, when our Monarch came,
With laurels laden, and immortal fame:
As when the god on Hæmus quits his arms,
Softening his toils in Cytherea's charms:

Then with what joy did she the victor meet,
And lay the reins of empire at his feet!
With the same temper as the Latian hind*
Was made Dictator, conquer'd, and resign'd:
So Pallas from the dusty field withdrew,
And, when imperial Jove appear'd in view,
Resum'd her female arts, the spindle and the clew;
Forgot the sceptre she so well had sway'd,
And, with that mildness she had rul'd, obey'd;
Pleas'd with the change, and unconcern'd as Jove,
When in disguise he leaves his power above,
And drowns all other attributes in love.

Such, mighty Sir, if yet the sacred ear
Of Majesty in grief vouchsafe to hear,
Was the lov'd consort of thy crown and bed,
Our joy while living, our despair now dead.

Yet though with Mary one supporter fall,
Thy virtue can alone sustain the ball.
Of Sybils' books, that volume which remain'd
The perfect value of the whole retain'd.
When in the fiery car Elijah fled,
His spirit doubled on his partner's head;
So will thy people's love, now Mary's gone,
Unite both streams, and flow on thee alone.
The grateful senate with one voice combine
To breathe their sorrows, and to comfort thine,
By bringing to thy view how Europe's fate
Does on thy counsels and thy courage wait:
But when the vastness of thy grief they see,
They own 'tis just, and melt in tears with thee.

* Lucius Quintius.

Blush not, great soul, thus to reveal thy woe;
Sighs will have vent, and eyes too full o'erflow;
Shed by degrees, they pass unfelt away,
But raise a storm and deluge where they stay.
The bravest heroes have the softest mind;
Their natures, like the gods, to love inclin'd.
Homer, who human passions nicely knew,
When his illustrious Grecian chief he drew,
Left likewise in his soul one mortal part,
Whence love and anguish too might reach his heart:
For a lost mistress in despair he sate,
And let declining Troy still struggle with her fate:
But when the partner of his cares lay dead,
Like a rous'd lion from his tent he fled,
Whole hecatombs of trembling Trojans slew,
And mangled Hector at his chariot drew.
Still greater is thy loss,——be such thy rage,
As conquer'd Gallia only may assuage.
She who on earth secur'd thee by her prayer,
Return'd to Heav'n, shall prove thy guardian angel there,
And, hovering round thee with her heavenly shield,
Unseen protect thee in the doubtful field.
Go then, by different paths to glory go,
The church's both estates with Mary show,
And while above she triumphs, fight below.—
'Tis done—our Monarch to the camp returns,—
The Gallic armies fly—their navy burns,
And earth and seas all bow at his command,
And Europe owns her peace from his victorious band.

## *HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.*

TO MARCUS LOLLIUS.

Verses immortal as my bays I sing,
When suited to my trembling string:
When by strange art both voice and lyre agree
To make one pleasing harmony.
All poets are by their blind captain led,
(For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
To tear the well-plac'd laurel from his aged head.)
Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
Hath still this praise, that none presume to fly.
Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.
Still does Stesichorus's tongue
Sing sweeter than the bird which on it hung,
Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
Love from every verse does flow;
Still Sappho's strings do seem to move,
Instructing all her sex to love.

Golden rings of flowing hair,
More than Helen did ensnare;
Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
And, wondering, melted to desire.
Not only skilful Teucer knew
To direct arrows from the bended yew.
Troy more than once did fall,
Though hireling gods rebuilt its nodding [wall.
Was Sthenelus the only valiant he,
A subject fit for lasting poetry?
Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
Who, to save others' lives, expos'd his own?

Was only he so brave to dare his fate,
And be the pillar of a tottering state?
No; others buried in oblivion lie,
As silent as their grave,
Because no charitable poet gave
Their well-deserved immortality.

Virtue with sloth, and cowards with the brave,
Are level'd in the' impartial grave,
If they no poet have.
But I will lay my music by,
And bid the mournful strings in silence lie;
Unless my songs begin and end with you,
To whom my strings, to whom my songs, are due.
No pride does with your rising honours grow,
You meekly look on suppliant crowds below.
Should fortune change your happy state,
You could admire, yet envy not, the great.
Your equal hand holds an unbiass'd scale,
Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail:
You with a generous honesty despise
What all the meaner world so dearly prize:
Nor does your virtue disappear
With the small circle of one short-liv'd year
Others, like comets, visit and away;
Your lustre, great as their's, finds no decay,
But with the constant sun makes an eternal day.

We barbarously call those bless'd,
Who are of largest tenements possess'd,
Whilst swelling coffers break their owner's rest.
More truly happy those, who can
Govern that little empire, Man;

Bridle their passions, and direct their will
Through all the glittering paths of charming ill;
Who spend their treasure freely as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent Heaven;
Who, in a fix'd unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate;
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loth to purchase life so dear;
But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,
And seal their country's love with their departing breath.

---

## *TRANSLATION*

OF THE FOLLOWING VERSE FROM LUCAN:

'Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.'

The gods and Cato did in this divide,
They choose the conquering, he the conquer'd side.

---

## *ELEGY*

UPON THE

## DEATH OF TIBULLUS.

FROM OVID.

If Memnon's fate, bewail'd with constant dew,
Does, with the day, his mother's grief renew;
If her son's death mov'd tender Thetis' mind
To swell with tears the waves, with sighs the wind;

If mighty gods can mortals' sorrow know,
And be the humble partners of our woe;
Now loose your tresses, pensive Elegy,
(Too well your office and your name agree)
Tibullus, once the joy and pride of Fame,
Lies now rich fuel on the trembling flame.
Sad Cupid now despairs of conquering hearts,
Throws by his empty quiver, breaks his darts,
Eases his useless bows from idle strings,
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.
He wants, of which he robb'd fond lovers, rest,
And wounds with furious hands his pensive breast.
Those graceful curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling snow,
Forget their beauty, and in discord lie,
Drunk with the fountain from his melting eye.
Not more Æneas' loss the boy did move;
Like passions for them both, prove equal love.
Tibullus' death grieves the fair goddess more,
More swells her eyes, than when the savage boar
Her beautiful, her lov'd Adonis tore.
Poets large souls heaven's noblest stamps do bear,
(Poets, the watchful angels' darling care:)
Yet death (blind archer) that no difference knows,
Without respect his roving arrows throws.
Nor Phœbus nor the Muses' queen could give
Their son their own prerogative, to live.
Orpheus, the heir of both his parents' skill,
Tam'd wondering beasts, and Death's more cruel will.
Linus' sad strings on the dumb lute do lie,
In silence forc'd to let their master die.
Homer (the spring to whom we poets owe
Our little all does in sweet numbers flow)

Remains immortal only in his fame;
His works alone survive the envious flame.
In vain to gods (if gods there are) we pray,
And needless victims prodigally pay,
Worship their sleeping deities; yet Death
Scorns votaries, and stops the praying breath.
To hallow'd shrines intruding Fate will come,
And drag you from the altar to the tomb.
  Go, frantic poet, with delusions fed,
Think laurels guard your consecrated head,
Now the sweet master of your art is dead.
What can we hope? since that a narrow span
Can measure the remains of thee, great man!
The bold rash flame that durst approach so nigh,
And see Tibullus, and not trembling die,
Durst seize on temples, and their gods defy.
Fair Venus (fair ev'n in such sorrows) stands,
Closing her heavy eyes with trembling hands:
Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.
  His mother weeping does his eye-lids close,
And on his urn tears, her last gift, bestows.
His sister too, with hair dishevel'd, bears
Part of her mother's nature, and her tears.
  With those two fair, two mournful rivals come,
And add a greater triumph to his tomb:
Both hug his urn, both his lov'd ashes kiss,
And both contend which reap'd the greater bliss.
Thus Delia spoke (when sighs no more could last)
Renewing by remembrance pleasures past:
'When youth with vigour did for joy combine,
I was Tibullus' life, Tibullus mine:
I entertain'd his hot, his first desire,
And kept alive, till age, his active fire.'

To her then Nemesis (when groans gave leave,)
'As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve:
Spare your vain tears Tibullus' heart was mine,
About my neck his dying arms did twine;
I snatch'd his soul, which true to me did prove:
Age ended yours, death only stop'd my love.'
If any poor remains survive the flames,
Except thin shadows, and more empty names;
Free in Elysium shall Tibullus rove,
Nor fear a second death should cross his love.
There shall Catullus, crown'd with bays, impart
To his far dearer friend his open heart:
There Gallus (if Fame's hundred tongues all lie)
Shall, free from censure, no more rashly die.
Such shall our poets bless'd companions be,
And in their deaths, as in their lives, agree.
But thou, rich urn, obey my strict commands,
Guard thy great charge from sacrilegious hands.
Thou, Earth, Tibullus' ashes gently use,
And be as soft and easy as his Muse.

---

TO

## THE EVENING STAR.

ENGLISHED FROM A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

Bright Star! by Venus fix'd above,
To rule the happy realms of love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
Dost other lights as far outshine
As Cynthia's silver glories thine;

Known by superior beauty there,
As much as Pastorella here.
  Exert, bright Star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night:
Defrauded of her beams, the moon
Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
I would not rob the shepherd's fold;
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph, I'm forc'd to stray,
Who lately stole my heart away.

# SELECT POEMS

OF

# *WILLIAM WALSH.*

WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF WALSH.

WILLIAM WALSH, the son of Joseph Walsh, Esq. of Abberley, in Worcestershire, was born in 1663. At the age of fifteen, he became a gentleman commoner of Wadham college; but left the university without a degree; and pursued his studies at home, in London. According to Dryden, he was the 'best critic,' and, according to Dennis, the greatest fop, 'in the nation.' He sat in several successive parliaments; and was made gentleman of the horse to Queen Anne, under the duke of Somerset. In 1705, he began a correspondence with Pope; who, as it appears from his *Essay on Criticism*, and, from a later poem, was abundantly grateful for the encouragement of the 'knowing Walsh.' Pope's *Essay* was published in 1711: Walsh must have been dead at that time; and Wood says he died in 1709. He is one of the few men, who are more celebrated while living, than after they are gone. He has written some pretty lines; and that is all that can be said of him, as a poet.

# WILLIAM WALSH.

## *TO HIS BOOK.*

Go, little book, and to the world impart
The faithful image of an amorous heart:
Those who love's dear deluding pains have known,
May in my fatal stories read their own.
Those who have liv'd from all its torments free,
May find the thing they never felt, by me:
Perhaps, advis'd, avoid the gilded bait,
And, warn'd by my example, shun my fate:
While with calm joy, safe landed on the coast,
I view the waves on which I once was tost.
Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
Suspicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars;
Then peace again. Oh! would it not be best
To chase the fatal poison from our breast?
But, since so few can live from passion free,
Happy the man, and only happy he,
Who with such lucky stars begins his love,
That his cool judgment does his choice approve.
Ill-grounded passions quickly wear away;
What's built upon esteem can ne'er decay.

## *EPIGRAM.*

### WRITTEN IN A LADY'S TABLE-BOOK.

WITH what strange raptures would my soul be bless'd,
Were but her book an emblem of her breast!
As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontroll'd, put new ones in their place;
So might I chase all others from her heart,
And my own image in the stead impart.
But, ah! how short the bliss would prove, if he
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me!

---

## *ELEGY.*

### THE POWER OF VERSE.

#### TO HIS MISTRESS.

WHILE those bright eyes subdue where'er you will,
And, as you please, can either save or kill;
What youth so bold the conquest to design?
What wealth so great to purchase hearts like thine?
None but the Muse that privilege can claim;
And what you give in love, return in fame.
Riches and titles with your life must end;
Nay, cannot ev'n in life your fame defend:
Verse can give fame, can fading beauties save,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave:
Embalm'd in verse, through distant times they come,
Preserv'd, like bees within an amber tomb.
Poets (like monarchs on an eastern throne,

Restrain'd by nothing but their will alone)
Here can cry up, and there as boldly blame,
And, as they please, give infamy or fame.
In vain the Tyrian queen* resigns her life,
For the bright glory of a spotless wife,
If lying bards may false amours rehearse,
And blast her name with arbitrary verse;
While one,† who all the absence of her lord
Had her wide courts with pressing lovers stor'd,
Yet, by a poet grac'd, in deathless rhymes,
Stands a chaste pattern to succeeding times.
With pity then the Muses' friends survey,
Nor think your favours there are thrown away;
Wisely like seed on fruitful soil they're sown,
To bring large crops of glory and renown:
For as the sun, that in the marshes breeds
Nothing but nauseous and unwholesome weeds,
With the same rays, on rich and pregnant earth,
To pleasant flowers and useful fruits gives birth:
So favours cast on fools get only shame,
On poets shed, produce eternal fame;
Their generous breasts warm with a genial fire,
And more than all the Muses can inspire.

---

## *CURE OF JEALOUSY.*

What tortures can there be in hell,
Compar'd to what fond lovers feel,
When, doating on some fair-one's charms,
They think she yields them to their rival's arms?

* Dido. † Penelope.

As lions, though they once were tame,
Yet if sharp wounds their rage inflame,
Lift up their stormy voices, roar,
And tear the keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the lover, when his breast
By jealous frenzy is possess'd;
Forswears the nymph for whom he burns,
Yet straight to her whom he forswears returns.

But when the fair resolves his doubt,
The love comes in, the fear goes out;
The cloud of Jealousy's dispell'd,
And the bright son of innocence reveal'd.

With what strange raptures is he bless'd!
Raptures too great to be express'd.
Though hard the torment's to endure,
Who would not have the sickness for the cure?

---

## *SONNET.*

### DEATH.

What has this bugbear Death that's worth our [care?
After a life in pain and sorrow pass'd,
After deluding hope and dire despair,
Death only gives us quiet at the last.

How strangely are our love and hate misplac'd!
  Freedom we seek, and yet from freedom flee!
Courting those tyrant sins that chain us fast,
  And shunning Death, that only sets us free.

'Tis not a foolish fear of future pains,
(Why should they fear who keep their souls from stains?)
  That makes me dread thy terrors, Death, to see:
'Tis not the loss of riches, or of fame,
Or the vain toys the vulgar pleasures name;
  'Tis nothing, Cælia, but the losing thee.

---

## *THE ANTIDOTE.*

When I see the bright nymph who my heart does enthral,
  When I view her soft eyes and her languishing air,
Her merit so great, my own merit so small,
  It makes me adore, and it makes me despair.

But when I consider, she squanders on fools
  All those treasures of beauty with which she is stor'd;
My fancy it damps, and my passion it cools,
  And it makes me despise what before I ador'd.

Thus sometimes I despair, and sometimes I despise:
  I love, and I hate, but I never esteem:
The passion grows up when I view her bright eyes,
  Which my rivals destroy when I look upon them.

How wisely does Nature things so different unite!
In such odd compositions our safety is found;
As the blood of a scorpion's a cure for the bite,
So her folly makes whole whom her beauty does wound.

---

## *THE FAIR MOURNER.*

In what sad pomp the mournful charmer lies!
Does she lament the victim of her eyes?
Or would she hearts with soft compassion move,
To make them take the deeper stamp of love?
What youth so wise, so wary to escape,
When Rigour comes, dress'd up in Pity's shape?
Let not in vain those precious tears be shed,
Pity the dying fair-one, not the dead;
While you unjustly of the fates complain,
I grieve as much for you, as much in vain.
Each to relentless judges make their moan;
Blame not Death's cruelty, but cease your own.
While raging passion both our souls does wound,
A sovereign balm might sure for both be found;
Would you but wipe your fruitless tears away,
And with a just compassion mine survey.

## *ELEGY.*

### THE PETITION.

*In Imitation of Catullus.*

Is there a pious pleasure that proceeds
From contemplation of our virtuous deeds?
That all mean sordid actions we despise,
And scorn to gain a throne by cheats and lies?
Thyrsis, thou hast sure blessings laid in store,
From thy just dealing in this curs'd amour:
What honour can in words or deeds be shown,
Which to the fair thou hast not said and done?
On her false heart they all are thrown away;
She only swears, more eas'ly to betray.
Ye Powers! that know the many vows she broke,
Free my just soul from this unequal yoke!
My love boils up, and like a raging flood
Runs through my veins, and taints my vital blood.
I do not vainly beg she may grow chaste,
Or with an equal passion burn at last:
The one she cannot practise, though she would;
And I contemn the other, though she should:
Nor ask I vengeance on the perjur'd jilt;
'Tis punishment enough to have her guilt.
I beg but balsam for my bleeding breast,
Cure for my wounds, and from my labours rest.

## *THE RETIREMENT.*

All hail, ye fields, where constant peace attends!
  All hail, ye sacred solitary groves!
All hail, ye books! my true, my real friends,
  Whose conversation pleases and improves!

Could one who studied your sublimer rules,
  Become so mad to search for joys abroad?
To run to towns to herd with knaves and fools,
  And undistinguish'd pass among the crowd?

One to ambitious Fancy 's made a prey,
  Thinks happiness in great preferment lies;
Nor fears for that his country to betray,
  Curs'd by the fools, and laugh'd at by the wise.

Others, whom avaricious thoughts bewitch,
  Consume their time to multiply their gains;
And, fancying wretched all that are not rich,
  Neglect the end of life, to get the means.

Others the name of pleasure does invite;
  All their dull time in sensual joys they live,
And hope to gain that solid, firm delight,
  By vice, which innocence alone can give.

But how perplex'd, alas! is human fate:
  I, whom nor avarice nor pleasures move,
Who view with scorn the trophies of the great,
  Yet must myself be made a slave to love.

If this dire passion never will be gone,
  If beauty always must my heart enthral,
Oh! rather let me be confin'd to one,
  Than madly thus be made a prey to all!

One who has early known the pomps of state,
  (For things unknown 'tis ignorance to condemn;)
And after having view'd the gaudy bait,
  Can boldly say, 'The Trifle I contemn.'

In her bless'd arms, contented could I live,
  Contented could I die: but oh! my mind
I feed with fancies, and my thoughts deceive,
  With hope of things impossible to find.

In women, how should sense and beauty meet?
  The wisest men their youth in follies spend:
The best is he that earliest finds the cheat,
  And sees his errors while there's time to mend.

---

## *SONG.*

Of all the torments, all the cares,
  With which our lives are curs'd;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
  Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners, in each other kind,
  Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
  Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
  Are labouring in my breast;
I beg not you would favour me,
  Would you but slight the rest!
How great soe'er your rigours are,
  With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
  But not another's hope.

---

## *A SONG TO PHYLLIS.*

Phyllis, we not grieve that Nature,
  Forming you, has done her part;
And in every single feature
  Show'd the utmost of her art.

But in this it is pretended
  That a mighty grievance lies,
That your heart should be defended,
  Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

Love's a senseless inclination,
  Where no mercy's to be found;
But is just, where kind compassion
  Gives us balm to heal the wound.

Persians, paying solemn duty,
  To the rising Sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his beauty,
  But in hopes to make him kind.

## *AN EPISTLE*

### TO A

### LADY WHO HAD RESOLVED AGAINST MARRIAGE.

MADAM, I cannot but congratulate
Your resolution for a single state;
Ladies, who would live undisturb'd and free,
Must never put on Hymen's livery;
Perhaps its outside seems to promise fair,
But underneath is nothing else but care.
If once you let the Gordian knot be tied,
Which turns the name of virgin into bride;
That one fond act your life's best scene forgoes,
And leads you in a labyrinth of woes,
Whose strange meanders you may search about,
But never find the clue to let you out.
The married life affords you little ease,
The best of husbands is so hard to please:
This in wives' careful faces you may spell,
Though they dissemble their misfortunes well.
No plague's so great as an ill-ruling head,
Yet 'tis a fate which few young ladies dread:
For Love's insinuating fire they fan,
With sweet ideas of a godlike man.
Chloris and Phyllis gloried in their swains,
And sung their praises on the neighbouring plains;
Oh! they were brave, accomplish'd, charming men,
Angels till married, but proud devils then.
Sure some resistless power with Cupid sides,
Or we should have more virgins, fewer brides;

For single lives afford the most content,
Secure and happy, as they're innocent:
Bright as Olympus, crown'd with endless ease,
And calm as Neptune on the halcyon seas:
Your sleep is broke with no domestic cares,
No bawling children to disturb your pray'rs;
No parting sorrows to extort your tears,
No blustering husband to renew your fears!
Therefore, dear madam, let a friend advise,
Love and its idle deity despise:
Suppress wild Nature if it dares rebel;
There's no such thing as 'leading apes in hell.'

---

## *LOVING ONE I NEVER SAW.*

Thou tyrant God of Love, give o'er,
And persecute this breast no more;
Ah! tell me why must every dart
Be aim'd at my unhappy heart?
I never murmur'd or repin'd,
But patiently myself resign'd
To all the torments, which through thee
Have fell, alas! on wretched me:
But oh! I can no more sustain
This long continued state of pain,
Though 'tis but fruitless to complain.
My heart, first soften'd by thy power,
Ne'er kept its liberty an hour:
So fond and easy was it grown,
Each nymph might call the fool her own:
So much to its own interest blind,
So strangely charm'd to womankind.

That it no more belong'd to me,
Than vestal-virgins' hearts to thee.
I often courted it to stay;
But, deaf to all, 'twould fly away.
In vain to stop it I essay'd,
Though often, often, I display'd
The turns and doubles women made.
Nay more, when it has home return'd,
By some proud maid ill us'd and scorn'd,
I still the renegade caress'd,
And gave it harbour in my breast.
O! then, with indignation fir'd
At what before it so admir'd;
With shame and sorrow overcast,
And sad repentance for the past,
A thousand sacred oaths it swore
Never to wander from me more;
After chimeras ne'er to rove,
Or run the wild-goose chase of love.
Thus it resolved———————
Till some new face again betray'd
The resolutions it had made,
Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
Eager, impatient to be gone:
And, though so often it had fail'd,
Though vainly every heart assail'd,
Yet, lur'd by hope of new delight,
It took again its fatal flight.
'Tis thus, malicious deity,
That thou hast banter'd wretched me;
Thus made me vainly lose my time,
Thus fool away my youthful prime;
And yet, for all the hours I've lost,
And sighs and tears their bondage cost,

Ne'er did thy slave thy favours bless,
Or crown his passion with success.
Well—since 'tis doom'd that I must find
No love for love from womankind;
Since I no pleasure must obtain,
Let me at least avoid the pain:
So weary of the chase I'm grown,
That with content I'd sit me down,
Enjoy my book, my friend, my cell,
And bid all womankind farewell.
Nay, ask, for all I felt before,
Only to be disturb'd no more.
Yet thou (to my complaining deaf)
Will give my torments no relief;
But now, ev'n now, thou mak'st me die,
And love I know not whom, nor why.
In every part I feel the fire,
And burn with fanciful desire;
From whence can love its magic draw?
I doat on her *I never saw;*
And who, but lovers, can express
This strange, mysterious tenderness?
And yet methinks 'tis happier so,
Than whom it is I love to know;
Now my unbounded notions rove,
And frame ideas to my love.
I fancy I should something find,
Diviner both in face and mind,
Than ever nature did bestow
On any creature here below.
I fancy thus Corinna walks,
That thus she sings, she looks, she talks.
Sometimes I sigh, and fancy then,
That, did Corinna know my pain,

Could she my trickling tears but see,
She would be kind, and pity me.
Thus thinking I've no cause to grieve,
I pleasingly myself deceive;
And sure am happier far than he
Who knows the very truth can be.
Then, gentle Cupid, let me ne'er
See my imaginary fair:
Lest she should be more heavenly bright
Than can be reach'd by fancy's height:
Lest (when I on her beauty gaze,
Confounded, lost in an amaze;
My trembling lips and eyes should tell
'Tis her I dare to love so well;)
She, with an angry, scornful eye,
Or some unkind, severe reply,
My hopes of bliss should overcast,
And my presuming passion blast.
If but in this thou kind wilt prove,
And let me not see her I love,
Thy altars prostrate I'll adore,
And call thee tyrant-god no more.

---

THE

## *GOLDEN AGE RESTORED*, 1703.

IN IMITATION OF THE FOURTH ECLOGUE OF VIRGIL.

*Supposed to have been taken from a Sibylline Prophecy.*

———Paulo majora canamus.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier flight;
Not all in trees and lowly shrubs delight:

Or if your rural shades you still pursue,
Make your shades fit for able statesmen's view.
The time is come, by ancient Bards foretold,
Restoring the Saturnian age of gold;
The vile, degenerate, whiggish offspring ends,
A high-church progeny from heaven descends.
O learned Oxford, spare no sacred pains
To nurse the glorious breed, now thy own Bromley reigns.
And thou, great Scarsdale, darling of this land,
Dost foremost in that fam'd commission stand;
Whose deep remarks the listening world admires,
By whose auspicious care old Ranelagh expires.
Your mighty genius no strict rules can bind;
You punish men for crimes, which you want time to find.
Senates shall now like holy synods be,
And holy synods senate-like agree.
Monmouth and Mostyn here instruct the youth,
There Bincks and Kimberley maintain the sacred truth.
Powis and Hamlin here, with equal claim,
Through wide West-Saxon realms extend their fame;
There Birch and Hooper right divine convey,
Nor treat their bishops in a human way.
Now all our factions, all our fears shall cease,
And Tories rule the promis'd land in peace.
Malice shall die, and noxious poisons fail,
Harley shall cease to trick, and Seymour cease to rail:
The lambs shall with the lions walk unhurt,
And Halifax and Howe meet civilly at court.
Viceroys, like Providence, with distant care,
Shall govern kingdoms where they ne'er appear:

Pacific admirals, to save the fleet,
Shall fly from conquest, and shall conquest meet:
Commanders shall be prais'd at William's cost,
And honour be retriev'd, before 'tis lost.
Brereton and Barnaby the court shall grace,
And Howe shall not disdain to share a place.
Forgotten Molyneux and Mason now
Revive and shine again in Fox and Howe.

But as they stronger grow, and mend their strain,
By choice examples of King Charles's reign;
Bold Bellasis and patriot D'Avenant then,
One shall employ the sword, and one the pen:
Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
The tool of faction shall to peace invite,
And foes to union be employ'd the kingdoms to unite.

Yet still some Whigs among the peers are found,
Like brambles flourishing in barren ground.
Somers maliciously employs his care
To make the lords the legislature share.
Burnet declares how French dragooning rose,
And bishops persecuting bills oppose:
Till Rochester's* cool temper shall be fir'd,
And North's and Nottingham's strong reasonings be admir'd.

But when due time their counsels shall mature,
And fresh removes have made the game secure;
When Somerset and Devonshire give place
To Wyndham's Bradford, and to Richmond's grace,
Both converts great; when justice is refin'd,
And corporations garbled to their mind;

* Bishop Sprat.

Then passive doctrines shall with glory rise,
Before them hated moderation flies,
And anti-christian toleration dies.
Granville shall seize the long-expected chair,
Godolphin to some country seat repair;
Pembroke from all employments be debar'd,
And Marlborough, for ancient crimes, receive his just reward.

France, that this happy change so wisely has begun,
Shall bless the great design, and bid it smoothly run.
Come on, young James's friends, this is the time, come on;
Receive just honours, and surround the throne.
Boldly your loyal principles maintain,
Hedges now rules the state, and Rooke the main.
Grimes is at hand the members to reward,
And troops are trusted to your own Gerhard.
The faithful club assembles at the Vine,
And French intrigues are broach'd o'er English wine.
Freely the senate the design proclaims,
Affronting William, and applauding James.
Good ancient members, with a solemn face,
Propose that safety give to order place;
And what they dare not openly dissuade,
Is by expedients ineffectual made.
Ev'n Finch and Mulgrave, whom the court caress,
Exalt its praises, but its power depress;
And, that impartial justice may be seen,
Confirm to friends what they refus'd the Queen.
Bishops, who most advance'd good James's cause
In church and state, now reap deserv'd applause:
While those who rather made the Tower their choice,
Are styl'd unchristian by the nation's voice.

Avow'dly now St. David's cause they own,
And James's votes for simony atone.
Archbishop Kenn shall from Long-Leat be drawn,
While firm Nonjurors from behind stand crowding
for the lawn.
And thou, great Weymouth, to reward thy charge,
Shalt sail to Lambeth in his grace's barge.
See, by base rebels, James the just betray'd,
See his three realms by vile usurpers sway'd;
Then see with joy his lawful heir restor'd,
And erring nations own their injur'd lord.
O would kind Heaven so long my life maintain,
Inspiring raptures worthy such a reign!
Not Thracian Saint John should with me contend,
Nor my sweet lays harmonious Hammond's mend:
Not though young D'Avenant Saint John should
protect,
Or the shrewd Doctor Hammond's lines correct.
Nay, should Tredenham in Saint Mawes compare
his songs to mine,
Tredenham, though Saint Mawes were judge, his
laurel should resign.
Prepare, auspicious youth, thy friends to meet;
Sir George* already has prepar'd the fleet:
Should rival Neptune (who with envious mind
In times of danger still this chief confin'd)
Now send the gout, the hero to disgrace,
Honest George Churchill may supply his place.

* Rooke.

# SELECT POEMS

OF

# *EDMUND SMITH.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF SMITH.

EDMUND NEALE, the only son of an eminent merchant, by the daughter of Baron Lichmere, was born at Handley, in Worcestershire, in 1668. His father died while he was yet very young; and he was left with an uncle-in-law of the name of Smith; who treated him as his own son; and whose kindness he repaid by adopting his name. He was fitted for college at the Westminster School; and took his master's degree at Christ's Church, in Oxford, July 8, 1696. He remained at the university, till within five years of his death; though nothing but his literary merits could have made his licentious behaviour and indecent appearance so long tolerable. In the language of Oldisworth, his hyperbolical eulogist, he 'often suffered his friends to call him off from his retirements, and to lengthen out his jovial avocations;' and, though the same apologist tells us, that the 'fair sex reproved him by the name of the *handsome* sloven,' the world at large, unused to 'holiday and lady terms,' reproved him by the plain title of *Captain Rag*.

In December, 1694, he was publicly admonished, preparatory to his expulsion. It is not probable that the reproof very greatly checked his irregularities: but, 'at Oxford, we all know, (says Dr. Johnson) much will be forgiven' to literary excellence; and Smith had produced the Ode on Dr. Pocock, so early as 1691. He was, therefore, still

endured; and, though his place was declared void, in April, 1700, on account of his riotous behaviour in the house of Mr. Cole, an apothecary; yet the time and occasion of executing the sentence was left to Dr. Aldrich, the Dean; and it was not till five years afterwards, that, at the instance of all the Canons, his Alma Mater turned him out of doors.

London, it is almost needless to state, was his next theatre of action, or rather inaction. He joined himself with the Whigs: but he was caressed by all men of abilities, without distinction of party; and there was soon a tide in his affairs, which, had he taken it at the ebb, might have led on to fortune. 'I shall not mention for what reason this design was dropped, (Oldisworth obscurely hints,) though they were very much to his honour. The truth is,' he continues, 'and I speak it before living witnesses, whilst an agreeable company could fix him upon a subject of useful literature, no man shone to greater advantage.' The reader now expects something about 'this design;' but the biographer only adds, that 'he seemed to be that Memmius whom Lucretius speaks of;' and then we have what Lucretius says of 'that Memmius.' We must, therefore, seek for information in another quarter. Mr. Clark, of Lincoln's Inn, received from a friend of Smith, and communicated to Dr. Johnson, the following account of this mysterious affair. He was sitting with a friend, one evening, at a tavern, when the waiter called him below. He was absent some time; at last returned rather serious; and, after a pause, said to his friend, 'the person who wanted me below was Addison; who came to tell me, that a History of the Revolution was intended, and to propose that I should undertake it. I said, 'What shall I do with the character of Lord Sunderland?' Addison immediately returned, 'When, Rag, were you drunk last?' and went away.

In 1708, Smith's *Phaedra* was performed; and,

that it might have every chance of success with all parties, Addison wrote the prologue, and Prior the epilogue. We can only describe its reception in the inimitable language of Mr. Oldisworth; who has a rare felicity of exalting his idol, in one sentence, and casting him down, in the next. '*Phaedra* (he says) is a consummate tragedy; and the success of it was as great as the most sanguine expectations of his friends could promise or foresee. The number of nights, and the common method of filling the house, are not always the surest marks of judging what encouragement a play meets with; but the generosity of all the persons of refined taste about town was remarkable on this occasion.' We are then told how 'zealously' the author's cause was espoused by Mr. Addison; who, in the *Spectator*, mentions it as a disgrace to the nation, that the performance was so much neglected. On the other hand, the audience, to whose judgment it was submitted, and for whose gratification it must have been performed, would hardly endure it for three nights.* But, what could please Addison, and his associate wits, must surely have possessed excellence of some sort; and the reason, why so 'consummate a tragedy' was so ill received, by the rest of the world, seems to have been, that it was written by a scholar, fresh from the walls of the university; who knew little of the world, though much of books; and who very naturally imagined, that

* Dr. Johnson is naturally so rebellious against all authority, that, upon two different pages, he has expressed two different opinions of this performance. 'Smith (says he in one place) had trusted entirely to his own merit, had ensured no band of applauders, nor used any artifice to force success, and found that native excellence was not sufficient for its own support.' But, as soon as he finds that the Spectator was still more decidedly in favour of the play, 'the authority of Addison (he says) is great; yet the voice of the people, when to please the people is the purpose, deserves regard. In this question, I cannot but think the people in the right.' If, in the first instance, Dr. Johnson considers *Phaedra* as a tragedy, no explanation can make the latter consistent:—if he speaks of it as a poem, it is nothing to the purpose.

the same allusions and the same machinery, which would have pleased an assembly of Athenians, must draw the plaudits of a London audience. Its mythology was a riddle to the ignorant; and a commonplace to the learned. Its manners had nothing in common with British feeling. It had no modern bustle and scene-shifting; no high-strained declamation, or sentimental bombast;—no guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, or thunder.

The next year, after the production of *Phaedra*, the death of John Philips, a friend and fellow-collegian, gave Smith an opportunity of trying his powers at elegiac poetry; and the lines, which he produced on the occasion, redeemed, in a measure, the unpopularity of his tragedy. They are highly praised by Dr. Johnson;—though he must have thought them replete with more poetical heresy, on the subject of blank verse, than any other production extant of equal length.* It was the prac-

* The author attacks rhyme in four several places; styling it a 'yoke,' a 'chain,' a 'curb,' a 'shackle,' a 'crutch,'—the bed of Procustes, and the refuge of all feeble versifiers. For example, it is, in one place,

> Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime
> The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime:
> Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
> Confines the fancy, and the judgment guides:
> I'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,
> Procustes like, the axe or wheel applies
> To lop the mangled sense, or stretch it into size:
> At best a crutch that lifts the weak along,
> Supports the feeble, but retards the strong;
> And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the close,
> Oft rise to fustian, or descend to prose.

What says Johnson? 'The exemption which blank verse affords from the necessity of closing the sense with the couplet, betrays luxuriant and active minds into such self-indulgence, that they pile image upon image, ornament upon ornament, and are not easily persuaded to close the sense at all. Blank verse will, therefore, I fear, be too often found in description exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tiresome.' Life of Akenside. Again,

tice among Smith's friends to buy this elegy for a guinea; and, as his friends were numerous, it was the means of increasing his funds as well as his reputation. The *Phaedra*, indeed, might have been a source of considerable revenue, had not the author, either from pride, or indolence, neglected to solicit patronage. Lentot gave sixty pounds for the copy; and Halifax, expecting the dedication, was ready to reward the author with a place of three hundred pounds a-year. But it was a long time, before Smith could be persuaded to write the dedication; and, when written, no entreaty could induce him to present it.

'Some few years before his death, (says Mr. Oldisworth) he had engaged himself in several considerable undertakings; in all which he had prepared the world to expect mighty things from him.' This is the history of his whole life. He constantly persuaded his friends, that he was about to do 'mighty things;' and, satisfied with attaining this object, he generally did nothing at all. One of the undertakings, here mentioned, was a version of Pindar; of which, Oldisworth says, he saw about ten sheets. Another was a translation of Longinus on the *Sublime;* which, according to the same authority, was entirely completed. The last subject was a tragedy upon Lady Jane Grey. After forming his plan and collecting the materials, he accepted an invitation of Mr. George Ducket, to re-

in the Life of Roscommon, 'blank-verse, (he says) left merely to its numbers, has little operation on the ear or mind: it can hardly support itself without bold figures and striking images. A poem frigidly didactic, without rhyme, is so near to prose, that the reader only scorns it for pretending to be verse.' How heartily *he* scorned it, he omitted no opportunity to show. Akenside is called 'one of the brethren of the blank song;' and, after bestowing considerable praise upon Mallet's *Amyntor and Theodore*, he thinks it will all go for nothing, when he adds—'But it is blank verse.' It is not ours to compose such mighty strifes. We are ready to be pleased with good poetry, whether it be in rhyme or in blank verse; and, if others choose to take sides on the question, we should indifferently applaud both champions. Io, Xantippe! Io, Socrate!

side in his house at Gartham, in Wiltshire; where, as he would not be subjected to the interpolations of the town, it was thought, he might complete his work with more speed, and greater success. But he was soon betrayed into his usual irregularity by the seductive excellence of some strong ale. He indulged himself in eating and drinking, till he became plethoric; and, then, undertaking to be his own physician, he swallowed a violent purge, against the admonition of the apothecary; and was brought to the grave, in July, 1710.

Such is the brief history of a life, which was spent in promises and beginnings. If we would credit Mr. Oldisworth, indeed, he both performed and finished enough to make him one of the first poets in the language;—and, truly, we know not what right we have to contradict or gainsay Mr. Oldisworth. He alludes to divers productions, which, he says, are superlatively excellent; and, as they have never been published, have we any other way than to take his own word for it? A man may praise, with impunity, what no one has seen, but himself: poets must be presumed innocent of bad verse, while their works are concealed; and, as long as Smith's various productions can only be seen in the hands of the author's friends, or in the leaves of a college-album, it is impossible for us to deny, that they are read with avidity by the one, or that they 'shine with uncommon lustre,' in the other. Thus, after stating, that his 'junior compositions made grey authors blush,' Mr. Oldisworth enlightens us with the information, that 'there are many of his first essays in oratory, in epigram, elegy, and epique, still handed about the university in manuscript;' and that 'the Encœnia and Public Collections on Stale Subjects, were never in such esteem as when he contributed most largely to them.' Again, 'all his works together make but a small part of that much greater body, which is

dispersed in the possession of numerous acquaintances.' Moreover, 'the epique, lyric, elegiac, every sort of poetry he touched upon, (and he touched upon a great variety) was raised to its proper height,' &c. What is the reason that this 'great variety' of 'epique, lyric, elegiac, and every sort of poetry,' has been so miraculously concealed? 'Because (answers Mr. Oldisworth) he left his works to the entire disposal of his friends, whose most rigorous censures he even courted and solicited; submitting to their animadversions, and the freedom they took with them, with an unreserved and prudent resignation.' We are at no loss, therefore, in accounting for the suppression of his *Pindar*, *Longinus*, *Art of Poetry*, and *Lady Jane Grey*. They were left, as Mr. Oldisworth 'was told, in the hands of men of worth and judgment, who loved him.' He wrote fragments of many discourses; and Mr. Oldisworth 'cannot help thinking, that, if some of them were to come abroad, they would be as highly valued by the poets, as the sketches of Julio and Titian are by the painters.' One of these fragments has 'come abroad;' and, if the reader wishes to satisfy himself, as to the justness of this remark, he is referred to Dr. Johnson's Life of J. Philips.

The following analysis of the Ode on Pocock will show how cruel an author can be to himself, when he ventures to state, in plain prose, what he has written in poetry.

## EX AUTOGRAPHO.

[*Sent by the Author to Mr. Urry.*]

Opusculum hoc, Halberdarie amplissime, in lucem perferre hactenus distuli, judicii tui acumen subveritus quam bipennis. Tandem aliquando oden hanc ad te mitto sublimem, teneram, flebilem, suavem, qualem demum divinus (si Musis vacaret) scripsisset Gastrellus: adeo silicit sublimem ut inter

legendum dormire, adeo flebilem ut ridere velis. Cujus elegantiam ut melius inspicias, vesurem ordinem et materiam breviter referam. 1mus versus de duobus præliis decantatis. 2dus et 3us de Lotharingio, cuniculis subterramis, saxis, ponto, hostibus, et Asia. 4tus et 5tus de catenis, subdibus, uncis, draconibus, tigribus et crocodilis. 6tus, 7us, 8us, 9us, de Gomorrah, de Babylone, Babele, et quandam domi suæ peregrino. 10us, aliquid de quodam Pocockio. 11us, 12us, de Syriâ, Solymâ. 13us, 14us, de Hoseâ et quercu, et juvene quodam valde sane. 15us, 16us, de Ætnâ, et quomodo Ætna Pocockio fit valde similis. 17us, 18us, de tuba, astro, umbrâ, flammis, rotis, Pocockio non neglecto. Cætera de Christianis, Ottomanis, Babyloniis, Arabibus, et gravissimâ agrorum melancholiâ; de Cæsare *Flacco*,* Nistore, et miserando juvenis cujuisdam florentissimi fato, anno ætatis suæ centissimo præmaturè absepti. Quæ omnia cum accurati expenderis, necesse est ut oden hanc meam admirandâ planè varietate constare fateris. Subito ad Batavos proficiscor, lauro ab illis donandus. Prius vero Pembrochiensis voco ad certamen Poeticum. Vale.

Illustrissima tua deosculor crura.

E. SMITH.

* Pro *Flacco*, animo paulo attentione, scripsissem *Marone*.

# EDMUND SMITH.

## *A POEM*

### TO THE MEMORY OF MR. JOHN PHILIPS.

*Inscribed to the Hon. Mr. Trevor.*

SIR,

SINCE our Isis silently deplores
The bard who spread her fame to distant shores:
Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend,
My honest zeal, if not my verse, commend,
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.
Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd,
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore,
While ratling coughs his heaving vessels tore;
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauseous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd,
Thy myrth had cur'd where baffled physic fail'd;
But since the will of Heaven his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;
Fruitless our hopes, though pious our essays,
Yours to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Oh! might I paint him in Miltonian verse
With strains like those he sung on Glo'ster's hearse;
But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
And, wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.
With other fire his glorious Blenheim shines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines: [scends,
His nervous verse great Boilieu's strength tran-
And France to Philips, as to Churchill, bends.
Oh! various bard, you all our powers control,
You now disturb, and now divert the soul:
Milton and Butler in thy muse combine:
Above the last thy manly beauties shine;
For, as I've seen, when rival wits contend,
One gaily charge, one gravely wise defend;
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
This with a look demure, and steady eyes,
With dry rebukes, or sneering praise replies.
So thy grave lines extort a juster smile,
Reach Butler's fancy, but surpass his style;
He speaks Scarron's low phrase in humble strains,
In thee the solemn air of great Cervantes reigns.
What sounding lines his abject themes express!
What shining words the pompous shilling dress!
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.
In her blest light the Comic Muse appears,
When she, with borrow'd pride the buskin wears.
So when nurse Nokes to act young Ammon tries,
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes,
With dangling hands he strokes the' imperial robe,
And with a cuckold's air commands the globe;
The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And Ammon's son more mirth than Gomez made.

Forgive, dear shade, the scene my folly draws;
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause:
When Orpheus sings, the ghosts no more complain,
But, in his lulling music, lose their pain:
So charm the sallies of thy Georgic Muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse:
Here, rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here, lofty lines the kindling reader fire;
Like that fair tree you praise, the poem charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.
Bless'd clime, which Vaga's fruitful streams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her Cosmo's love;
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the Chian vine,
Gives Tuscan yearly for thy Scudmore's wine,
And ev'n his Tasso would exchange for thine.
Rise, rise, Roscommon! see the Blenheim Muse
The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse:
See, o'er the Alps his towering pinions soar,
Where never English poet reach'd before:
See mighty Cosmo's counsellor and friend,
By turns on Cosmo and the Bard attend;
Rich in the coins and busts of ancient Rome,
In him he brings a nobler treasure home;
In them he views her gods, and domes design'd;
In him the soul of Rome, and Virgil's mighty mind;
To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern, as translate.
Our Spenser, first by Pisan poets taught,
To us their tales, their style, and numbers brought.
To follow ours, now Tuscan bards descend,
From Philips borrow, though to Spenser lend;
Like Philips too the yoke of rhyme disdain;
They first on English Bards impos'd the chain,
First by an English bard from rhyme their freedom gain.

Tyrannic rhyme, that cramps to equal chime
The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime:
Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
Confines the fancy and the judgment guides:
I'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,
Procrustes like, the axe or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled sense, or stretch it into size:
At best a crutch that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the strong;
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the close,
Oft rise to fustian, or descend to prose.
Your judgment, Philips! rul'd with steady sway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme, the Muse to stay,
To stop her fury, or direct her way.
Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigour bore,
To wanton freely, or securely soar.
So the stretch'd chord, the shackled dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to rise:
When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleasure, and secure descends;
Now, dropping, seems to strike the distant ground,
Now high in air his quivering feet rebound.
Rail on, ye triflers, who to Will's repair
For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air;
Rail on at Milton's son, who, wisely bold,
Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old:
Thus Chaucer lives in younger Spenser's strains,
In Maro's page reviving Ennius reigns:
The ancient words the majesty complete,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit's dress'd,
Old mystic emblems grace the' imperial vest,
And in Eliza's robes all Anna stands confess'd.

A haughty bard, to fame by volumes rais'd,
At Dick's and Baston's, and through Smithfield, prais'd,
Cries out aloud, 'Bold Oxford bard! forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy critic soars,
But paints in fustian, or in turn deplores;
With Bunyan's style profanes heroic songs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels strain,
And in low prose dull Lucifer complain:
His envious Muse, by native dulness curs'd,
Damns the best poems, and contrives the worst.
Beyond his praise or blame thy works prevail
Complete where Dryden and thy Milton fail;
Great Milton's wing on lower themes subsides,
And Dryden oft in rhyme his weakness hides.
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble subjects, great appear.
Thrice happy youth! whom noble Isis crowns,
Whom Blackmore censures, and Godolphin owns:
So on the tuneful Margarita's tongue
The listening nymphs and ravish'd heroes hung:
But cits and fops the heaven-born music blame,
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame:
Like her sweet voice is thy harmonious song,
As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.
Oh! had relenting Heaven prolong'd his days,
The towering bard had sung in nobler lays,
How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread.
How opening heavens their happy regions show,
And yawning gulfs with flaming vengeance glow,
And saints rejoice above, and sinners howl below;

Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear.
  Oh, best of friends! will ne'er the silent urn
To our just vows the hapless youth return?
Must he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmless irony descend,
To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
No more in false pathetic phrase complain
Of Delia's wit, her charms, and her disdain?
Who now shall godlike Anna's fame diffuse!
Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse?
Who now our Twysden's glorious fate shall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell?
How, while the troubled elements around,—
Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound,
Through streams of smoke and adverse fire he rides,
While every shot is levell'd at his sides?
How, while the fainting Dutch remotely fire,
And the fam'd Eugene's iron troops retire,
In the first front, amidst a slaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he died near great Argyll.
  Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.
He sacred Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
Yet more by Conscience than by Friendship sway'd:
Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours past, not future prospects gain'd;
Not nicely choosing, though by all desir'd, [mir'd,
Though learn'd, not vain; and humble, though ad-

Candid to all, but to himself severe,
In humour pliant, as in life austere.
A wise content his even soul secur'd,
By want not shaken, nor by wealth allur'd:
To all sincere, though earnest to commend,
Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old Greece and Rome were fully known,
Their tongues, their spirits, and their styles his own;
Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
Our authors' works, and lives, and souls, he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm Pindar's rage, and Euclid's reason, join'd.
Judicious physic's noble art to gain,
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas, in vain!
The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,
Nor goodness now nor learning aught avail'd:
Yet to the bard his Churchill's soul they gave,
And made him scorn the life they could not save.
Else, could he bear, unmov'd the fatal guest,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress'd,
The coughs that struggled from his weary breast?
Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain?
Its slow advances and its racking pain?
Could he serene his weeping friends survey,
In his last hours his easy wit display,
Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay?
Once on thy friends look down, lamented shade,
And view the honours to thy ashes paid:
Some thy lov'd dust in Parian stones enshrine,
Others immortal epitaphs design,
With wit, and strength, that only yields to thine:

Ev'n I, though slow to touch the painful string,
Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
Thee Philips, thee despairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Isis soft complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidst the war's alarms,
And Cecil weeps in beauteous Tufton's arms:
Thee, on the Po, kind Somerset deplores,
And ev'n that charming scene his grief restores:
He to thy loss each mournful air appplies,
Mindful of thee on huge Taburnus lies, [rise.
But most at Virgil's tomb his swelling sorrows
  But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
Display his fame, and not his fate deplore:
And let no tears from erring pity flow,
For one that's bless'd above, immortaliz'd below.

---

## *ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.*

### COMPOSED BY MR. CHARLES KING,

### IN FIVE PARTS, FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC.

*Performed at the Theatre in Oxford, on Friday the 11th of July,* 1707.

Music, soft charm of heaven and Earth,
Whence didst thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
  Or art thou of eternal date?
Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate,
  Ere the rude pondrous mass
Of earth and waters from their chaos sprang,
  The morning stars their anthems sang,
And naught in Heaven was heard but melody and
    love.

Myriads of spirits, forms divine,
The Seraphim, with the bright host
Of Angels, Thrones, and Heavenly Powers,
Worship before the' Eternal Shrine:
Their happy privilege in hymns and anthems boast,
In love and wonder pass their blissful hours.
Nor let the lower world repine
The massy orb in which we sluggards move,
As if sequester'd from the arts divine:
Here's Music too,
As ours a rival were to the' world above.

*Chorus, Five Voices.*

Hark, how the feather'd choir their matins chant,
And purling streams soft accents vent,
And all both time and measure know.
Ere since the Theban bard, to prove
The wondrous magic of his art,
Taught trees and forests how to move,
All Nature has a general concert held,
Each creature strives to bear a part;
And all but Death and Hell to conquering Music yield.

But stay, I hear methinks a motley crew,
A peevish, odd, eccentric race,
The glory of the art debase;
Perhaps because the sacred emblem 'tis
Of Truth, of Peace, and Order too;
So dangerous 'tis to be perversely wise.
But be they ever in the wrong,
Who say the Prophet's harp e'er spoil'd the Poet's song!

*Grand Chorus, Five Parts.*

To Athens now, my Muse, retire,
The refuge and the theatre of wit;
And in that safe and sweet retreat,
Amongst Apollo's sons inquire,
And see if any friend of thine be there:
But sure so near the Thespian spring
The humblest Bard may sit and sing:
Here rest my Muse, and dwell for ever here.

---

## *CHARLETTUS PERCIVALLO SUO.*

Hora dum nondum sonuit secunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores
Sponte recurrit.
Quid priùs nostris potiúsve chartis
Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulsam redeunte Scriptor
Mitto salutem?
Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle,*
Unicé dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor nostro novitatis ardor;
Tu quoque Scriptor.
Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in sylvis modo te dedisse
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli im-
pune stetisse.
Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus
Anne? Ferneis potiora Gazis,
An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,
Scripta supersunt?

Cui legis nostras, relegisque chartas?
Cui meam laudas generositatem?
Quem meis verbis, mea nescientem,
Mane salutas.
Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus
Quid Caput stertit grave *Lambethanum*,
Quid *Comes Guildford*, quid habent novorum
*Dawks*que *Dyer*que.
Me meus, quondam tuus, è popinis
*Jenny* jam visit, lacrimansque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, subito peremptum
Funere *Rixon*.
Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
Hospitem notæ periisse *Mitræ*;
Narrat immersam prope limen urbis
Flumine cymbam.
Narrat——at portis meus *Hinton* astat,
Nuncius *Pricket* redit, avocat me
*Sherwin*, et scribendæ aliò requirunt
Mille tabellæ.

---

## *PERCIVALLUS CHARLETTO SUO.*

Qualis ambabus capiendus ulnis
Limen attingit tibi gratus hospes
Quum sacras primum subit aut relinquit
Isidis arces,
Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
Læva, quùm cantu propriore strident
Missiles, et jam moneant adesse
Cornua, chartas,

Tale per nostrum jecur et medullas
Gaudium fluxit, simul ac reclusis
Vinculis vidi benè literati
Nomen amici.
Obvios fures, uti fama verax
Rettulit, sensi pavidus tremensque;
Sed fui, sumque, excipias timorem,
Cætera sospes.
Scire si sylvam cupias pericli
Consciam, et tristes nemoris tenebras,
Consulas lentè tabulas parantem
Te duce *Colum*.
Flebilis legi miseranda docti
Fata pictoris, sed et hôc iniqua
Damna consolor, superest perempto
*Rixone Wildgoose*.
Quæ tamen metram mulier labantem
Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis,
*Anna* præstabit, nisi fors Ierni
Hospita Cygni.
Lætus accepi celeres vigere
*Pricketi* plantas, simùl ambulanti
Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Davo*
Mitto salutem.
*Jenny*, post *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
Qui tibi totus vacat, et vacabit,
Nec vetat *Uxor*.
Hæc ego lusi properante Musâ
*Lesbiæ* vatis numeros secutus:
Si novi quid sit, meliùs docebit
Sermo pedestris.

P. S.

'Cœnitant mecum Comites Iernæ,
Multa qui de te memorant culullos
Inter, et pulli, vice literarum,
Crus tibi mittunt.'

---

## *POCOCKIUS.*

Dum cæde tellus luxuriat Ducum,
Meum Pococki barbiton exigis,
Manésque Musam fastuosam
Sollicitant pretiosiores.
Alter virentum prorurat agmina
Sonora Thracum, donàque Phillidi
Agat puellas, heu decoris
Virginibus nimis invidenti.
Te nuda Virtus, te Fidei pius
Ardor serendæ, sanctaque Veritas
Per saxa, per pontum, per hostes
Præcipitant Asiæ misertum:
Cohors catenis quà pia stridulis
Gemunt onusti, vel sude trans sinum
Luctantur actâ, pendulíve
Sanguineis trepidant in uncis.
Sentis ut edunt sibila, ut ardui
Micant dracones, tigris ut horridos
Intorquet ungues, ejulátque
In madido crocodilus antro
Vides lacunæ sulphure lividos
Ardere fluctus, quì stetit impiæ
Moles Gomorrhæ mox procellâ
Hausta rubrâ, pluviísque flammis:

Quòd ista tellus si similes tibi
Si fortè denos nutrierat Viros,
  Adhuc stetisset, nec vibrato
    Dextra Dei tonuisset igne.
Quin nunc requiris tecta virentia
Nini ferocis, nunc Babel arduum,
  Immane opus, crescentibúsque
    Vertice sideribus propinquum.
Nequicquam: Amici disparibus sonis
Eludit aures nescius artifex,
  Linguásque miratur recentes
    In patriis peregrinus oris.
Vestitur hinc tot sermo coloribus,
Quot tu, Pococki, dissimilis tui
  Orator effers, quot vicissim
    Te memores celebrare gaudent.
Hi non tacebunt quo Syriam senex
Percurrit æstu raptus, ut arcibus
  Non jam superbis, et verendis
    Indoluit Solimæ ruinis.
Quis corda pulsans tunc pavor hauserat
Dolor quis arsit non sine gaudio,
  Cum busta Christi provolutus
    Ambiguis lacrymis rigaret!
Sacratur arbos multa Pocockio,
Locósque monstrans inquiet accola.
  Hæc quercus Hoseam supinum,
    Hæc Britonem recreavit ornus.
Hîc audierunt gens venerabilem
Ebræa Mosen, inde Pocockium
  Non ore, non annis minorem,
    Atque suam didicere linguam,
Ac sicut albens perpetuâ nive
Simul favillas, et cineres sinu

Eructat ardenti, et pruinis
  Contiguas rotat Ætna flammas;
Sic te trementem, te nive candidum
Mens intus urget, mens agit ignea
  Sequi reluctantem Io lem
  Per tonitru, aëreásque nubes
Annon pavescis, dum tuba pallidum
Ciet Sionem, dum tremulum polo
  Caligat astrum, atque incubanti
    Terra nigrans tegitur sub umbrâ?
Quod agmen! heu quæ turma sequacibus
Tremenda flammis! quis strepitantium
  Flictus rotarum est! O Pococki
    Egregie! O animose Vatis
Interpres abstrusi! O simili ferè
Correpte flammâ! te, quot imagine
  Crucis notantur, te, subacto
    Christicolæ gravis Ottomannus
Gemens requirit, te Babylonii
Narrant poëtæ, te pharetris Arabs
  Plorat revulsis, et fragosos
    Jam gravior ferit horror agros.
Quà Gesta nondum cognita Cæsaris,
Quà nec Matronis scripta, Pocockius
  Plorator ingens, et dolenda
Nestoreæ brevitas senectæ.

## *ODE,*

### FOR THE YEAR 1705.

JANUS, did ever to thy wondering eyes
So bright a scene of triumph rise?
Did ever Greece or Rome such laurels wear,
As crown'd the last auspicious year?
When first at Blenheim ANNE her ensigns spread,
And Marlborough to the field the shouting squadrons led.
In vain the hills and streams oppose,
In vain the hollow ground in faithless hillocks rose.
To the rough Danube's winding shore,
His shatter'd foes the conquering hero bore.

They see with staring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows rise;
Amaz'd, aghast, they turn, but find,
In Marlborough's arms, a surer fate behind.
Now his red sword aloft impends,
Now on their shrinking heads descends:
Wild and distracted with their fears,
They justling plunge amidst the sounding deeps;
The flood away the struggling squadron sweeps,
And men, and arms, and horses, whirling bears.
The frighted Danube to the sea retreats,
The Danube soon the flying ocean meets,
Flying the thunder of great ANNA's fleets.

Rooke on the seas asserts her sway,
Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
And clouds of smoke involve the day.

Affrighted Europe hears the cannons roar,
And Afric echoes from its distant shore.
  The French, unequal in the fight,
  In force superior, take their flight.
Factions in vain the hero's worth decry,
In vain the vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

  Now, Janus, with a future view,
The glories of her reign survey,
Which shall o'er France her arms display,
  And kingdoms now her own subdue.
    Lewis, for oppression born;
    Lewis in his turn shall mourn,
While his conquer'd happy swains
Shall hug their easy wish'd-for chains.
  Others, enslav'd by victory,
Their subjects, as their foes, oppress;
  Anna conquers but to free,
And governs but to bless.

---

## *ODE.**

Ormond's glory, Marlborough's arms,
  All the mouths of Fame employ;
And the' applauding world around
Echoes back the pleasing sound:
    Their courage warms;
    Their conduct charms;
  Yet the universal joy
  Feels a sensible alloy!

* This Ode, and the Ode in Praise of Music, were published anonymously at the time when they were written, and are now ascribed to Mr. Smith, on the authority of a note in manuscript by one of his contemporaries.

Mighty George*, the Senate's care,
The people's love, great Anna's pryer!
While the stroke of fate we dread
Impending o'er thy sacred head,
The British youth for thee submit to fear,
For her the dames in cloudy grief appear!

Let the noise of war and joy
Rend again the trembling sky;
Great George revives to calm our fears,
With prospect of more glorious years:
Deriv'd from Anne's auspicious smiles,
More cheerful airs refresh the British Isles,

Sound the trumpet; beat the drum;
Tremble France; we come, we come!
Almighty force our courage warms;
We feel the full, the powerful charms
Of Ormond's glory, and of Marlborough's arms!

* George Prince of Denmark, husband to the Queen.

# SELECT POEMS

OF

# *RICHARD DUKE.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF DUKE.

RICHARD DUKE entered the Westminster School, in 1670; was elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1675; and took his master's degree, in 1682. The year after, he wrote a poem on the marriage of Lady Anne with George, Prince of Denmark; took orders soon after; and, being appointed prebendary of Gloucester, was made proctor for that church, and chaplain to Queen Anne. In 1710, the Bishop of Winchester presented him with the wealthy living of Witney, in Oxfordshire. He was at an entertainment on the night of February 10, of the same year; and was next morning found a corpse in his bed. His death is thus mentioned in the flippant Journal of Dr. Swift: 'Dr. Duke died suddenly two or three nights ago; he was one of the wits when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ farther than a prologue, or recommendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living given him by the Bishop of Winchester about three months ago; he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.'*

In his early days, he was the intimate friend of Otway; and, like other young men, shared in the immorality of the times. He wrote licentious poems, in his youth; and published exemplary sermons, in his old age. His original poetry is chiefly written in praise of other poets; and, in general, perhaps they would not be ashamed of the lines, in which they are celebrated.

* Scott's Ed. of Swift. Vol. ii. pp. 175, 6.

# RICHARD DUKE.

## *THE REVIEW.*

—Longa est injuria, longæ
Ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.

VIRG.

How have we wander'd a long dismal night,
Led through blind paths by each deluding light!
Now plung'd in mire, now by sharp brambles torn,
With tempests beat, and to the winds a scorn!
Lost, wearied, spent! but see the eastern star
And glimmering light dawns kindly from afar:
Bright goddess, hail! while we by thee survey
The various errors of our painful way;
While, guided by some clew of heavenly thread,
The labyrinth perplex'd we backward tread,
Through rulers avarice, pride, ambition, hate,
Perverse cabals, and winding turns of state,
The senate's rage, and all the crooked lines,
Of incoherent plots and wild designs;
Till getting out where first we enter'd in,
A new bright race of glory we begin.
As after winter, spring's glad face appears,
As the blest shore to shipwreck'd mariners,

Success to lovers, glory to the brave,
Health to the sick, or freedom to the slave:
Such was great Cæsar's day, the wondrous day,
That long in fate's dark bosom hatching lay,
Heaven to absolve, and satisfaction bring,
For twenty years of misery and sin!
What shouts, what triumph, what unruly joy,
Swell'd every breast, did every tongue employ.
With rays direct whilst on his people shone
The king triumphant from the martyr's throne!
Was ever prince like him to mortals given?
So much the joy of earth, and care of heaven!
Under the pressure of unequal fate,
Of so erect a mind, and soul so great;
So full of meekness, and so void of pride,
When borne aloft by fortune's highest tide!
Mercy, like heaven's, his chief prerogative,
His joy to save, and glory to forgive.
All storms compos'd, and tempests' rage asleep,
He, halcyon like, sat brooding o'er the deep.
He saw the royal bark securely ride,
No danger threatening from the peaceful tide;
And he who, when the winds and seas were high,
Oppos'd his skill and did their rage defy,
No diminution to his honour thought,
To' enjoy the pleasure of the calm he brought.
(Should he alone be so the people's slave,
As not to share the blessings that he gave?)
But not till, full of providential care,
He chose a pilot in his place to steer:
One in his father's councils and his own
Long exercis'd, and grey in business grown;
Whose confirm'd judgment and sagacious wit
Knew all the sands on which rash monarchs split

Of rising winds could, ere they blew, inform,
And from which quarter to expect the storm.
Such was, or such he seem'd, whom Cæsar chose,
And did all empire's cares in him repose,
That, after all his toils and dangers past,
He might lie down and taste some ease at last.
  Now stands the statesman of the helm possess'd,
On him alone three mighty nations rest;
Byrsa* his name, bred at the wrangling bar,
And skill'd in arms of that litigious war;
But more to wit's peacefuller arts inclin'd,
Learning's Mæcenas, and the Muses' friend;
Him every Muse in every age had sung,
His easy flowing wit and charming tongue,
Had not the treacherous voice of power inspir'd
His mounting thoughts, and wild ambition fir'd:
Disdaining less alliances to own,
He now sets up for kinsman of the throne;
And Anna, by the power her father gain'd,
Back'd with Great Cæsar's absolute command,
On false pretence of former contracts made,
Is forc'd on brave Britannicus's† bed.
  Thus rais'd, his insolence his wit outvied,
And meanest avarice maintain'd his pride:
When Cæsar, to confirm his infant state,
Drown'd in oblivion all old names of hate,
By threatening many, but excepting none
That paid the purchase of oblivion.
Byrsa his master's free-given mercy sold,
And royal grace retail'd for rebel gold:
That new state-maxim he invented first,
(To aged time's last revolution curs'd)

* Earl of Clarendon. † Duke of York.

That teaches monarchs to oblige their foes,
And their best friends to beggary expose;
For these, he said, would still beg on and serve;
'Tis the old badge of loyalty to starve:
But harden'd rebels must by bribes be won,
And paid for all the mighty ills they've done:
When wealth and honour from their treasons flow,
How can they choose but very loyal grow?
This false ungrateful maxim Byrsa taught,
Vast sums of wealth from thriving rebels brought;
Titles and power to thieves and traitors sold,
Swell'd his stretch'd coffers with o'erflowing gold.
Hence all these tears—in these first seeds was sown
His country's following ruin and his own.
  Of that accurs'd and sacrilegious crew,
Which great by merit of rebellion grew,
Had all unactive perish'd and unknown,
The false Antonius* had suffic'd alone,
To all succeeding ages to proclaim
Of this state-principle the guilt and shame.
Antonius early in rebellious race
Swiftly set out, nor slackening in his pace,
The same ambition that his youthful heat
Urg'd to all ills the little daring brat,
With unabated ardour does engage
The loathsome dregs of his decrepit age;
Bold, full of native and acquir'd deceit,
Of sprightly cunning and malicious wit;
Restless, projecting still some new design,
Still drawing round the government his line,
Bold on the walls, or busy in the mine:
Lewd as the stews, but to the blinded eyes
Of the dull crowd as puritan precise;

* Earl of Shaftesbury.

Before their sight he draws the juggler's cloud
Of public interest, and the people's good:
The working ferment of his active mind,
In his weak body's cask with pain confin'd,
Would burst the rotten vessel where 'tis pent,
But that 'tis tap'd, to give the treason vent.
Such were the men that from the statesman's hand
Not pardon only, but promotion gain'd:
All offices of dignity or power
These swarming locusts greedily devour;
Preferr'd to all the secrets of the state,
These senseless sinners in the council sate,
In their unjust deceitful balance laid,
The great concerns of war and peace were weigh'd.
This wise Lovisius* knew, whose mighty mind
Had universal empire long design'd;
And when he all things found were bought and sold,
Thought nothing there impossible—to gold:
With mighty sums, through secret channels brought,
On the corrupted counsellors he wrought:
Against the neighbouring Belgians they declare
A hazardous and an expensive war,
Their fresh affronts and matchless insolence
To Cæsar's honour made a fair pretence.
Mere outside this, but, ruling by his pay,
Cunning Lovisius did this project lay,
By mutual damages to weaken those
Who only could his vast designs oppose.
But Cæsar, looking with a just disdain
Upon their bold pretences to the main,
Sent forth his royal brother from his side,
To lash their insolence, and curb their pride;

* French King, Louis XIV.

Britannicus, by whose high virtues grac'd,
The present age contends with all the past;
Him Heaven a pattern did for heroes form,
Slow to advise but eager to perform;
In council calm, fierce as a storm in fight,
Danger his sport, and labour his delight:
To him the fleet and camp, the sea and field,
Did equal harvests of bright glory yield.
No less each civil virtue him commends,
The best of subjects, brothers, masters, friends;
To merit just, to needy virtue kind,
True to his word, and constant to his friend;
What's well resolv'd, as bravely he pursues,
Fix'd in his choice, as careful how to choose.
Honour was born, not planted in his heart,
And virtue came by nature, not by art.
Where glory calls, and Cæsar gives command,
He flies; his pointed thunder in his hand:
The Belgian fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The tempest of his fury to sustain:
Shatter'd and torn, before his flags they fly
Like doves that the exalted eagle spy,
Ready to stoop and seize them from on high:
He, Neptune like, when, from his wat'ry bed
Above the waves lifting his awful head,
He smiles, and to his chariot gives the rein,
In triumph rides o'er the asserted main,
And now returns, the wat'ry empire won,
At Cæsar's feet to lay his trident down.
But who the shouts and triumphs can relate
Of the glad isle that his return did wait?
Rejoicing crowds attend him on the strand,
Loud as the sea, and numerous as the sand.

A joy too great to be by words express'd,
Shines in each eye, and beats in every breast:
So joy the many, but the wiser few
The godlike prince with silent wonder view.
The grateful senate his high acts confess
In a vast gift, but than his merit less.
Britannicus is all the voice of fame,
Britannicus! she knows no other name;
The people's darling, and the court's delight,
Lovely in peace, as dreadful in the fight!
Shall he, shall ever he, who now commands
So many thousand hearts, and tongues, and hands;
Shall ever he, by some strange crime of fate,
Fall under the ignoble vulgar's hate?
Who knows? the turns of fortune who can tell?
Who fix her globe, or stop the rolling wheel?
The crowd's a sea, whose wants run high or low,
According as the winds, their leaders, blow.
All calm and smooth, till from some corner flies
An envious blast, that makes the billows rise:
The blast, that whence it comes, or where it goes,
We know not; but where'er it lists it blows.
Was not of old the Jewish rabble's cry
Hosanna first, and after—crucify?
  Now Byrsa with full orb illustrious shone,
With beams reflected from his glorious son;
All power his own, but what was given to those
That counsellors by him from rebels rose;
But, rais'd so far, each now disdains a first,
The taste of power does but inflame the thirst.
With envious eyes they Byrsa's glories see,
Nor think they can be great, while less than he.
Envy their cunning sharpen'd, and their wit,
Enough before for treacherous councils fit;

To accuse him openly not yet they dare,
But subtly by degrees his fall prepare:
They knew by long-experienc'd desert
How near he rooted grew to Cæsar's heart:
To move him hence, requir'd no common skill?
But what is hard to a resolved will?
They found his public actions all conspire,
Wisely applied, to favour their desire:
But one they want their venom to suggest,
And make it gently slide to Cæsar's breast:
Who fitter than Villerius* for this part?
And him to gain requir'd but little art,
For mischief was the darling of his heart.
A compound of such parts as never yet
In any one of all God's creatures met:
Not sick men's dreams so various or so wild,
Or of such disagreeing shapes compil'd;
Yet, through all changes of his shifting scene,
Still constant to buffoon and harlequin;
As if he'd made a prayer, (than his of old
More foolish, that turn'd all he touch'd to gold)
God granted him to play the' eternal fool,
And all he handled turn'd to ridicule.
Thus a new Midas truly he appears,
And shows, through all disguise, his ass's ears.
Did he the weightiest business of the state
At council or in senate-house debate,
King, country, all he for a jest would quit,
To catch some little flash of paltry wit:
How full of gravity soe'er he struts,
The ape in robes will scramble for his nuts:
Did he all laws of heaven or earth defy,
Blaspheme his God or give his king the lie:

* Duke of Buckingham.

Adultery, murders, or ev'n worse, commit,
Still 'twas a jest, and nothing but sheer wit.
At last, this edge-tool'd wit, his darling sport,
Wounded himself, and banish'd him the court;
Like common jugglers, or like common whores,
All his tricks shown, he was kick'd out of doors.
Not chang'd in humour, by his change of place,
He still found company to suit his grace;
Mountebanks, quakers, chemists, trading varlets,
Pimps, players, city shrieves, and suburb harlots;
War his aversion, once he heard it roar,
But, 'Damn him, if he ever heard it more!'
And there you may believe him, though he swore.
But with play-houses, wars, immortal wars
He wag'd, and ten year's rage produc'd a farce.*
As many rolling years he did employ,
And hands almost as many, to destroy
Heroic rhyme, as Greece to ruin Troy.
Once more, says Fame, for battle he prepares,
And threatens rhymers with a second farce:
But, if as long for this as that we stay,
He'll finish Clevedon sooner than his play.

This precious tool did the new statesman use
In Cæsar's breath their whispers to infuse:
Suspicion's bred by gravity, beard, gown;
But who suspects the madman and buffoon?
Drolling Villerius this advantage had,
That all his jests sober impressions made:
Besides, he knew to choose the softest hour,
When Cæsar for a while forgot his pow'r,
And, coming tir'd from empire's grand affairs,
In the free joys of wine relax'd his cares.

* The Rehearsal.

'Twas then he play'd the sly successful fool,
And serious mischief did in ridicule;
Then he with jealous thoughts his prince could fill,
And gild with mirth and glittering wit the pill.
With a grave mien discourse, and decent state,
He pleasantly the ape could imitate;
And soon as a contempt of him was bred,
It made the way for hatred to succeed.

[*Left unfinished.*]

## *EPITHALAMIUM*

### UPON

### THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM BEDLOE.

---

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avæna,
Arma virumque cano.

I, he who sung of humble Oates* before,
Now sing a Captain and a Man of War.

---

Goddess of Rhyme, that didst inspire
The Captain with poetic fire,
Adding fresh laurels to that brow
Where those of victory did grow,
And statelier ornaments may flourish now!
If thou art well recovered since
'The Excommunicated Prince;'†
(For that important tragedy
Would have kill'd any Muse but thee)
Hither with speed, Oh! hither move;
Pull buskins off, and, since to love
The ground is holy that you tread in,
Dance bare-foot at the Captain's wedding.

* Titus Oates drew up a narrative of the Popish-plot, which he laid before the privy council, in Sept. 1678.

† A Tragedy, by Captain Bedloe, who had been a menial servant to Lord Bellasis, and became a principal evidence in the affair of the Popish-plot.

See where he comes, and by his side
His charming, fair, angelic bride:
Such, or less lovely was the dame
So much renown'd, Fulvia by name,
With whom of old Tully did join
Then when his art did undermine
The horrid Popish plot of Cataline.
Oh, fairest nymph of all Great Britain!
(Though thee my eyes I never set on)
Blush not on thy great lord to smile,
The second saviour of our isle;
What nobler Captain could have led
Thee to thy long'd-for marriage bed:
For know that thy all-daring Will is
As stout a hero as Achilles;
And as great things for thee has done
As Palmerin, or the' Knight o' the' Sun,
And is himself a whole romance alone.
Let conscious Flanders speak, and be
The witness of his chivalry:
Yet that's not all, his very word
Has slain as many as his sword:
Though common bullies with their oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his mouth-granadoes kill,
And save the pains of drawing steel.
This hero thy resistless charms
Have won to fly into thy arms;
For think not any mean design,
Or the inglorious itch of coin,
Could ever have his breast control'd,
Or make him be a slave to gold;
His love's as freely given to thee
As to the king his loyalty.

Then oh receive thy mighty prize
With open arms and wishing eyes;
Kiss that dear face, where may be seen
His worth and parts that skulk within;
That face, that justly styl'd may be
As true a discoverer as he.
Think not he ever false will prove,
His well known truth secures his love;
Do you a while divert his cares
From his important grand affairs:
Let him have respite now a while,
From kindling the mad rabble's zeal:
Zeal, that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,
Shows plainly where its birth-place we may find,
In hell, where though dire flames for ever glow,
Yet 'tis the place of utter darkness too.
But to his bed be sure be true
As he to all the world and you;
He all your plots will else betray
All ye She-Machiavels can lay.
He all designs, you know, has found,
Though hatch'd in hell or under ground;
Oft to the world such secrets shew
As scarce the plotters themselves knew;
Yet, if by chance you hap to sin,
And Love, while Honour's napping, should creep in,
Yet be discreet, and do not boast
O' the' treason by the Common Post.
So thalt thou still make him love on;
All virtue's in discretion.
So thou with him shalt shine, and be
As great a patriot as he;
And when, as now in Christmas, all
For a new pack of cards do call,

Another Popish pack comes out,
To please the cits, and charm the rout;
Thou, mighty queen, shalt a whole suit command,
A crown upon thy head, and sceptre in thy hand!

# SELECT POEMS

OF

*WILLIAM KING, LL. D.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF KING.

WILLIAM KING, a relation of Clarendon, and the son of Ezekiel King, a gentleman, was born in London, in 1663. In 1681, he was translated from Westminster School to Christ's Church, Oxford; where, in the course of eight years, he is said to have read and commented upon *twenty-two thousand odd hundred* books and manuscripts; being no less than *seven* a day, with a remainder of *one thousand, seven hundred, and sixty*. If he had read the latter number, the wonder would have been sufficiently great; for it has been estimated, that *sixteen hundred* octavo volumes are enough to cmploy the life of any man.

He took his master's degree, in 1688; and, after writing a pamphlet against Varrilla's account of Wickliffe, he engaged in the study of the civil law, and was made doctor, in 1692. Two years afterwards, he entered into a dispute with Molesworth concerning Denmark and good government; and, in 1697, he thought his wit might be of service in deciding a question of learning between Boyle and Bentley. In 1699, he published *A Journey to London;* and, the next year, took the Royal Society to task, in *The Transactioner*. He practiced law at Doctor's Commons; but his chief business was to amuse himself, and worry his neighbours.

His pleasures at length exhausted his revenues; and, in 1702, his tory principles procured him the

united appointments of judge of the admiralty, in Ireland, commissioner of the prizes, keeper of the records in Birmingham's tower, and vicar-general to Dr. Marsh, the primate. But all these offices could not check his innate proclivity to indigence. Upton, one of the judges, as idle as himself, had a pleasant house, called Mountown, near Dublin; where King spent a great part of his time and his money, and made his employers no other return than the poem of *Mully of Mountown*. In 1708, he came back to London as poor, and as witty, as when he left it, six years before. His first business was to publish some essays, under the title of *Useful Transactions*. He next wrote the *Art of Love;* and, then, the *Art of Cookery*. In 1710, he volunteered for the church; and is said to have been among the projectors of *The Examiner*. In the next year he wrote the *History of the Heathen Gods*, *Rufinus*, a historical essay, and a poem upon the Duke of Marlborough and his adherents.

In 1711, he was again provided for, by the unsolicited appointment of gazetteer. But nothing could keep him from rushing to his poverty and his amusements. The *Act of Insolvency* made his business somewhat vexatious; and, without waiting for hurry to subside, he gave up the key of his office, and retired to Lambeth. As he could find no one else to annoy in this place, he fell upon the archbishop, Dr. Tenison; who took the surrender of Dunkirk to Hill so much at heart, that, if he could have had his own way, a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, would have been appointed. King, in pure despite of his sullenness, resolved to have a day of thanksgiving; and, to carry his resolution into effect, he made all his neighbours merry with a few barrels of ale. In the fall of 1712, his health began to decline; and, on Christmas day, he died.

# WILLIAM KING, LL. D.

THE

## *ART OF COOKERY.*

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ART OF POETRY, 1708.

TO DR. LISTER.*

INGENIOUS Lister, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like brawn;
With wings of turkey, and with feet of calf;
Though drawn by Kneller,† it would make you laugh.
Such is, good sir, the figure of a feast,
By some rich farmer's wife and sister dress'd;
Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
That syllabubs come first, and soups the last.

* Martin Lister, M. D. an eminent physician and natural philosopher, was born about 1638, and died in 1712. Having in the year 1698 passed six months at Paris, he published an account of his Journey on his return, which produced a very humorous travestie from the pen of Dr. King, entitled a 'Journey to London.' The present poem was occasioned by a book entitled 'Apicii Cœlii de Opsoniis et Condimentis, sive Arte Coquinaria: cum Annotationibus Martini Lister.'

† Sir Godfrey Kneller was at the head of his profession, as a portrait painter, from the reign of Charles the Second to that of George the First.

Not but that cooks and poets still were free,
To use their power in nice variety;
Hence, mackarel seem delightful to the eyes,
Though dress'd with incoherent gooseberries:
Crabs, salmon, lobsters, are with fennel spread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;
Yet no man lards salt pork with orange-peel,
Or garnishes his lamb with spitchcock'd eel.
A cook perhaps has mighty things profess'd,
Then sent up but two dishes nicely dress'd:
What signify Scotch-collops to a feast?
Or you can make whip'd cream; pray what relief
Will that be to a sailor who wants beef;
Who, lately shipwreck'd, never can have ease,
Till re-establish'd in his pork and pease?
When once begun, let industry ne'er cease
Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your desert bright pewter comes too late,
When your first course was all serv'd up in plate.
Most knowing sir! the greatest part of cooks,
Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.
One would have all things little; hence has tried
Turkey-poults fresh'd, from the' egg in batter fried:
Others, to show the largeness of their soul,
Prepare you muttons swol'd, and oxen whole.
To vary the same things, some think is art:
By larding of hogs' feet and bacon tart,
The taste is now to that perfection brought,
That care, when wanting skill, creates the fault.
In Covent Garden did a tailor dwell,
Who might deserve a place in his own hell:
Give him a single coat to make, he do't;
A vest, or breeches, singly; but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a suit:

Rather than frame a supper like such clothes,
I'd have fine eyes and teeth, without my nose.
  You that from pliant paste would fabrics raise,
Expecting thence to gain immortal praise,
Your knuckles try, and let your sinews know
Their power to knead, and give the form to dough;
Choose your materials right, your seasoning fix,
And with your fruit resplendent sugar mix:
From thence of course the figure will arise,
And elegance adorn the surface of your pies.
Beauty from order springs: the judging eye
Will tell you if one single plate's awry.
The cook must still regard the present time;
To' omit what's just in season is a crime.
Your infant pease to' asparagus prefer,
Which to the supper you may best defer.
  Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations should at least be rare;
Yet credit to the artist will accrue,
Who in known things still makes the' appearance new.
Fresh dainties are by Britain's traffic known,
And now by constant use familiar grown.
What lord of old would bid his cook prepare
Mangoes, potargo, champignons, caveare?
Or would our thrum-cap'd ancestors find fault,
For want of sugar-tongs, or spoons for salt?
New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
Has by one vessel sav'd his name from death.
The seasons change us all:—by Autumn's frost,
The shady leaves of trees and fruit are lost;
But then the Spring breaks forth with fresh supplies,
And from the teeming earth new buds arise.

So stubble-geese at Michaelmas are seen
Upon the spit; next May produces green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark:
What cavalier would know St. James's Park?*
For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring;
And wild-ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing;
A princely palace on that space does rise,
Where Sedley's noble Muse found mulberries.†
Since places alter thus, what constant thought
Of filling various dishes can be taught?
For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who'd fix those things where fashion is the rule.
King Hardicnute, midst Danes and Saxons stout,
Carouz'd in nut-brown ale, and din'd on grout;
Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
And when each prince is crown'd, in splendour reigns.
By northern custom, duty was express'd,
To friends departed, by their funeral feast.
Though I've consulted Holinshed and Stow,
I find it very difficult to know
Who, to refresh the' attendants to a grave,
Burnt-claret first, or Naples-biscuit gave.

* In the time of King Henry VIII. the Park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, inclosed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-enclosed ground and new-raised building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II; who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the Canal, with a decoy, and other ponds, for water-fowl.

† A comedy called, 'The Mulberry Garden:' printed in 1668, was written by Sir Charles Sedley, and is well spoken of by Mr. Reed, in the Biographia Dramatica.

Trotter from quince and apples first did frame
A pie, which still retains his proper name:
Though common grown, yet with white sugar strow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodness is allow'd.
As wealth flow'd in, and plenty sprang from peace,
Good-humour reign'd, and pleasures found increase,
'Twas usual then the banquet to prolong
By music's charm, and some delightful song;
Where every youth in pleasing accents strove
To tell the stratagems and cares of love;
How some successful were, how others cross'd;
Then to the sparkling glass would give his toast,
Whose bloom did most in his opinion shine,
To relish both the music and the wine.
Why am I styl'd a cook, if I'm so loth
To marinate my fish, or season broth,
Or send up what I roast with pleasing froth;
If I my master's *gusto* won't discern,
But, through my bashful folly, scorn to learn?
When among friends good-humour takes its birth,
'Tis not a tedious feast prolongs the mirth;
But 'tis not reason therefore you should spare,
When, as their future burgess, you prepare
For a fat corporation and their mayor.
All things should find their room in proper place;
And what adorns this treat, would that disgrace.
Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have excessive doings at their wake:
Ev'n tailors at their yearly feasts look great,
And all their cucumbers are turn'd to meat.
A prince, who in a forest rides astray,
And, weary, to some cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of fowl, or bisks of fish,
But, hungry, sups his cream serv'd up in earthen dish;

Quenches his thirst with ale in nut-brown bowls,
And takes the hasty rasher from the coals;
Pleas'd as King Henry with the miller free,
Who thought himself as good a man as he.
  Unless some sweetness at the bottom lie,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the pie?
  If you would have me merry with your cheer,
Be so yourself, or so at least appear.
  The things we eat, by various juice control
The narrowness or largeness of our soul.
Onions will make ev'n heirs or widows weep;
The tender lettuce brings on softer sleep;
Eat beef or pie-crust, if you'd serious be;
Your shell-fish raises Venus from the sea;
For nature, that inclines to ill or good,
Still nourishes our passions by our food.
  Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
To whom she much has given, and much denied:
With abstinence all delicates he sees,
And can regale himself with toast and cheese.
  Your betters will despise you, if they see
Things that are far surpassing your degree;
Therefore beyond your substance never treat;
'Tis plenty, in small fortune, to be neat.
'Tis certain that a steward can't afford
An entertainment equal with his Lord.
Old age is frugal; gay youth will abound
With heat, and see the flowing cup go round.
A widow has cold pie; nurse gives you cake;
From generous merchants ham or sturgeon take.
The farmer has brown bread as fresh as day,
And butter fragrant as the dew of May.
Cornwall squab-pie, and Devon white-pot brings;
And Leicester beans and bacon, food of kings!

At Chrismas-time, be careful of your fame,
See the old tenants' table be the same;
Then, if you would send up the brawner's head,
Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread:
His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,
Or midst those thundering spears an orange place:
Sauce like himself, offensive to its foes,
The roguish mustard, dangerous to the nose.
Sack and the well-spic'd hippocras the wine,
Wassail the bowl with ancient ribands fine,
Porridge with plums, and turkeys with the chine.
If you perhaps would try some dish unknown,
Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,
Like ancient sailors still regard the coast,
By venturing out too far you may be lost.
By roasting that which your forefathers boil'd,
And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.
That cook to British palates is complete,
Whose savoury hand gives turns to common meat.
Though cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
Through niceness of their subject, few have writ.
In what an awkward sound that ballad ran,
Which with this blustering paragraph began:

*There was a prince of Lubberland,*
*A potentate of high command;*
*Ten thousand bakers did attend him,*
*Ten thousand brewers did befriend him;*
*These brought him kissing-crusts, and those*
*Brought him small-beer, before he rose.*

The author raises mountains seeming full,
But all the *cry* produces little *wool:*
So, if you sue a beggar for a house,
And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? A louse!
Homer, more modest, if we search his books,

Will show us that his heroes all were cooks;
How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
To quarter out the ox, and spit the loins.
Oh, could that poet live! could he rehearse
Thy journey, Lister, in immortal verse!
*Muse, sing the man that did to Paris go,*
*That he might taste their soups, and mushrooms know!*
Oh, how would Homer praise their dancing dogs,
Their stinking cheese, and fricasee of frogs!
He'd raise no fables, sing no flagrant lie,
Of boys with custard chok'd at Newberry;
But their whole courses you'd entirely see,
How all their parts from first to last agree.
If you all sorts of persons would engage,
Suit well your eatables to every age.
The favourite child, that just begins to prattle,
And throws away his silver bells and rattle,
Is very humorsome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has windows on his bread and butter:
He for repeated supper-meat will cry,
But won't tell mammy what he'd have, or why!
The smooth-fac'd youth, that has new guardians chose,
From playhouse steps to supper at the Rose,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating must be little, costly, nice.
Maturer age, to this delight grown strange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour rising from a sheriff's wealth:
Unless he some insurance-dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age, by still intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears.

Morose, perverse in humour, diffident,
The more he still abounds the less content;
His larder and his kitchen too observes,
And *now*, lest he should want hereafter, starves;
Thinks scorn of all the present age can give,
And none these threescore years knew how to live.
But now the cook must pass through all degrees,
And by his art discordant tempers please,
And minister to health and to disease.

Far from the parlour have your kitchen plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd:
In private draw your poultry, clean your tripe,
And from your eels their slimy substance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing, abhor the sight.

Next, let discretion moderate your cost,
And, when you treat, three courses be the most.
Let never fresh machines your pastry try,
Unless grandees or magistrates are by:
Then you may put a dwarf into a pie.*
Or, if you'd fright an alderman and mayor,
Within a pasty lodge a living hare;
Then midst their gravest fur shall mirth arise,
And all the Guild pursue with joyful cries.

Crowd not your table: let your number be
Not more than seven, and never less than three.

'Tis the desert that graces all the feast,
For an ill end disparages the rest:
A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.

* In the reign of Charles I. Jeffery Hudson (then seven or eight years old, and but eighteen inches in height) was served up to table in a cold pie at the Duke of Buckingham's, and as soon as he made his appearance was presented by the Duchess to Queen Henrietta Maria, who retained him in her service.

Make your transparent sweetmeats truly nice,
With Indian sugar and Arabian spice:
And let your various creams encircled be
With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree.
Let plates and dishes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth transparent wrought.
The feast now done, discourses are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth pursued:
The cheerful master, midst his jovial friends,
His glass 'to their best wishes' recommends.
The grace-cup follows to his sovereign's health,
And to his country, 'Plenty, peace, and wealth.'
Performing then the piety of *grace*,
Each man that pleases re-assumes his place;
While at his gate, from such abundant store,
He showers his godlike blessings on the poor.
  In days of old, our fathers went to war,
Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their beef they often in their murrions* stew'd,
And in their basket-hilts their beverage brew'd.
Some officer perhaps may give consent
To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every soldier got,
Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot:
But, when our conquests were extensive grown,
And through the world our British worth was known,
Wealth on commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their champaign sparkled equal with their lace;
Quails, beccoficos, ortolans, were sent,
To grace the levee of a general's tent;
In their gilt plate all delicates were seen,
And what was earth before became a rich terrene.

* Helmets.

When the young players once get to Islington,
They fondly think that all the world's their own:
Prentices, parish-clerks, and hectors meet;
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the treat.
Their talk is loose; and o'er the bouncing ale
At constables and justices they rail;
Not thinking custard such a serious thing,
That common-councilmen 'twill thither bring;
Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
With softening mead and cheesecake ends the strife.
Ev'n squires come there, and with their mean discourse,
Render the kitchen, which they sit in, worse.
Midwives demure, and chambermaids most gay,
Foremen that pick the box, and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In cream and codlings revelling with delight.
What these approve, the great men will dislike:
But here's the art, if you the palate strike;
By management of common things so well,
That what was thought the meanest shall excel;
While others strive in vain, all persons own
Such dishes could be dress'd by you alone.

When straiten'd in your time, and servants few,
You'll rightly then compose an *ambigue;*
Where first and second course, and your desert,
All in one single table have their part.
From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,
To find the jarring elements unite,
And raise a structure grateful to the sight.

Be not too far by old example led,
With caution now we in their footsteps tread:
The French our relish help, and well supply
The want of things too gross by decency.

Our fathers most admir'd their sauces sweet,
And often ask'd for sugar with their meat;
They butter'd currants on fat veal bestow'd,
And rumps of beef with virgin honey strew'd;
Insipid taste, old friend, to them who Paris know,
Where rocombole, 'shallot, and the rank garlic, grow.

Tom Bold did first begin the strolling mart,
And drove about his turnips in a cart;
Sometimes his wife the citizens would please,
And from the same machine sell pecks of pease;
Then pippins did in wheel-barrows abound,
And oranges in whimsey-boards went round:
Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her cherries on a stall;
Her currants there and gooseberries were spread,
With the enticing gold of gingerbread:
But flounders, sprats, and cucumbers, were cried,
And every sound and every voice was tried.
At last the Law this hideous din suppress'd,
And order'd that the Sunday should have rest;
And that no nymph her noisy food should sell,
Except it were new milk or mackarel.

There is no dish but what our cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade.
Not French kickshaws, or oglios brought from Spain,
Alone have found improvement from their brain;
But pudding, brawn, and white-pots, own'd to be
The' effects of native ingenuity.

Our British fleet, which now commands the main,
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain.
Would they take time; would they with leisure work,
With care would salt their beef, and cure their pork;

Would boil their liquor well whene'er they brew,
*Their conquest half is to the victualler due.*
Because that thrift and abstinence are good,
As many things if rightly understood;
Old Cross condemns all persons to be fops,
That can't regale themselves with mutton-chops.
He often for stuff'd beef to Bedlam runs,
And the clean rummer, as the pesthouse, shuns.
Sometimes poor jack* and onions are his dish,
And then he saints those friars who stink of fish.
As for myself, I take him to abstain,
Who has good meat, with decency, though plain:
But, though my edge be not too nicely set,
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when season's pass'd
What's stale, what choice, what plentiful, what waste,
And lead him through the various maze of taste.
The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious cooks *the relish* call;
For, when the market sends in loads of food,
They all are tasteless till *that* makes them good.
Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare:
You'd please a friend, or reconcile a brother,
A testy father, or a haughty mother;
Would mollify a judge, would cram a squire,
Or else some smiles from court you may desire;
Or would, perhaps, some hasty supper give,
To show the splendid state in which you live.
Pursuant to that interest you propose,
Must all your wines and all your meat be chose.

* Poor John, or dried ling.

Let men and manners every dish adapt;
Who'd force his pepper where his guests are *clap'd*?
A cauldron of fat beef and stoop of ale
On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail,
Than if you give them with the nicest art
*Ragouts* of peacocks' brains, or filbert-tart.
  The French by soups and *haut-gouts* glory raise,
And their desires all terminate in praise.
The thrifty maxim of the weary Dutch
Is, to save all the money they can touch:
  'Hans,' cries the father, 'see a pin lies there;
A pin a day will fetch a groat a-year.
To your five farthings join three farthings more;
And they, if added, make your halfpence four.'
Thus may your stock by management increase,
Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's peace.
Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail,
What hopes of sugar'd cakes or butter'd ale?
  Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture show their skill:
Clog not your constant meals; for dishes few
Increase the appetite, when choice and new.
Ev'n they, who will extravagance profess,
Have still an inward hatred for excess:
Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
Few care for carving trifles in disguise,
Or that fantastic dish some call *surprise*.
When pleasures to the eye and palate meet,
That cook has render'd his great work complete:
His glory far, like *sirloin knighthood*, flies;
Immortal made, as *Kit-cat* by his pies.
  Good-nature must some failings overlook,
Not wilfulness, but errors of the cook.

A string won't always give the sound design'd
By the musician's touch and heavenly mind:
Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
Still to the destin'd point directly go.
Perhaps no salt is thrown about the dish,
Or no fried parsley scatter'd on the fish;
Shall I in passion from my dinner fly,
And hopes of pardon to my cook deny,
For things which carelessness might oversee,
And all mankind commit as well as he?
I with compassion once may overlook
A skewer sent to table by my cook;
But think not therefore tamely I'll permit
That he should daily the same fault commit,
For fear the rascal send me up the spit!

Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
Nor would submit to have his hand confin'd,
But aim'd at all, yet never could excel
In any thing but stuffing of his veal:
But, when that dish was in perfection seen,
And that alone, would it not move your spleen?
'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,
And gently sink the artist into sleep.
Ev'n Lamb himself, at the most solemn feast,
Might have some chargers not exactly dress'd.

Tables should be like pictures to the sight,
Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light,
Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
Where ease may all their *delicace* command:
Some should be mov'd when broken; others last
Through the whole treat, incentive to the taste.

Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the kitchen call'd his eldest son:

'Though wise thyself, (says he) though taught by [me,
Yet fix this sentence in thy memory:
There are some certain things that don't excel,
And yet we say are *tolerably well*:
There's many worthy men a lawyer prize,
Whom they distinguish as of *middle* size,
For pleading well at bar, or turning books;
But this is not, my son, the fate of cooks,
From whose mysterious art true pleasure springs
To *stall* of garter, and to *throne* of kings.
A simple scene, a disobliging song,
Which no way to the main design belong,
Or were they absent never would be miss'd,
Have made a well-wrought comedy be hiss'd:
So in a feast no intermediate fault
Will be allow'd; but, if not best, 'tis naught.'

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
From nine-pins, quoits, and from trap-ball, abstains;
Cudgels avoids, and shuns the wrestling-place,
Lest vinegar resound his loud disgrace.
But every one to cookery pretends;
Nor maid nor mistress e'er consult their friends.
But, sir, if you would roast a pig, be free:
Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
We'll see when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,
Or if it wants the nice concluding bout;
But, if it lies too long, the crackling's pall'd,
Not by the drudging-box to be recall'd.

Our Cambrian fathers, sparing in their food,
First broil'd their hunted goats on bars of wood.
Sharp hunger was their seasoning, or they took
Such salt as issued from the native rock.
Their sallading was never far to seek,
The poignant water-grass, or savoury leek;

Until the British bards adorn'd this isle,
And taught them how to roast, and how to boil:
Then Taliessin rose, and sweetly strung
His British harp, instructing whilst he sung:
Taught them that honesty they still possess,
Their truth, their open heart, their modest dress,
Duty to kindred, constancy to friends,
And inward worth, which always recommends;
Contempt of wealth and pleasure, to appear
To all mankind with hospitable cheer.
In after-ages, Arthur taught his knights
At his round-table to record their fights,
Cities craz'd, encampments fore'd in field,
Monsters subdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
Inspir'd that Cambrian soul which ne'er can yield.
Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
To future heroes due example set,
By his capacious cauldron made appear,
From whence the spirits rise, and strength of war.
The present age, to gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vast improvements of the mind.
He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er beef-steaks;
His name may be to future times enroll'd,
In Estcourt's book,* whose gridiron's fram'd of gold.

* That is, 'be admitted a member of the Beef-steak Club.'—Richard Estcourt, who was a player and dramatic writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as possessed of a sprightly wit, and an easy and natural politeness. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef-steak Club was first instituted, he had the office of Providore assigned him; and, as a mark of distinction, used to wear a small gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green silk riband. He died in the year 1713.

Scorn not these lines, design'd to let you know
Profits that from a well-plac'd table flow.
'Tis a sage question, if the art of cooks
Is lodg'd by nature, or attain'd by books?
That man will never frame a noble treat,
Whose whole dependence lies in some receipt:
Then by pure nature every thing is spoil'd,
She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, roast, and boil'd.
When art and nature join, the' effect will be
Some nice *ragout*, or charming *fricasee*.
The lad that would his genius so advance,
That on the rope he might securely dance,
From tender years enures himself to pains,
To summer's parching heat, and winter's rains,
And from the fire of wine and love abstains;
No artist can his hautboy's stops command,
Unless some skilful master form his hand:
But gentry take their cooks though never tried,
It seems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus show him a fool,
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at school.
Ox-cheek when hot, and wardens bak'd, some cry;
But 'tis with an intention men should buy.
Others abound with such a plenteous store,
That, if you'll let them treat, they'll ask no more:
And 'tis the vast ambition of their soul,
To see their port admir'd, and table full.
But then, amidst that cringing fawning crowd,
Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,
Who with such grace his honour's actions praise,
How well he fences, dances, sings, and plays;
Tell him his livery's rich, his chariot's fine,
How choice his meat, and delicate his wine;

Surrounded thus, how should the youth descry
The happiness of friendship from a lie?
Friends act with cautious temper when sincere;
But flattering impudence is void of care;
So at an Irish funeral appears
A train of drabs with mercenary tears;
Who, wringing oft their hands, with hideous moan,
Know not his name for whom they seem to groan;
While real grief with silent steps proceeds,
And love unfeign'd with inward passion bleeds.
Hard fate of wealth! Were lords as butchers wise,
They from their meat would banish all the *flies!*
The Persian kings, with wine and massy bowl,
Search'd to the dark recesses of the soul;
That so laid open, no one might pretend,
Unless a man of worth, to be their friend.
But now the guests their patrons undermine;
And slander them, for giving them their wine.
Great men have dearly thus companions bought:
Unless by these instructions they'll be taught,
They spread the net, and will themselves be caught.

Were Horace, that great master, now alive,
A feast with wit and judgment he'd contrive.
As thus:—Supposing that you would rehearse
A labour'd work, and every dish a verse;
He'd say, 'Mend this and t'other line, and this.'
If after trial it were still amiss,
He'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
Or set some dish more curious in its place.
If you persist, he would not strive to move
A passion so delightful as self-love.

We should submit our treats to critics' view,
And every prudent cook should read Bossu.

Judgment provides the meat in season fit,
Which by the genius dress'd, its sauce is wit.
Good beef for men, pudding for youth and age,
Come up to the decorum of the stage.
The critic strikes out all that is not just,
And 'tis ev'n so the butler chips his crust.
Poets and pastry-cooks will be the same,
Since both of them their images must frame.
Chimeras from the poet's fancies flow:
The cook contrives his shapes in real dough.

When truth commands, there's no man can offend,
That with a modest love corrects his friend,
Though 'tis in toasting bread, or buttering pease,
So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease.
But why should we reprove when faults are small?—
Because 'tis better to have none at all.
There's often weight in things that seem the least,
And our most trifling follies raise the jest.

'Tis by his cleanliness a cook must please;
A kitchen will admit of no disease.
The fowler and the huntsman both may run
Amidst that dirt which he must nicely shun.
Empedocles, a sage of old, would raise
A name immortal by unusual ways;
At last his fancies grew so very odd,
He thought by *roasting* to be made a god:
Though fat, he leapt with his unwieldy stuff
In Ætna's flames, so to have fire enough.
Were my cook fat, and I a stander-by,
I'd rather than himself his fish should fry.

There are some persons so excessive rude,
That to your private table they'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast;
Turn like a fox, they'll catch you at the last.

You must, since bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your house as in a pestilence.
Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach,
And, as you're scampering, stop you in your coach.
Then think of all your sins, and you will see
How right your guilt and punishment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
But you would throw some debtor into gaol.
Now mark the' effect of this prevailing curse,
You are detain'd by something that is worse.
Were it in my election, I should choose
To meet a ravenous wolf or bear got loose:
He'll eat and talk, and talking still will eat,
No quarter from the parasite you'll get;
But, like a leech well fix'd, he'll suck what's good;
And never part till satisfied with blood.

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## *MULLY OF MOUNTOWN.**

FIRST PRINTED IN 1704.

MOUNTOWN! thou sweet retreat from Dublin cares,
Be famous for thy apples and thy pears;
For turnips, carrots, lettuce, beans, and pease;
For Peggy's butter, and for Peggy's cheese.
May clouds of pigeons round about thee fly!
But condescend sometimes to make a pie.
May fat geese gaggle with melodious voice,
And ne'er want gooseberries or apple-sauce!

* It was taken for a state poem, and to have many mysteries in it; though it was only made, as well as 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' for country diversion. Mountown was a pleasant villa to the south of Dublin, near the sea.

Ducks in thy ponds, and chickens in thy pens,
And be thy turkeys numerous as thy hens!
May thy black pigs lie warm in little sty,
And have no thought to grieve them till they die;
Mountown! the Muse's most delicious theme;
Oh! may thy codlins ever swim in cream!
The rasp and strawberries in Bourdeaux drown,
To add a redder tincture to their own!
Thy white-wine, sugar, milk, together club,
To make that gentle viand—syllabub.
Thy tarts to tarts, cheesecakes to cheesecakes join,
To spoil the relish of the flowing wine.
But to the fading palate bring relief,
By thy Westphalian ham, or Belgic beef;
And, to complete thy blessings, in a word,
May still thy soil be generous as its lord.*

Oh! Peggy, Peggy, when thou goest to brew,
Consider well what you're about to do;
Be very wise, very sedately think
That what you're going now to make is *drink;*
Consider who must drink that drink; and then,
What 'tis to have the praise of *honest* men:
For surely, Peggy, while that drink does last,
'Tis Peggy will be *toasted* or *disgrac'd.*
Then, if thy ale in *glass* thou would'st confine,
To make its sparkling rays in beauty shine,
Let thy clean bottle be entirely dry,
Lest a white substance to the surface fly,
And, floating there, disturb the curious eye.
But this great maxim must be understood,
'Be sure, nay very sure, thy *cork* be good!'

* Judge Upton.

Then future ages shall of Peggy tell,
That nymph that *brew'd* and *bottled* ale so well.

How fleet is air! how many things have breath,
Which in a moment they resign to death;
Depriv'd of light, and all their happiest state,
Not by their fault, but some o'er-ruling fate!
Although fair flowers, that justly might invite,
Are crop'd, nay torn away, for man's delight;
Yet still those flowers, alas! can make no moan,
Nor has Narcissus now a power to groan!
But all those things which breathe in different frame,
By tie of common breath, man's pity claim.
A gentle lamb has rhetoric to plead,
And, when she sees the butcher's knife decreed,
Her voice entreats him not to make her bleed:
But cruel gain, and luxury of taste,
With pride, still lays man's *fellow mortals* waste:
What earth and waters breed, or air inspires,
Man for his palate fits by torturing fires.

Mully, a cow, sprung from a beauteous race,
With spreading front, did Mountown's pasture grace,
Gentle she was, and, with a gentle stream,
Each morn and night gave milk that equal'd cream.
Offending none, of none she stood in dread,
Much less of persons which she daily *fed:*
'But innocence cannot itself defend
'Gainst treacherous arts, veil'd with the name of friend.'

Robin of Derbyshire, whose temper shocks
The constitution of his native rocks;
Born in a place,* which, if it once be nam'd,
Would make a blushing modesty asham'd:

* The Devil's Arse of Peak, described by Hobbes in his poem 'De Mirabilibus Pecci.'

He with indulgence kindly did *appear*,
To make poor Mully his peculiar care;
But inwardly this sullen churlish thief
Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's beef;
His fancy fed on her; and thus he'd cry,
'Mully, as sure as I'm alive, you die!
'Tis a brave cow. O sirs, when Christmas comes,
These shins shall make the porridge grac'd with plums;
Then, midst our cups, whilst we profusely *dine*,
This blade shall enter deep in Mully's chine.
What ribs, what rumps, what bak'd, boil'd, stew'd, and roast!
There shan't one single tripe of her be lost!'
When Peggy, nymph of Mountown, heard these sounds,
She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds.
'What crime (said she) has gentle Mully done?
Witness the rising and the setting sun,
That knows what milk she constantly would give!
Let that quench Robin's rage, and Mully live.'
Daniel, a sprightly swain, that us'd to slash
The vigorous steeds that drew his lord's calash,
To Peggy's side inclin'd; for 'twas well known
How well he lov'd those cattle of his own.
Then Terence spoke, oraculous and sly,
He'd neither grant the question nor deny;
Pleading for milk, his thoughts were on mince-pie:
But all his arguments so dubious were,
That Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.
'You've spoke, (says Robin) but now, let me tell ye,
'Tis not fair spoken *words* that fill the *belly*:

Pudding and beef I love; and cannot stoop
To recommend your bonny-clapper soup.
You say she's innocent: but what of that?
'Tis more than crime sufficient that she's *fat!*
And that which is prevailing in this case
Is, there's another cow to fill her place.
And, granting Mully to have milk in store,
Yet still this other cow will give us more.
She dies.'—Stop here, my Muse: forbear the rest:
And veil that grief which cannot be express'd!

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## *THE FISHERMAN.*

Tom Banks by native industry was taught
The various arts how fishes might be caught.
Sometimes with trembling reed and single hair,
And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcast eyes,
Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in rivulet quick, and water clear,
They'd meet a fate more generous from his spear.
To basket oft he'd pliant oziers turn,
Where they might entrance find, but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he'd sometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below:
But, when he would a quick destruction make,
And from afar much larger booty take,
He'd through the stream, where most descending, set
From side to side his strong capacious net;
And then his rustic crew with mighty poles
Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,
And so pursue them down the rolling flood,
Gasping for breath, and almost chok'd with mud,

Till they, of further passage quite bereft,
Were in the mash, with gills entangled, left.
Trot, who liv'd down the stream, ne'er thought his beer
Was good, unless he had his water clear.
He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale:
'Lord! if you knew but how the people rail!
They cannot boil, nor wash, nor rinse, they say,
With water sometimes ink, and sometimes whey,
According as you meet with mud or clay.
Besides, my wife these six months could not brew,
And now the blame of this all's laid on you:
For it will be a dismal thing to think
How we old Trots must live, and have no drink.
Therefore, I pray, some other method take
Of fishing, were it only for our sake.'
Says Banks, 'I'm sorry it should be my lot
Ever to disoblige my gossip Trot:
Yet t'en't my fault! but so 'tis fortune tries one,
To make his meat become his neighbour's poison;
And so we pray for winds upon this coast,
By which on t'other navies may be lost.
Therefore in patience rest, though I proceed:
There's no ill-nature in the case, but need.
Though for your use this water will not serve,
I'd rather you should choke, than I should starve.'

# SELECT POEMS

OF

# *THOMAS SPRAT,*

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF SPRAT.

THOMAS SPRAT, the son of a clergyman, was born at Tallaton, in Devonshire, in 1636. He was educated, according to his own account, in a little school, by the church yard side; became a commoner of Windham College, in Oxford, in 1651; and, after completing the regular academical course, took his master's degree, in 1657.

His first poem, on the death of Oliver, was published with those of Dryden and Waller, in 1659. The *Plague of Athens* appeared, in the same year; and to these he afterwards added a poem on the death of Cowley. After the Restoration, he took orders, and became chaplain both to the King, and to the Duke of Buckingham.

He was the friend of Wilkins; to whom he dedicated his first poem; and at whose house he held those philosophical discussions, which gave birth to the Royal Society. He wrote the history of that Institution, in 1667; and Dr. Johnson thinks that it is 'selection of sentiment and elegance of diction' alone, that has been able to peruse a work 'written upon a subject flux and transitory. The *History of the Royal Society* is now read, (says he) not with a wish to know what they were then doing, but how their Transactions were exhibited by Sprat.' We know not how it might have been, when this judgment was pronounced; but, if Sprat's *History* is read in our times, it is because the influence of the *Royal Society* upon the progress of experimental

philosophy has made all the lovers of science 'wish to know what they were then doing.' We hope, that English literature is not so barren of works distinguished for 'select sentiment and elegant diction,' that a volume of Philosophical Transactions must be read purely for its excellencies of style: and why Dr. Johnson should call the subject 'flux and transitory,' his love of a good period will not enable us to divine.

Sprat's next work, published in 1668, was *Observations on Sorbiere's Voyage into England;* and it was in the same year, that he printed Cowley's Latin Poems, prefaced with a Life of the Author in Latin. He became prebendary of Westminster, in 1668; canon of Windsor, in 1680; dean of Westminster, in 1683; and bishop of Rochester, in 1684. In return for these promotions, he was obliged to write for the Court, in 1685, a *History of the Rye-House Plot;*—a work, for which, after the Revolution, he found or fancied it necessary to apologize. In the same year with the publication of this book, he was made dean of the chapel-royal; and, the year afterwards, was appointed one of the commissioners for ecclesiastical affairs. These favours were not forgotten, when King James stood in need of help. In the face of the new government, Sprat manfully spoke in the negative of the question concerning the vacancy of the throne; and so notorious, indeed, was his attachment to his old master, that he was selected, among others, as the fit subject of a conspiracy, which had nearly convicted him of a design to restore the abdicated monarch.

In 1692, two fellows, of the name of Young and Blackhead,—both in Newgate, for infamous crimes, drew up an Association, subscribed with the names of Sancroft, Sprat, Malborough, Salisbury, and others; in which it was resolved to seize the princess of Orange, dead or alive,—to recall King James, and be ready, with 30,000 men, to welcome his land-

ing. Dr. Sprat's signature was obtained by sending him a fictitious note, which he was requested to answer 'in his own hand;' and the autograph was copied so successfully, that he acknowledged, he might have been deceived by it himself. Blackhead, who carried the original letter, was sent again, on some plausible excuse, with the instrument of association; and, after trying in vain to be admitted into the study, at last dropped it into a flower pot in the parlour. An information was laid; the bishop arrested; and his house searched. Special orders were given to examine the flower pots: but the examiners missed the room; and Blackhead was, at last, obliged to go himself. He found his paper where he had left it; and the bishop was brought before the Privy Council; confronted with the informers, and subjected to an examination. Young persisted in his accusation; but Blackhead, at length, began to flinch; and, in the end, the Bishop's innocence was completely established. He printed an account of this transaction; and yearly commemorated his deliverance by a day of thanksgiving. He died May 20, 1713.

Dr. Johnson received, from his father, an anecdote of a preaching contest, between Burnet and Sprat, before the House of Commons. Burnet preached a seditious sermon; and received the thanks of the Commons. Sprat delivered a loyal discourse; and got a living from the King. It was the custom, in those days, to applaud a preacher, by setting up a loud *hum*, when he came to any part which delighted the audience. The degree of approbation was proportioned to the loudness of the noise; and some of Burnet's congregation hummed, occasionally, so loud and so long, that he would sit down to enjoy it. Sprat's congregation attempted to animate him in the same way; but he always cut short their humming, with 'Peace, peace; I pray you, peace.'

# THOMAS SPRAT,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

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## *TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,*

(MR. EDWARD HOWARD)

*Upon his incomparable incomprehensible Poem, intitled 'The British Princes.'*

Your book our old knight errants' fame revives,
Writ in a style agreeing with their lives.
All rumour's strength their prowess did outgo,
All rumour's skill your verses far outdo:
To praise the Welsh the world must now combine,
Since to their leeks you do your laurel join:
Such lofty strains your country's story fit,
Whose mountain nothing equals but your wit.
  Bonduca, were she such as here we see
(In British paint), none could more dreadful be:
With naked armies she encounter'd Rome,
Whose strength with naked nature you o'ercome.
Nor let small critics blame this mighty queen,
That in king Arthur's time she there is seen:
You that can make immortal by your song,
May well one life four hundred years prolong.

Thus Virgil bravely dar'd, for Dido's love,
The settled course of time and years to move.
Though him you imitate in this alone,
In all things else you borrow help from none:
No antique tale of Greece or Rome you take,
Their fables and examples you forsake.
With true heroic glory you display
A subject new, writ in the newest way.
Go forth, great author, for the world's delight;
Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to write;
They talk strange things that ancient poets did,
How trees and stones they into buildings lead:
For poems to raise cities, now, 'tis hard;
But yours, at least, will build half Paul's churchyard.

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## *ON HIS MISTRESS DROWN'D.*

IN THE MANNER OF COWLEY.

Sweet stream, that dost with equal pace
Both thyself fly and thyself chase,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And listen to my woe.

Then go, and tell the sea that all its brine
Is fresh compar'd to mine:
Inform it that the gentler dame,
Who was the life of all my flame,
I' th' glory of her bud
Has pass'd the fatal flood,
Death by this only stroke triumphs above
The greatest power of love:

Alas, alas! I must give o'er,
My sighs will let me add no more.
Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled breast;
And if my sad complaints have made thee stay,
These tears, these tears, shall mend thy way.

## *EPIGRAM ON A PIGMY'S DEATH.*

Bestride an ant a pigmy great and tall
Was thrown, alas! and got a dreadful fall;
Under the' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,
All torn; but yet with generous ardour cries,
'Behold, base, envious world; now, now laugh on,
For thus I fall, and thus fell Phaëton!'

# SELECT POEMS

OF

# *CHARLES MONTAGUE.*

EARL OF HALIFAX.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF HALIFAX.

CHARLES MONTAGUE, the son of Mr. George Montague, a younger son of the Earl of Manchester, was born at Horton, in Northamptonshire, April 16, 1661. He entered Westminster School in 1677; and was removed to Cambridge, in 1682. His verses on the death of king Charles, in 1685, procured him an invitation to town, from the Earl of Dorset. Two years afterwards, he assisted Prior in composing the *City Mouse and the Country Mouse*, in derision of Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. He signed the invitation to the Prince of Orange; married, about the same time, the Countess Dowager of Manchester; and, some time afterwards, purchased the place of a clerk in the council. When Dorset introduced him to William, after the victory of Boyne, 'Sir, (said he,) I have brought a *Mouse* to wait upon your Majesty.' 'You do well,' answered his Majesty, 'to put me in the way of making a *Man* of him.' Dr. Johnson justly observes, that the answer supposes a much greater acquaintance with English proverbs, than William could possibly have attained; and we may add, that the ridiculous idea of a waiting *Mouse* shows with what labour the anecdote was brought forth.

In 1691, Montague spoke, as a member of the commons, in favour of allowing council to those, who were accused of high treason. He became embarrassed and silent in one part of his speech;

but, recovering his presence of mind, he turned the failure into success, by observing, 'how reasonable it was to allow counsel to men called as criminals before a court of justice, when it appeared how much the presence of that assembly could disconcert one of their own body.' He now passed through all the gradations of preferment; and became, at length, the Earl of Halifax, Knight of the Garter, and First Commissioner of the Treasury. He died of an inflammation on his lungs, May 19, 1715.

Whether Halifax were himself a poet or not, there can be no doubt, that he was ever ready to reward other poets. Almost all the cotemporary wits agreed to make him a great writer; for it was hard to deny that person to be a brilliant genius, who was always so liberal in his favours. Posterity is little influenced by such considerations; and it has become difficult to find all those poetical excellencies, set forth in the dedications, with which Pope says he was 'fed.'

# CHARLES MONTAGUE,

## EARL OF HALIFAX.

### *THE MAN OF HONOUR;*

OCCASIONED BY A POSTSCRIPT OF PENN'S LETTER.

Not all the threats or favour of a crown,
A prince's whisper, or a tyrant's frown,
Can awe the spirit or allure the mind
Of him, who to strict honour is inclin'd.
Though all the pomp and pleasure that does wait
On public places, and affairs of state,
Should fondly court him to be base and great;
With even passions, and with settled face,
He would remove the harlot's false embrace.
Though all the storms and tempests should arise,
That church-magicians in their cells advise,
And from their settled basis nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in innocence, contemn them all,
And decently array'd in honours fall.
For this, brave Shrewsbury and Lumley's name
Shall stand the foremost in the list of fame;
Who first with steady minds the current broke,
And to the suppliant monarch boldly spoke:

'Great Sir, renown'd for constancy, how just
Have we obey'd the crown, and serv'd our trust,
Espous'd your cause and interest in distress,
Yourself must witness, and our foes confess!
Permit us then ill fortune to accuse,
That you at last unhappy councils use,
And ask the only thing we must refuse.
Our lives and fortunes freely we'll expose,
Honour alone we cannot, must not lose;
Honour, that spark of the celestial fire,
That above nature makes mankind aspire;
Ennobles the rude passions of our frame
With thirst of glory, and desire of fame;
The richest treasure of a generous breast,
That gives the stamp and standard to the rest.
Wit, strength, and courage, are wild dangerous force,
Unless this softens and directs their course;
And would you rob us of the noblest part?
Accept a sacrifice without a heart?
'Tis much beneath the greatness of a throne,
To take the casket when the jewel's gone;
Debauch our principles, corrupt our race,
And teach the nobles to be false and base;
What confidence can you in them repose,
Who, ere they serve you, all their value lose?
Who once enslave their conscience to their lust,
Have lost their reins, and can no more be just.
'Of honour, men at first like women nice,
Raise maiden scruples at unpractis'd vice;
Their modest nature curbs the struggling flame,
And stifles what they wish to act with shame:
But once this fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taste forbidden fruit and live;

They stop not here their course, but safely in,
Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in sin;
True to no principles, press forward still,
And only bound by appetite their will:
Now fawn and flatter, while this tide prevails,
But shift with every veering blast their sails.
Mark those that meanly truckle to your power,
They once deserted, and chang'd sides before,
And would to-morrow Mahomet adore.
On higher springs true men of honour move,
Free is their service, and unbought their love:
When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
And shook with gathering multitudes the throne,
Where were the minions then? What arm, what force,
Could they oppose to stop the torrent's course?
'Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly stood,
Free of their lives, and lavish of their blood;
But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
With the same constancy they all resign.'
Thus spake the youth, who open'd first the way,
And was the Phosphorus to the dawning day;
Follow'd by a more glorious splendid host
Than any age or any realm can boast:
So great their fame, so numerous their train,
To name were endless, and to praise in vain;
But Herbert and great Oxford merit more;
Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar;
So high their virtue as yet wants a name,
Exceeding wonder, and surpassing fame:
Rise, glorious church, erect thy radiant head;
The storm is pass'd, the' impending tempest fled;

Had fate decreed thy ruin or disgrace,
It had not given such sons so brave a race;
When for destruction Heaven a realm designs,
The symptoms first appear in slavish minds.
These men would prop a sinking nation's weight,
Stop falling vengeance, and reverse ev'n fate.
Let other nations boast their fruitful soil,
Their fragrant spices, their rich wine and oil;
In breathing colours, and in living paint,
Let them excel; their mastery we grant.
But to instruct the mind, to arm the soul
With virtue which no dangers can control;
Exalt the thought, a speedy courage lend,
That horror cannot shake, or pleasure bend;
These are the English arts, these we profess,
To be the same in misery and success;
To teach oppressors law, assist the good,
Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud.
Such are our souls: but what doth worth avail
When kings commit to hungry priests the scale?
All merit's light, when they dispose the weight,
Who either would embroil, or rule the state;
Defame those heroes who their yoke refuse,
And blast that honesty they cannot use;
The strength and safety of the crown destroy,
And the king's power against himself employ;
Affront his friends, deprive him of the brave;
Bereft of these, he must become their slave.
Men, like our money, come the most in play,
For being base, and of a coarse allay.
The richest medals, and the purest gold,
Of native value, and exactest mould,
By worth conceal'd, in private closets shine,
For vulgar use too precious and too fine;

Whilst tin and copper with new stamping bright,
Coin of base metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the business of the nation's turn,
Rais'd in contempt, us'd and employ'd in scorn;
So shining virtues are for courts too bright,
Whose guilty actions fly the searching light:
Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
Great without pomp, they willingly retire;
Give place to fools, whose rash misjudging sense
Increases the weak measures of their prince;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor see those dangers which the others shun;
Who, slow to act, each business duly weigh,
Advise with freedom, and with care obey;
With wisdom fatal to their interest, strive
To make their monarch lov'd, and nation thrive.
Such have no place where priests and women reign,
Who love fierce drivers, and a looser rein.

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## *WRITTEN AT ALTHROP,*

### IN A BLANK LEAF OF WALLER'S POEMS,

*Upon seeing Vandyke's Picture of the old Lady Sunderland.*

VANDYKE had colours, softness, fire, and art,
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire;
And Sacharissa was his fond desire.
Why then at Althrop seem her charms to faint,
In these sweet numbers and that glowing paint?

This happy seat a fairer mistress warms;
This shining offspring has eclips'd her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with brightest Saeharissa join'd.
As high as Nature reach'd, their art could soar;
But she ne'er made a finish'd piece before.

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## *VERSES*

### WRITTEN FOR THE TOASTING-GLASSES OF THE KIT-KAT CLUB, 1703.

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#### DUCHESS OF ST. ALBAN'S.

The line of Vere, so long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race complete;
They rose in value, and in beauty set.

#### DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

Offspring of a tuneful sire,
Bless'd with more than mortal fire;
Likeness of a mother's face,
Bless'd with more than mortal grace;
You with double charms surprise,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

#### LADY MARY CHURCHILL.

Fairest and latest of the beauteous race,
Bless'd with your parents' wit, and her first blooming face;
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boast,
Theirs was the first, and ours the brightest toast:
The' adorer's offerings prove who's most divine,
They sacrific'd in water; we, in wine.

LADY SUNDERLAND.

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear:
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

MADEMOISELLE SPANHEIME.

Admir'd in Germany, ador'd in France,
Your charms to brighter glory here advance;
The stubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,
And with their native toasts enrol your name.

---

ON THE

## *COUNTESS DOWAGER OF* ***.

Courage, dear Moll, and drive away despair,
Mopsa, who in her youth was scarce thought fair,
In spite of age, experience, and decays,
Sets up for charming, in her fading days;
Snuffs her dim eyes to give one parting blow,
Have at the heart of every ogling beau!
This goodly goose, all feather'd like a jay,
So gravely vain, and so demurely gay,
Last night, to' adorn the court, did overload
Her bald buff forehead with a high commode:

Her steps were manag'd with such tender art,
As if each board had been a lover's heart,
In all her air, in every glance, was seen
A mixture strange, 'twixt fifty and fifteen.
Admiring fops about her crowding press;
Hampden himself delivers their address,
Which she, accepting with a nice disdain,
Owns them her subjects, and begins to reign:
Fair queen of Fopland is her royal style;
Fopland! the greatest part of this great isle!
Nature did ne'er so equally divide
A female heart, 'twixt piety and pride:
Her waiting-maids prevent the peep of day,
And, all in order, on her toilet lay
Prayer-books, patch-boxes, sermon-notes, and paint,
At once to' improve the sinner and the saint.
Farewell, friend Moll! expect no more from me;
But if you would a full description see,
You'll find her somewhere in the Litany,
With 'pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy.'

# SELECT POEMS

OF

# *NICHOLAS ROWE.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

# LIFE OF ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE was born at Little Beckford, in Bedfordshire, in 1673. He was sent first to a private school in Highgate; but became, at twelve, a king's scholar at Westminster; and, at sixteen, was considered as sufficiently advanced to be entered of the Middle Temple. At first, he is said to have devoured statutes and reports with uncommon avidity: but his father's death, in 1692, revealed his natural propensity to a very different course of life. Poetry began to encroach upon the province of law; and the success of the *Ambitious Step-Mother*, in 1698, rendered him an irreclaimable author.

*Tamerlane* was written in 1702; the *Fair Penitent*, the next year; *Ulysses*, in 1706; the *Royal Convert*, in 1708; *Jane Shore*, in 1714; and *Lady Jane Grey*, in the following year. The *Fair Penitent*, and *Jane Shore* still take their turn upon the stage; but *Tamerlane*, *Ulysses*, the *Royal Convert*, and *Lady Jane Grey*, are no more. These were all tragedies. The author once attempted comedy, and produced the *Biter;* which was performed with great applause, on his part; though the rest of the audience are said to have wondered what could so excite his laughter.

In 1709, Rowe published an edition of Shakspeare; and wrote the first account of his life. He

promised little; and performed more than he promised. It was not to establish his own reputation, —but to extend that of Shakspeare, that he seems to have undertaken the work; and, though he did not write a very profound introduction, nor compose very erudite notes, he was still of great service to his author by restoring the purity of his text.

He was, for three years, the under-secretary of state; and Spence tells us, that he solicited public employment from the earl of Oxford; who, when Rowe, in compliance with his recommendation, had made himself master of the Spanish language, is said to have dismissed him with this congratulation: 'Sir, I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original.' 'The story (adds Dr. Johnson) is sufficiently attested; but why Oxford, who desired to be thought a favourer of literature, should thus insult a man of acknowledged merit; or how Rowe, who was so keen a Whig that he did not willingly converse with men of the opposite party, could ask preferment of Oxford; it is not now possible to discover.' Why he should seek preferment at all, since he had 'a competent fortune,' it is quite as impossible to discover. How Pope and Johnson should think such an answer to be an insult, or 'Lord Oxford's odd way,' we are at a loss to conceive. And why the anecdote has been deemed worthy of preservation, if it is not that it would be hard to lose a good story, we cannot imagine.

But, whether Rowe solicited preferment or not, there can be no doubt, that he was willing to receive it. At the accession of King George, he became poet-laureate, and a land-surveyor of the customs of London. The prince of Wales made him clerk of his council; and lord chancellor Parker appointed him, unasked, secretary of the presentations. The first parts of his *Pharsalia* had already appeared in the Miscellanies; and, as he was in-

duced to proceed with the translation, it is not likely that they were read without applause. He lived to finish the work; but died, before it was published, on the 6th of December, 1718; and was buried over against Chaucer, in Westminster Abbey.

Dr. Welwood, his friend and editor, has given us a pleasing account of his personal character;—and has it ever been otherwise, when the personal character of a man is left to the delineation of a friend and an editor? He was, it seems, a great beauty, a great linguist, a great philosopher, a great churchman, a great wit, a great author, a great officer, a great man. He had his detractors, it is true; but had not Homer his Zoilus? Without resorting to these stale allusions,—which are allusions to be let,—it is sufficiently attested, that Rowe was extensively versed in the dead and living languages; a sincere believer in revelation; an active and careful officer; and the best of companions;—fertile in topics of conversation; quick in comprehension; ready at reply; and, though often victorious in the combat of wit, never so successful as to put even an author out of humour. 'Mr. Rowe accompanied me, (says Pope, in a letter to Blount,) and passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you, there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition, almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which succeeds all our pleasure.'

It is possible that Pope said all this, about Rowe's conversation, without meaning to compliment his sincerity; and it is certain, that, at some time or other, both he and Addison entertained no very high opinion of his stability in friendship. 'Rowe, in Mr. Pope's opinion, (says Dr. Warburton,) maintained a decent character, but had no heart. Mr. Addison was justly offended with some behaviour which arose from that want, and estranged himself

from him; which Rowe felt very severely. Mr. Pope, their common friend, knowing this, took an opportunity, at some juncture of Mr. Addison's advancement, to tell him how poor Rowe was grieved at his displeasure, and what satisfaction he expressed at Mr. Addison's good fortune, which he expressed so naturally that he (Mr. Pope,) could not but think him sincere. Mr. Addison replied, 'I do not suspect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is such that he is struck with any new adventure; and it would affect him in just the same manner, if he heard I was going to be hanged.' Mr. Pope said, he could not deny, that Mr. Addison understood Rowe well. It may be; but surely, there was no magnanimity in making such a comment upon such a text. Rowe seems to have been too independent to be envious; and, because he did not choose to exalt his friends by intemperate adulation, or give them too much importance, by taking grievous offence at slight injuries, he appears to have been considered as destitute of sensibility. It is likely, that Addison, in the fruition of success, cared little what became of others. He was now in no need of their friendship; and it is possible, that he was even angry because Rowe did not envy him enough to abstain from openly hailing his good fortune.

It is chiefly as a Dramatist and a Translator, that Rowe acquired his poetical reputation. Dr. Whelwood has given him 'deep penetration;' but it is certain that he never penetrated deeply into the secrets of Nature; and, though he appears not to have wanted industry in his office, he was too indolent in composition to regard time, place, or order. Under some qualification, the great critic, whom we are so often obliged to cite, seems disposed to excuse Rowe's negligence in this particular. 'To vary the place, is not, in his opinion, any violation of Nature, if the change be made between the acts;

for it is no less easy for the spectator to suppose himself at Athens in the second act, than at Thebes in the first.' We see no reason for drawing the line even here. If an author is permitted to violate the three Unities, why should he be held to his five Acts? It does not take the imagination the length of one act, or the interlapse of two, to alter our ideal presence. It changes with a rapidity, which scene-shifters will strive in vain to emulate; and, if we can imagine ourselves at Athens at the opening, there is little difficulty in supposing we are at Thebes in the next scene.

It is only in one instance, that Rowe has succeeded in deeply affecting the audience. Jane Shore always excites our compassion. His other characters create much noise; and, though an adorer and the editor of Shakspeare, he appears to have imagined, that Grief is ever ambitious of proclaiming her own worthiness. But, if he seldom stirs the passions, he generally awakens the understanding. He satisfies the ear, if he does not delight the heart. The *Biter* was always considered as a harmless play; and it did not appear in the first edition of his works.

It was in the translation of the *Pharsalia*, that Rowe established his claim to poetical celebrity. There is in Lucan a peculiar strain of fierce invective and declamatory narration. He meddles only with magnificent ideas; or, if he sometimes touches such as are more humble, they become immediately exalted into unnatural magnitude, and invested with meretricious splendour. But his invective often degenerates into scolding, and his declamation frequently passes into bombast. Thus, he tells Cæsar, that, when he dies, the deities will all give way to him; and it will be left entirely to himself, what sort of god he will be, and where he will place the empire of the world. But he entreats him not to choose his seat very far either north or south; not

only because the rays of his influence will strike too obliquely upon Rome,—but because his incumbent weight will depress that part of the system. Choose, says he, the middle region; so as to keep the universe in equipoise. This is one of his most extravagant passages; and, we are afraid it must be charged to some stimulus more substantial than poetical inspiration; for, immediately after, dropping to something like sobriety, he adds, that Cæsar is already a divinity to him; and that, if *he* will only be propitious, there will be no necessity to call in the aid of BACCHUS.*

Rowe has written in the same spirit; but we know not that he availed himself of the same stimulus. He every where proves himself to have been thoroughly skilled in the Latin; and, though he often dilates his author's sense too much, and sometimes throws in an idea of his own, his version may truly be called, *Lucan speaking in English.* Perhaps our literature cannot produce a translation, in which there are so few weak and imperfect lines; and the general neglect into which it has fallen, can only be attributed, we think, to the insipidity of his original poems. They seem not to have attracted sufficient interest, to make the reader wish to see what else the author has written.

* Sed mihi jam numen: nec, si te pectore vates
Accipiam, Cirrhæa velim secreta moventum
Sollicitare Deum, Bacchumque avertere Nysâ.
Tu satis ad dandas Romana in carmina vires.
L. I. v. 63.

# NICHOLAS ROWE.

## *AN EPISTLE TO FLAVIA,*

ON THE SIGHT OF TWO PINDARIC ODES (ON THE SPLEEN AND VANITY)

*Written by a Lady *, her Friend.*

FLAVIA, to you with safety I commend
This verse, the secret failing of your friend;
To your good nature I securely trust,
Who know, that to conceal is to be just.
The Muse, like wretched maids by love undone,
From friends, acquaintance, and the light would run;
Conscious of folly, fears attending shame,
Fears the censorious world, and loss of fame.
Some confidant by chance she finds (though few
Pity the fools, whom love or verse undo)
Whose fond compassion soothes her in the sin,
And sets her on to venture once again.
  Sure, in the better ages of old time,
Nor poetry nor love was thought a crime; [sent,
From heaven they both, the god's best gifts, were
Divinely perfect both, and innocent:
Then were bad poets and loose loves not known;
None felt a warmth which they might blush to own.

* Anne Countess of Winchelsea.

Beneath cool shades our happy fathers lay,
And spent in pure untainted joys the day:
Artless their loves, artless their numbers were,
While nature simply did in both appear,
None could the censor or the critic fear.
Pleas'd to be pleas'd, they took what Heaven be-
Nor were too curious of the given good. (stow'd,
At length, like Indians fond of fancied toys,
We lost being happy, to be thought more wise.
In one curs'd age, to punish verse and sin,
Critics and hangmen, both at once, came in.
Wit and the laws had both the same ill fate,
And partial tyrants sway'd, in either state.
Ill-natur'd censure would be sure to damn
An alien-wit of independent fame,
While Bayes*, grown old, and harden'd in offence,
Was suffer'd to write on in spite of sense;
Back'd by his friends, the' invader brought along
A crew of foreign words into our tongue,
To ruin and enslave the free-born English song;
Still the prevailing faction prop'd his throne,
And to four volumes let his plays† run on;
Then a lewd tide of verse, with vicious rage,
Broke in upon the morals of the age.
The stage (whose art was once the mind to move
To noble daring, and to virtuous love)
Precept, with pleasure mix'd, no more profess'd,
But dealt in double-meaning bawdy jest:
The shocking sounds offend the blushing fair,
And drive them from the guilty theatre. [sprung,
Ye wretched bards! from whom these ills have,
Whom the avenging powers have spar'd too long,

* Dryden.
† His plays are considered as the worst of his writings.

Well may you fear the blow will surely come,
Your Sodom has no ten to' avert its doom;
Unless the fair Ardelia will alone;
To heaven for all the guilty tribe atone;
Nor can ten saints do more than such a one.
Since she alone of the poetic crowd
To the false gods of wit has never bow'd,
The empire, which she saves, shall own her sway,
And all Parnassus her bless'd laws obey.

Say, from what sacred fountain, nymph divine!
The treasures flow, which in thy verse do shine?
With what strange inspiration art thou bless'd,
What more than Delphic ardour warms thy breast?
Our sordid earth ne'er bred so bright a flame,
But from the skies, thy kindred skies, it came.
To numbers, great like thine, the' angelic quire
In joyous concert tune the golden lyre;
Viewing, with pitying eyes, our cares with thee,
They wisely own, that 'All is vanity;'
Ev'n all the joys which mortal minds can know,
And find Ardelia's verse the least vain thing below.

If Pindar's name to those bless'd mansions reach,
And mortal Muses may immortal teach,
In verse like his, the heavenly nation raise
Their tuneful voices to their Maker's praise.
Nor shall celestial harmony disdain,
For once, to imitate an earthly strain,
Whose fame, secure, no rival e'er can fear,
But those above, and fair Ardelia here.
She, who undaunted could his raptures view,
And with bold wings his sacred heights pursue;
Safe through the Dithyrambic stream she steer'd,
Nor the rough deep in all its dangers fear'd;

Not so the rest, who with successless pain
The' unnavigable torrent tried in vain.
  So Clelia leap'd into the rapid flood,
While the Etruscans struck with wonder stood:
Amidst the waves her rash pursuers died,
The macthless dame could only stem the tide,
And gain the glory of the farther side.
See with what pomp the antic masque comes in!
The various forms of the fantastic spleen.
Vain empty laughter, howling grief and tears,
False joy, bred by false hope, and falser fears;
Each vice, each passion, which pale nature wears,
In this odd monstrous medley mix'd appears.
Like Baye's dance confus'dly round they run,
Statesman, coquet, gay fop, and pensive nun,
Spectres and heroes, husbands and their wives,
With monkish drones that dream away their lives.
Long have I labour'd with the dire disease,
Nor found, but from Ardelia's numbers, ease:
The dancing verse runs through my sluggish veins,
Where dull and cold the frozen blood remains.
Pale cares and anxious thoughts give way in haste,
And to returning joy resign my breast;
Then, free from every pain I did endure,
I bless the charming author of my cure.
So when to Saul the great musician play'd,
The sullen fiend unwillingly obey'd,
And left the monarch's breast, to seek some safer
shade.

## *EPIGRAM*

TO THE TWO NEW MEMBERS FOR BRAMBER, 1708.

THOUGH in the Commons-House you did prevail,
Good Sir Cleve Moore, and gentle Master Hale;
Yet on good luck be cautious of relying,
Burgess for Bramber is no place to die in.
Your predecessors have been oddly fated:
Asgill and Shippen have been both *translated*.

---

## *VERSES*

MADE TO A SIMILE OF MR. POPE'S.

WHEN at our house the servants brawl,
And raise an uproar in the hall;
When John the butler, and our Mary,
About the plate and linen vary;
Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
In 'sneaking dog!' and 'ugly bitch!'
Down comes my lady like the devil,
And makes them silent all and civil.
Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
And scatters tempests brewing there:
Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
And one scold makes another cease.

## *THE UNION.*

While rich in brightest red the blushing Rose
Her freshest opening beauties did disclose;
Her, the rough Thistle, from a neighbouring field,
With fond desires and lover's eyes beheld:
Straight the fierce plant lays by his pointed darts,
And wooes the gentle flower with softer arts.
Kindly she heard, and did his flame approve,
And own'd the warrior worthy of her love.
Flora, whose happy laws the seasons guide,
Who does in fields and painted meads preside,
And crowns the gardens with their flowery pride,
With pleasure saw the wishing pair combine,
To favour what their goddess did design,
And bid them in eternal Union join.
'Henceforth (she said) in each returning year,
One stem the Thistle and the Rose shall bear:
The Thistle's lasting grace, thou, O my Rose! shalt be;
The warlike Thistle's arms, a sure defence to thee.'

---

## *COLIN'S COMPLAINT.*

### A SONG.

*To the Tune of 'Grim King of the Ghosts.'*

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.

The wind that blew over the plain,
  To his sighs with a sigh did reply:
And the brook, in return to his pain,
  Ran mournfully murmuring by.

'Alas, silly swain that I was;
  (Thus sadly complaining, he cried)
When first I beheld that fair face,
  'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
  When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
  'Was nightingale ever so sweet?'

'How foolish was I to believe
  She could doat on so lowly a clown;
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
  To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
  So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
  Or live in a cottage on love?

'What though I have skill to complain,
  Though the Muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
  The virgins sit weeping around:
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
  Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
  Whose music is sweeter than thine.

'And you, my companions so dear,
  Who sorrow to see me betray'd;
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
  Forbear to accuse the false maid.

Though through the wide world I should range,
  'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be false and to change,
  'Tis mine to be constant and die.

'If while my hard fate I sustain,
  In her breast any pity is found;
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
  And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave,
  Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
  Let her own that her shepherd was true.

'Then to her new love let her go,
  And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
  And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
  No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
  His ghost shall glide over the green.'

---

## *EPIGRAM*

ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S (THEN REGENT) APPEARING AT THE FIRE IN SPRING-GARDEN, 1716.

Thy guardian, bless'd Britannia, scorns to sleep,
When the sad subjects of his father weep;
Weak princes by their fears increase distress;
He faces danger, and so makes it less.
Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy;
He knows, to save is greater than destroy.

## *SONG*

ON A FINE WOMAN WHO HAD A DULL HUSBAND.

When on fair Celia's eyes I gaze,
  And bless their light divine;
I stand confounded with amaze,
  To think on what they shine.

On one vile clod of earth she seems
  To fix their influence;
Which kindles not at those bright beams,
  Nor wakens into sense.

Lost and bewilder'd with the thought,
  I could not but complain,
That nature's lavish hand had wrought
  This fairest work in vain.

Thus some, who have the stars survey'd,
  Are ignorantly led
To think those glorious lamps were made
  To light Tom-Fool to bed.

---

OCCASIONED BY

## *HIS FIRST VISIT TO LADY WARWICK,*

AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

Hearing that Chloe's bower crown'd
  The summit of a neighbouring hill,
Where every rural joy was found,
Where health and wealth were plac'd around,
  To wait like servants on her will;

I went, and found 'twas as they said,
  That every thing look'd fresh and fair;
Her herds in flowery pastures stray'd,
Delightful was the green-wood shade,
  And gently breath'd the balmy air.

But when I found my troubled heart
  Uneasy grown within my breast,
My breath come short, and in each part
Some new disorder seem to start,
  Which pain'd me sore and broke my rest;

Some noxious vapour sure, I said,
  From this unwholesome soil must rise;
Some secret venom is convey'd,
Or from this field, or from that shade,
  That does the powers of life surprise.

Soon as the skilful Leach beheld
  The change that in my health was grown:
'Blame not (he cried) nor wood nor field;
Diseases which such symptoms yield,
  Proceed from Chloe's eyes alone.

'Alike she kills in every air,
  The coldest breast her beauties warm;
And though the fever took you there,
If Chloe had not been so fair,
  The place had never done you harm.'

## *STANZAS TO LADY WARWICK.*

### ON MR. ADDISON'S GOING TO IRELAND.

Ye gods and Nereid nymphs who rule the sea!
  Who chain loud storms, and still the raging main!
With care the gentle Lycidas convey,
  And bring the faithful lover safe again.

When Albion's shore with cheerless heart he left,
  Pensive and sad upon the deck he stood,
Of every joy in Chloe's eyes bereft,
  And wept his sorrows in the swelling flood.

Ah, fairest maid! whom as I well divine,
  The righteous gods his just reward ordain;
For his return thy pious wishes join,
  That thou at length may'st pay him for his pain.

And since his love does thine alone pursue,
  In arts unpractis'd and unus'd to range;
I charge thee be by his example true,
  And shun thy sex's inclination, change.

When crowds of youthful lovers round thee wait,
  And tender thoughts in sweetest words impart;
When thou art woo'd by titles, wealth, and state,
  Then think on Lycidas, and guard thy heart.

When the gay theatre shall charm thy eyes,
  When artful wit shall speak thy beauty's praise;
When harmony shall thy soft soul surprise,
  Soothe all thy senses, and thy passion raise:

Amidst whatever various joys appear,
  Yet breathe one sigh, for one sad minute mourn;
Nor let thy heart know one delight sincere,
  Till thy own truest Lycidas return.

---

## *THE VISIT.*

Wit and Beauty, t'other day,
Chanc'd to take me in their way;
And, to make the favour greater,
Brought the Graces and Good-nature,
Conversation care-beguiling,
Joy in dimples ever smiling,
All the pleasures here below,
Men can ask, or gods bestow.
A jolly train, believe me! No:
There were but two, Lepell* and How.

---

## *THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.*

TO MRS. A——— DEVENISH†.

  As on a summer's day
In the greenwood shade I lay,
  The maid that I lov'd,
  As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

* Afterwards the celebrated Lady Harvey.
† Afterwards his second wife.

And as she passed by
With a scornful glance of her eye,
'What a shame, (quoth she)
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie!

'And dost thou nothing heed,
What Pan our god has decreed;
What prize to-day
Shall be given away,
To the sweetest shepherd's reed!

'There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

'Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.'

'Alas! my love, (he cried)
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

'To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen;
Or the brightest queen of May.

'What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.'

---

## *SONG.*

### AH WILLOW.

TO THE SAME, IN HER SICKNESS.

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow, willow.
Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.
'Sweet stream, (he cried sadly) I'll teach thee to flow,
Ah willow, &c.
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
Ah willow, &c.

'All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ah willow, &c.
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.
Ah willow, &c.

'To the nymph my heart loves, ye soft slumbers repair;
Ah willow, &c.
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care.
Ah willow, &c.

'Dear brook, were thy chance near her pillow to creep,
Ah willow, &c.
Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.
Ah willow, &c.

'Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,
Ah willow, &c.
So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose.
Ah willow, &c.

'But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;
Ah willow, &c.
If the loss of my dear one, my love, is decreed;
Ah willow, &c.

'If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be cheer'd;
Ah willow, &c.
If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard;
Ah willow, &c.

'Believe me, thou fair one; thou dear one, believe,
Ah willow, &c.
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give.
Ah willow, &c.

'One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,
Ah willow, &c.
And soon lay thy shepherd close by thy cold side.
Ah willow, &c.

'Then run gentle brook; and to lose thyself haste,
Ah willow, willow:
Fade thou too, my willow, this verse is my last;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.'

TO

## *LADY JANE WHARTON,*

ON HER STUDYING THE GLOBE.

While o'er the globe, fair nymph, your searches run
And trace its rolling circuit round the sun,
You seem'd the world beneath you to survey,
With eyes ordain'd to give its people day.
With two fair lamps methought your nations shone,
While ours are poorly lighted up by one,
How did those rays your happier empire gild!
How clothe the flowery mead and fruitful field!
Your earth was in eternal spring array'd,
And laughing joy amidst its natives play'd.
  Such is their day, but cheerless is their night,
No friendly moon reflects your absent light:
And, oh! when yet, ere many years are past,
Those beams on other objects shall be plac'd;
When some young hero, with resistless art,
Shall draw those eyes, and warm that virgin heart,
How shall your creatures then their loss deplore,
And want those suns that rise for them no more?
The bliss you give will be confin'd to one,
And for his sake your world must be undone.

TO

## *MRS. PULTENY,*

UPON HER GOING ABROAD.

Tir'd with the frequent mischiefs of her eyes,
To distant climes the fair Belinda flies :
She sees her spreading flames consume around,
And not another conquest to be found.
Secure in foreign realms at will to reign,
She leaves her vassals here with proud disdain.
One only joy, which in her heart she wears,
The dear companion of her flight she bears.
Æneas thus a burning town forsook,
Thus into banishment his gods he took:
But, to retrieve his native Troy's disgrace,
Fix'd a new empire in a happier place.

---

## *THE RECONCILEMENT*

BETWEEN JACOB TONSON AND MR. CONGREVE.

*An Imitation of Horace, Book III. Ode IX.*

TONSON.

While at my house in Fleet-street once you lay,
How merrily, dear sir, time pass'd away!
While 'I partook your wine, your wit, and mirth,
I was the happiest creature on God's yearth*.'

CONGREVE.

While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not such a passion;

* The dialect of the elder Tonson.

While yet you did not use (as now your trade is)
To drink with noble lords, and toast their ladies;
Thou, Jacob Tonson, wert, to my conceiving,
The cheerfullest, best, honest fellow living.

TONSON.

I'm in with Captain Vanbrugh at the present,
A most sweet-natur'd gentleman, and pleasant;
He writes your comedies, draws schemes, and models,
And builds dukes' houses upon very odd hills:
For him, so much I dote on him, that I,
If I was sure to go to heaven, would die.

CONGREVE.

Temple* and Delaval are now my party,
Men that are *tam Mercurio* both *quam Marte*;
And though for them I shall scarce go to Heaven,
Yet I can drink with them six nights in seven.

TONSON.

What if from Van's dear arms I should retire,
And once more warm my bunnians† at your fire;
If I to Bow-street should invite you home,
And set a bed up in my dining-room,
Tell me, dear Mr. Congreve, would you come?

CONGREVE.

Though the gay sailor, and the gentle knight,
Were ten times more my joy and heart's delight;
Though civil persons they, you ruder were,
And had more humours than a dancing bear;
Yet, for your sake, I'd bid them both adieu,
And live and die, dear Cob, with only you.

* Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham.
† Jacob's term for his corns.

THE

# *GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

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## TO THE READER.

I HOPE the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a subject. The sense of the author is, I hope, no where mistaken; and if there seems in some places to be some additions in the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the author's short precept. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine.

---

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greatest this, and first of laws, obey:
Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.

The heroes next demand thy just regard,
Renown'd on earth, and to the stars preferr'd,
To light and endless life, their virtue's sure reward.
Due rites perform and honours to the dead,
To every wise, to every pious shade.
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred show:
For what concerns the rest of humankind,
Choose out the man to virtue best inclin'd;
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind.
Possess'd of such a friend, preserve him still;
Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him from thy heart, so true, so justly dear,
Let no rash word nor light offences tear.
Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive,
And to the utmost still, and still forgive;
For strong necessity alone explores
The secret vigour of our latent powers;
Rouses and urges on the lazy heart,
Force, to itself unknown before, to' exert.
By use thy stronger appetites assuage,
Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage:
From each dishonest act of shame forbear;
Of others, and thyself, alike beware.
Let reverence of thyself thy thoughts control,
And guard the sacred temple of thy soul.
Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,
And reason ev'n thy meanest actions guide:
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,

When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd,
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill most justly be repaid.
For wealth, the perishing, uncertain good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding-place,
But wandering loves from hand to hand to pass;
Revolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all those sorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know, what man calls fortune is from God.
In what thou may'st, from wisdom seek relief,
And let her healing hand assuage thy grief;
Yet still whate'er the righteous doom ordains,
What cause soever multiplies thy pains,
Let not those pains as ills be understood;
For God delights not to afflict the good.
The reasoning art, to various ends applied,
Is oft a sure, but oft an erring guide:
Thy judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve;
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive,
And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.
When fools and liars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.
This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first, thyself concern;
Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a syren's song,
To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.

Of good and ill by words or deeds express'd,
Choose for thyself, and always choose the best.
  Let wary thought each enterprise forerun,
And ponder on thy task before begun,
Lest folly should the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haste, [waste.
Act without thought, and thoughtless words they
But thou, in all thou dost, with early cares
Strive to prevent at first a fate like theirs;
That sorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late.
  Beware thy meddling hand in aught to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But seek to know, and bend thy serious thought
To search the profitable knowledge out.
So joys on joys for ever shall increase,
Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless
Thy life with pleasure, and thy end with peace.
  Nor let the body want its part, but share
A just proportion of thy tender care;
For health and welfare prudently provide,
And let its lawful wants be all supplied.
Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare
Decaying nature's wasted force repair;
And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer.
In all things still which to this care belong,
Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong.
By virtuous use thy life and manners frame,
Manly and simply pure, and free from blame.
  Provoke not envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curse of her malicious eye.
  Seek not in needless luxury to waste
Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste.

Yet flying these, be watchful, lest thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to sordid avarice inclin'd.
Distant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy golden mean.
Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.
Let not the stealing god of sleep surprise,
Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere every action of the former day
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
With reverence at thy own tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own demand.
Where have I been? In what have I transgress'd?
What good or ill has this day's life express'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe?
Inquire severe whate'er from first to last,
From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom has past:
If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn.
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy secret self with pleasure say,
Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day!
These thoughts, and chiefly these, thy mind should move,
Employ thy study, and engage thy love,
These are the rules which will to Virtue lead,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread.
This by his name I swear, whose sacred lore
First to mankind explain'd the mystic FOUR,
Source of eternal nature and almighty power!
In all thou dost, first let thy prayers ascend,
And to the gods thy labours first commend: [end.
From them implore success, and hope a prosperous

So shall thy abler mind be taught to soar,
And wisdom in her secret ways explore;
To range through heaven above and earth below,
Immortal gods and mortal men to know.
So shalt thou learn what power does all control,
What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole:
And rightly judge, in all this wondrous frame,
How universal nature is the same;
So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
On hopes of what shall never come to pass.
Man, wretched man, thou shalt be taught to know
Who bears within himself the inborn cause of woe.
Unhappy race! that never yet could tell,
How near their good and happiness they dwell.
Depriv'd of sense, they neither hear nor see;
Fetter'd in vice, they seek not to be free,
But stupid, to their own sad fate agree:
Like pond'rous rolling-stones, oppress'd with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll on still,
Bereft of choice and freedom of the will;
For native strife in every bosom reigns,
And secretly an impious war maintains;
Provoke not this, but let the combat cease,
And every yielding passion sue for peace.
Would'st thou, great Jove, thou father of mankind,
Reveal the demon for that task assign'd,
The wretched race an end of woes would find.
And yet be bold, O man! divine thou art,
And of the gods' celestial essence part.
Nor sacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy race her mystic rules reveal'd.
These, if to know thou happily attain,
Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain:

Thy wounded soul to health thou shalt restore,
And free from every pain she felt before.
Abstain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul;
So rightly judge; thy reason so maintain;
Reason, which heaven did for thy guide ordain,
Let that best reason ever hold the rein.
Then if this mortal body thou forsake,
And thy glad flight to the pure ether take,
Among the gods exalted shalt thou shine,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine:
The tyrant death securely shalt thou brave,
And scorn the dark dominion of the grave.

## *ON CONTENTMENT.*

(DONE FROM THE LATIN OF J. GERHARD.*)

MANY that once, by fortune's bounty rear'd,
Amidst the wealthy and the great appear'd;
Have wisely from those envy'd heights declin'd,
Have sunk to that just level of mankind,
Where nor too little nor too much gives the true
peace of mind.

ON

## *THE LAST JUDGMENT,*

AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

*(Done from the Latin of J. Gerhard.)*

IN that bless'd day, from every part, the just,
Rais'd from the liquid deep or mouldering dust,
The various products of time's fruitful womb,
All of past ages, present, and to come,

* In his 'Meditationes Sacræ.'

In full assembly shall at once resort,
And meet within high Heaven's capacious court.
There famous names, rever'd in days of old,
Our great forefathers there we shall behold,
From whom old stocks and ancestry began,
And worthily in long succession ran;
The reverend sires with pleasure shall we greet,
Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat
Full many a virtuous deed, and many a noble feat.
There all those tender ties, which here below,
Or kindred, or more sacred friendship, know,
Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow.
Refin'd from passion, and the dregs of sense,
A better, truer, dearer love from thence,
Its everlasting being shall commence:
There, like their days, their joys shall ne'er be done,
No night shall rise, to shade Heaven's glorious sun;
But one eternal holiday go on.

END OF VOL. XIII.

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